July 16, 1932

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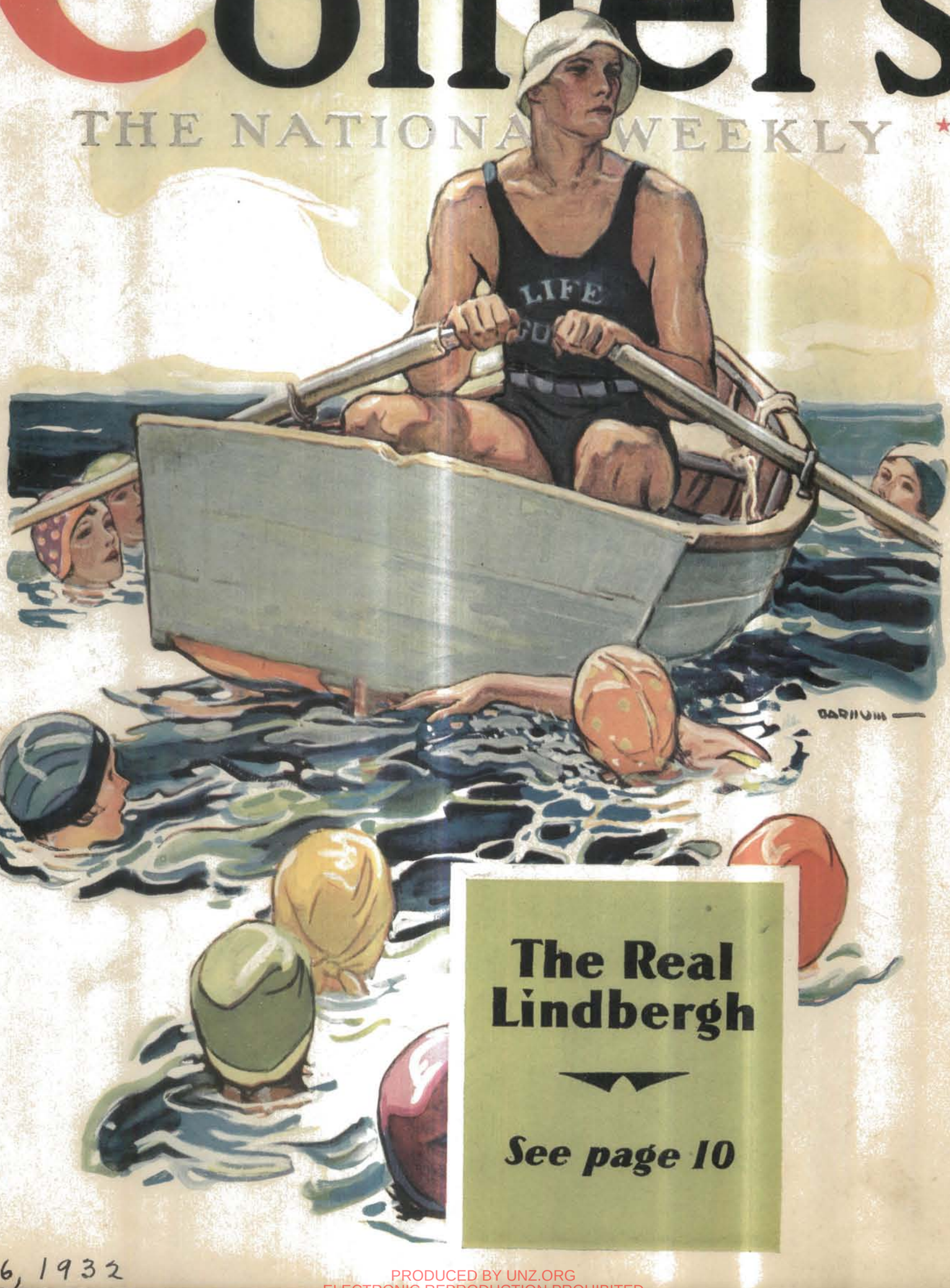
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Real Lindbergh

See page 10

July 16, 1932

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SUMMERWETHER *by Dobbs is a light and airy hat of finest, smooth-est felt. For mid-summer wear—travel, vacation, sport, town, business—the* SUMMERWETHER *is the hat to enjoy, to crease and crush to suit your taste, to match every change of apparel, to fit into every informal occasion. In five attractive colors* — ZINC • MASTIC • PIGEON GRAY • PECAN *and* MYRTLE • *$7.00*

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Bargain!..AMERICA'S LUXURY NAPKIN

for less than the regular price of any other leading brand!!

A SALE THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU! Here is the reason for it:—to let you judge Modess for yourself!

For a few weeks only, Johnson & Johnson have made it possible for all dealers to sell Modess at a new low price—less than any other well-known sanitary napkin. 46% less than Modess cost last year. According to location and service, prices may vary in different stores. But, during this short sale, the top price any store anywhere should charge you for Modess is twenty-five cents.

A NEW IDEA IN SANITARY PROTECTION

If you've never tried Modess, you can't imagine how utterly different it is. Modess is not "just another napkin." It's a brand-new type of sanitary protection.

Modess can never be detected—even under thinnest, closest-fitting frocks. Why? . . . look at the filler. It isn't stiff. It isn't made of cut-out papery layers. The Modess filler is soft and fluffy. So wonderfully delicate and pliable that it shapes itself *naturally* to body lines. No compressed ends to cause bulges and tell-tale wrinkles!

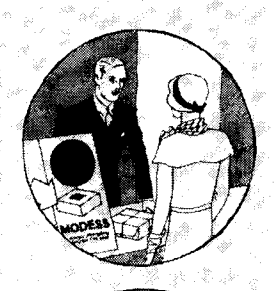
Thanks to this downy filler, Modess brings you new softness! New comfort! Modess is chafeless. It cannot "pack" or harden. Even the gauze is treated on a new principle to give extra ease and lasting softness.

Modess gives greater security. It's more absorbent. And its unique moisture-resisting back banishes all fear of embarrassment. Modess will keep you smart, cool and worry-free—even in hottest weather. It's deodorized. Disposable. Surgically safe. It's made by Johnson & Johnson, the world's largest makers of surgical dressings.

Take advantage of this short sale! Buy Modess now—and save!

try-it-and-see!

PRICE MODESS...NOW!
Look for the SPECIAL "try-it-and-see" SALE at your druggist's or department store. Price Modess! Compare! Then be wise! Put in a supply before this sale ends!



FEEL MODESS...NOW!
Notice how *downy-soft* and fluffy, how pliant the Modess filler is! That's why Modess is so comfortable! So completely inconspicuous—it follows body lines naturally!

MAKE ABSORBENCY TEST!
Every Modess pad has a special moisture-repellent backing. A bottle of ink poured on Modess won't strike through. Is Modess safe? *Five times as safe* as needed for adequate protection!

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"POWER and responsibility cannot be separated. . . . If we delegate the paying of our taxes we shall find we have delegated the control of our government." So Calvin Coolidge writes in an important article which will appear next week. He calls it "Everyman's Property" and in it he shows you how the American concept of ownership carries with it both a justification for pride and an inescapable responsibility. A country of property owners, says Mr. Coolidge, must be a country of taxpayers. He shows you that the alternatives strike directly at the root of self-government.

IT'S a terrible thing on your initial wedding anniversary to realize that you are the stepfather to a peevish mutt that is only ninety-six legs short of being a centipede. It doesn't make matters any better to have your wife engrossed in knitting a sweater for this microscopic Chewawa muzzler, especially when you notice that she is padding the shoulders to make it look manly—That, briefly, was the situation that led to the appearance of "Son of Balko." Everyone knows Balko: he carried the potatoes to Numbska. But his son turned out to be a sad disappointment to one and all—and led Mr. "Bugs" Baer to write his first piece of fiction. You'll find it habit-forming.

"ONLY five couples left on the floor. They're stumbling, slipping, fighting to keep awake. There's Helen sleeping on her partner's shoulder. Listen to the crowd yell as a judge comes up to look her over and see if she has fainted or is just dozing. Helen shudders awake. But she's wilting fast. She looks twenty years older than when she started eleven weeks ago. But eleven weeks is a long time, folks." Dr. John B. Kennedy takes you to a marathon dance contest and gives you a view of it both in front of the scenes and behind.

LADY DINAH FERADAY left London with the intention of landing in New York. She landed in Australia instead. When she left she was a very trying young woman. When she returned she was docile as a lamb. Something, you say, must have happened to her. Something did. W. Townend gives you a sympathetic report in "Before and After."

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Ernest Haycox, Betty Thornley Stuart, Grantland Rice and Clinton W. Gilbert conspire for your entertainment. The mandarin Fu Manchu, with sinister suavity, makes his parting bow. P. G. Wodehouse completes the party. Now don't be late.

This Week

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July 16, 1932

CONINGSBY DAWSON
The End of Adventure. **And the beginning of romance in the high Pyrenees. Page 7**

ELIZABETH DICKSON
Come On In! **Water, water for everyone —with expert advice by Eleanor Holm. Page 9**

W. B. COURTNEY
The Real Lindbergh. **An intimate portrait by the man who hired him. Page 10**

MATT TAYLOR
Woman of the World. **In her eyes lay the light that sears men's souls, but she also liked hot dogs. Page 12**

P. G. WODEHOUSE
Hot Water, Part IX. **Convulsive complications. Page 14**

JOHN B. KENNEDY
Loaded for Beer. **A dammed-up flood of gold. Page 16**

WRITE YOUR OWN
Here's the plot: *you supply the talent.* Page 17

MARY CORYN
On Guard. **A keen old blade. Page 18**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
And So Do His Cousins and His Aunts.
Nepotism in Washington. Page 19

TALBERT JOSSELYN
A Ticket to Arizona. **A trick play off the diamond. Page 20**

HAGAR WILDE
Where There's a Will. **A blithe story of involuntary insanity. Page 22**

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Wrong Hat. **O'Malley misses the reward. Page 23**

SAX ROHMER
The Mask of Fu Manchu, Part XI. **Shan goes into another trance. Page 24**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Crumbs, **by Richard Connell. Page 26**

IN ONE EAR
Hand-picked anecdotes. Page 29

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Factual oddities. Page 40**

EDITORIAL
The New Army Game. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

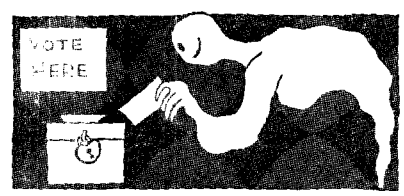
IF YOU would arouse our honest enthusiasm just bring us face to face with a really fine distinction. Behold us now reading a letter from the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce wherein a courteous dissent is taken from W. B. Courtney's recent article in Collier's, "Spanish Goal," in which he records that the fire of 1906, following the celebrated earthquake that visited anguish upon one of the loveliest cities on earth, made unexpected headway because the water mains had been broken by the temblors.

"This," writes Mr. Renwick G. Congdon, publicity chairman, "is exaggerated to the extent that a great deal of the water necessary was dissipated due to the rupture to the service mains and leakage in the system itself."

MR. LOUIS O. LEWIS of Dayton, Ohio, insists that "something ought to be done about those communists. I was all steamed up about communism until I met a couple."

THOSE rumors that we dropped dead a few days ago are not accurate. But we did suffer quite a shock when three veterans of the A. E. F. notified us that after reading our recent "But the Dead Don't Vote" they had requested the Veterans' Administration in Washington to discontinue their disability compensation. They refused to let us publish their names, claiming sensitiveness to kidding.

AND apropos of that same article, Mr. Frank Sheridan, scholar and actor, of Carmel, California, takes kindly exception to the title. "The hell the dead don't vote," scoffs Mr. Sheridan. "Did you ever take a look at the political history of Philadelphia?" In all justice to that good gray city we might add the names of several—say a hundred or so—other municipalities.



TOO much California stuff for one issue. So we leap to Flint, Michigan, where some of Mr. Leonard G. Riday's neighbors may have noticed recently that something has been amazing him. He explains that it's all due to "members of Congress protesting that the mess we're in is due to the weaknesses in our democratic form of government. It reminds me," he continues, "of Wilhelm Hohenzollern's bleat that if the war had been run right he wouldn't have lost it."

A BIT of sage advice in which no words are wasted by Mr. Daniel J. MacDougall of San Antonio, Texas: "Democrats, Do Your Stuff; Republicans, Watch Your Step; Voters, Use Your Heads."

MRS. FLORENCE L. CHICKERMAN of Des Moines, Iowa, bids all outside editors to cease speculating upon the reasons for Smith Wildman Brookhart's defeat. "We just got tired of Senator Brookhart, like Alabama got tired of Tom Heflin. That's all," writes she.

"HAS anybody taken the time," asks Mrs. Arthur M. Steinbrook of St. Louis, "to figure out what we are going to do when prohibition is repealed, with our hundreds of thousands of bootleggers? They are hardly going to be satisfied with the comparatively small wage of the honest man."

"IT GAVE me a great kick," says Miss Louise Reilly of Indianapolis, "to see those fine, sturdy, independent congressmen dropping such minor matters as government economy and fair taxation to rush out to grasp the hands of the incoming bonus marchers. Can't scare our national legislators, can you?"

WE'D start worrying about you readers if our mail did not fetch at least one letter daily from someone protesting that we do not give "the unknown writer" a chance. We've replied so often that any writer who has anything to write and can write it is welcome that we are boring even ourselves.

WHEN the more obscure individual deserted the ranks of prohibition the Anti-Saloon League did not hesitate to accuse him of having been "bought with brewers' gold." But when Mr. Rockefeller's clear intelligence enlisted him into the repeal ranks, the professional drys were just timorously and tearfully polite. Sorry we didn't think of that one ourselves. We must give credit to Mrs. W. T. Corcoran of New Orleans.

MR. ED LUDEN of Superior, Wisconsin, notifies us that the sheriffs of sixteen counties of that state have made an aggregate profit of $33,849 on feeding their prisoners in three years. All it means to us is that Wisconsin's just another place in which we don't want to be sent to jail.

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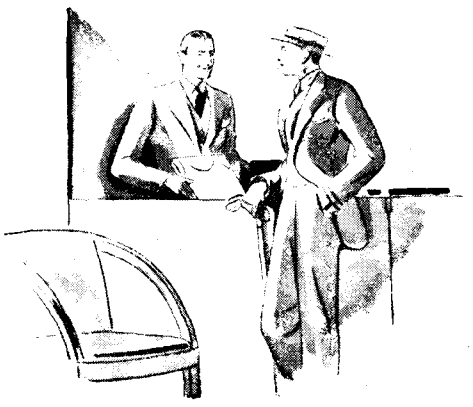
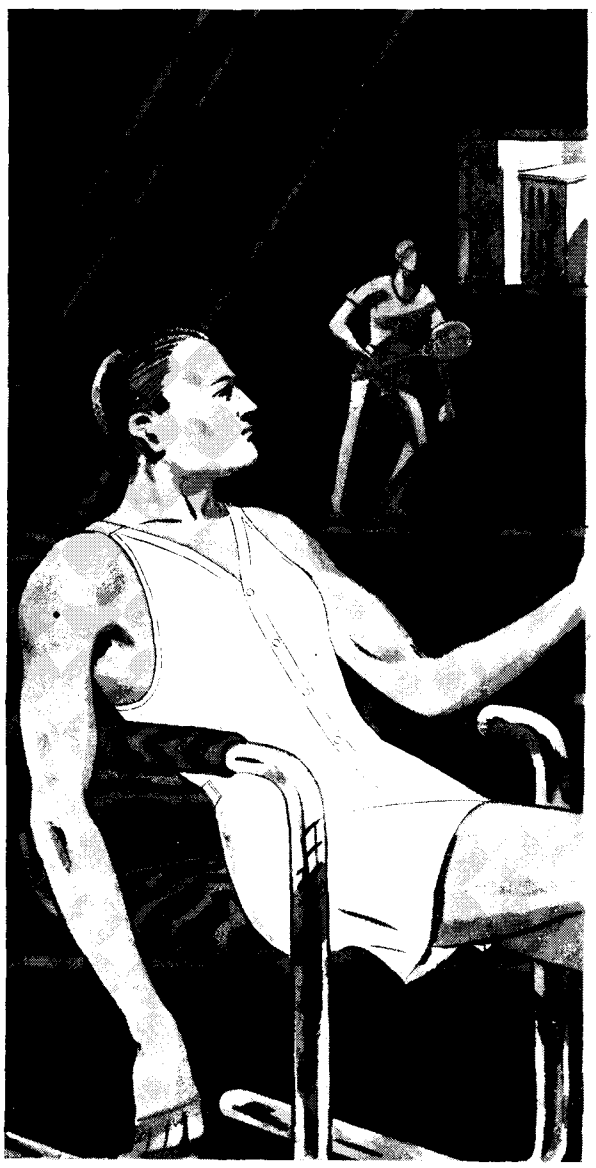
Penny for Penny Dollar for Dollar



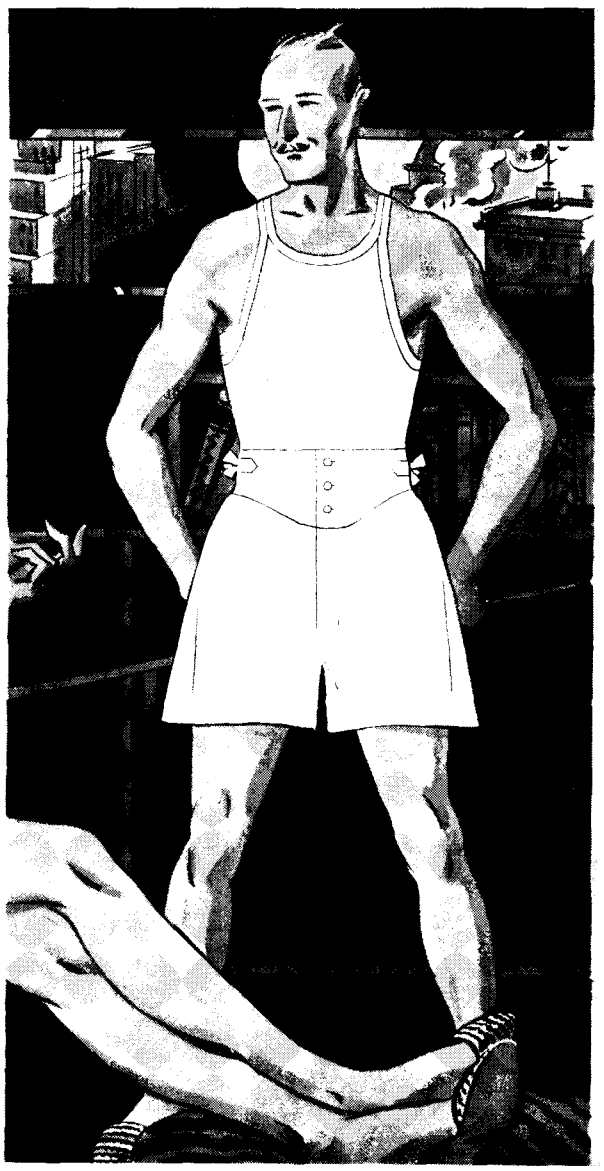
You get more for your underwear money in B.V.D.'s



B.V.D. "SPORTS MODEL"

Athletic cut—with low armholes and patented web shoulder inserts—wide legs and flared hips—double-reinforced (patented) back. Made of B. V. D.'s famous nainsook.

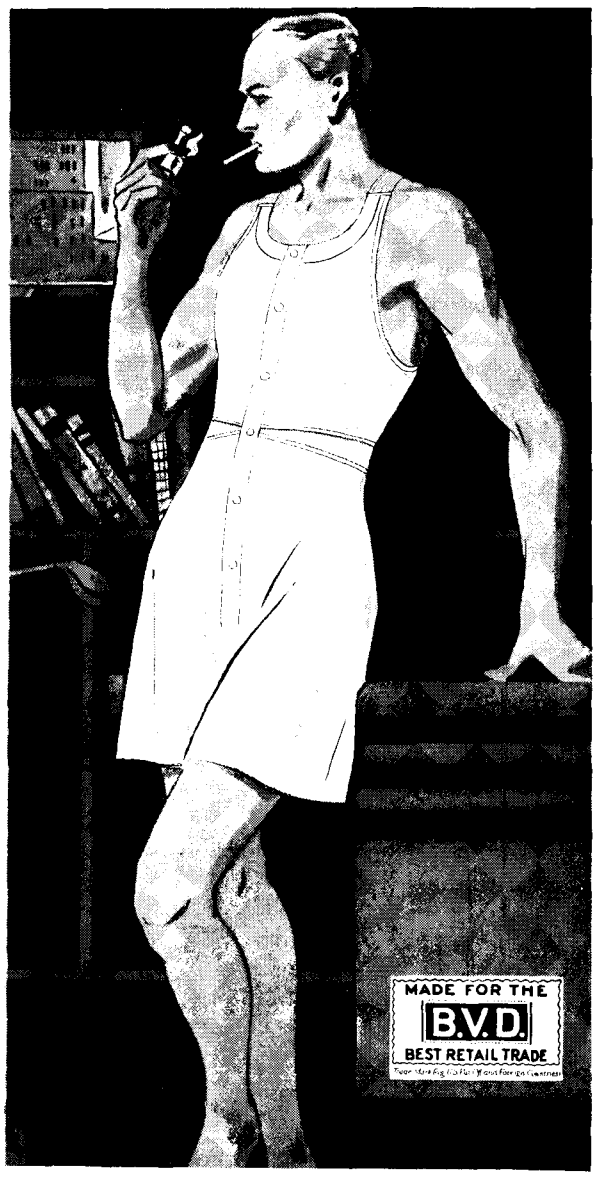
reduced to $.79



B.V.D. "SHIRTS AND SHORTS"

Athletic shirts in snug-fitting, ribbed and flat knits. Beautifully styled shorts in white, solid hues and neat exclusive patterns—all colors guaranteed fast.

from $.50 up



B.V.D.'s FAMOUS U-1

Its patented closed crotch—elastic web inserts at shoulders and encircling the waistline—have made the U-1 the most popular union suit ever sold In B. V. D. nainsook (regular sizes).

reduced to $1.

YOU demand more value for your underwear money. You *should* get more in these days of lowered costs—and you *can* get more!

But you won't get it from nameless, fameless and friendless brands—from depression "sales" or red-paint "close-outs."

You can get more in B.V.D.'s! Penny for penny, dollar for dollar, you do get more—more in style, quality and service—in the coolness and comfort of perfect fit—in fabrics that stand the gaff of the most murderous tubbings—in stitches that stay sewn and buttons that stay put!

B.V.D. prices are down—down to rock-bottom levels. Shirts and shorts labeled B.V.D. are priced as low as $.50. The new 1932 price for U-1, the biggest-selling union suit of all times, is $1—the trim, youthful athletic "Sports Model" in nainsook is reduced to $.79—coat shirts and knee drawers to $.59.

Insist upon B.V.D.'s! Keep your economy eye opened for that three-lettered label of underwear service and satisfaction — the most respected label in the underwear field—the label that has never let you down. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE B.V.D. BEST

B·V·D

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It sounds better...

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Go to your nearest PHILCO Dealer who will be happy to show and demonstrate it. See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

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A musical instrument of quality

PHILCO MODEL 15X, $150, shown above. 1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board issues full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone. (Patented)

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You will find in PHILCO *every worthwhile improvement . . . many of them exclusive . . .*

Every PHILCO a Balanced Superheterodyne
Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers
Shadow Tuning
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Automatic Volume Control
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Tone Control
Push-pull Circuit
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Illuminated Station Recording Dial with glowing arrow indicator
Neat, small, no-glare dial, calibrated to station channel numbers
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Cabinets of world's finest and most expensive furniture woods
Every cabinet hand-rubbed

NEW PHILCO HIGH EFFICIENCY TUBES

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

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Philco Transitone Radio for motor cars and boats $49.95 including tubes. Complete installation for cars equipped with aerial averages less than $20.

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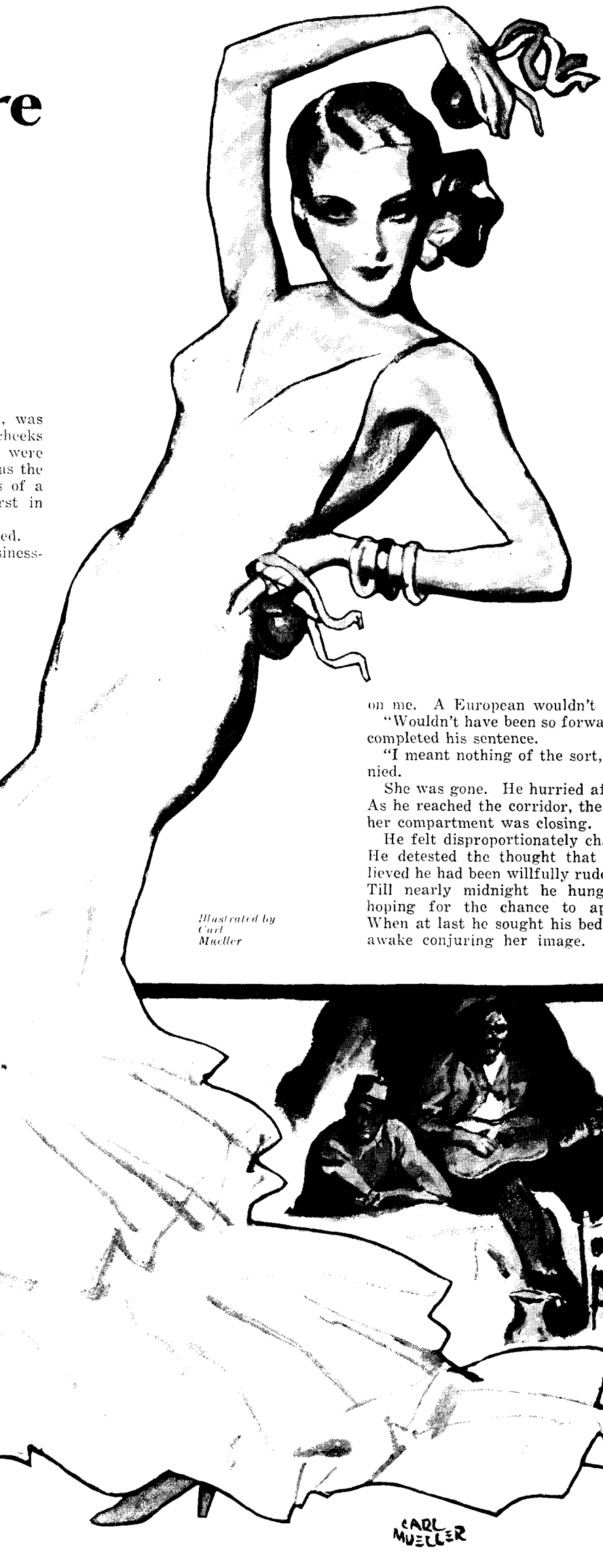
The End of Adventure

A modern romance—one which moves as swiftly as the train on which it started: the Paris-to-Madrid express

By Coningsby Dawson



Illustrated by Carl Mueller

AS HE was passing down the gangplank at Le Havre, on the first lap of his vacation, he was handed a telegram:

YOUR NAME PUBLISHED AS PASSENGER ON INCOMING S S DEAUVILLE STOP I NEED YOU

The signature was Audrey Vail's. He remembered her as Audrey Deane, with whom four years ago he had shared romantic moments in New York. She had made a trip to Europe and remained there, having married an American, a resident of France. That had been his last news of her. And now this peremptory reminder of her existence!

All the way to Paris he sat wondering what could have persuaded her to need him.

From his hotel in the Rue de Rivoli he sent a reply, stating that unfortunately he was en route to Italy. She at once wired him a more fervent appeal, together with minute instructions how to reach the village in the Pyrenees where she was staying. That evening, cursing his softness, he found himself aboard the Paris-to-Madrid express.

The train was composed of little separate compartments. It had scarcely started when he heard himself accosted. A tall girl, startlingly beautiful, was standing in the doorway. Her cheeks were smooth as ivory. Her eyes were gray and searching. Her hair was the palest gold. With the directness of a boy she was trying him out first in Spanish, then in French.

"Why not American?" he laughed.

She immediately became businesslike: "I was only telling you that you've mistaken your compartment. Not that it matters. I have yours and you have mine."

They compared tickets.

"It's as I thought. No sense in changing, unless you're anxious."

"I'm not." He flattered himself that he had made her acquaintance.

"Then that's settled." On the point of departing, she glanced back. "By the way, how did you guess I was an American?"

"Your independence. Only a fellow countrywoman would have marched straight in on me. A European wouldn't have—"

"Wouldn't have been so forward," she completed his sentence.

"I meant nothing of the sort," he denied.

She was gone. He hurried after her. As he reached the corridor, the door of her compartment was closing.

He felt disproportionately chagrined. He detested the thought that she believed he had been willfully rude to her. Till nearly midnight he hung about, hoping for the chance to apologize. When at last he sought his bed, he lay awake conjuring her image. She re-

In this wild upland, she was different from the Viola to whom Derrick had attributed the timidities of refinement

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sembled one of those fair-limbed girls whom Botticelli loved to paint in spring landscapes. And here he was on the same train with her, a thin partition dividing!

Next morning he rose early. Her door was still fastened. He haunted her neighborhood, not daring to go in search of breakfast. The train halted at La Négresse, which is the junction for Biarritz. Soon a sparkling sea began to run beside the railroad, playing hide-and-seek among tufted hills. At the next stop, a few miles short of the Spanish frontier, he would alight. If her destination was in Spain, she would be lost to him.

The bolt was withdrawn. A slim hand passed out a suitcase. He read the label: *Viola Beech, St. Jean de Luz.* That was where he was going. Brakes were grinding.

"GOOD MORNING." Serene and dignified, she was about to pass him.

"Look here," he arrested her, "I'm sorry about last night."

"Last night?" Her brows puckered.

"What you thought I intended."

She surveyed him with amusement.

"You're forgiven."

"But there's nothing to forgive. I'm innocent," he protested.

She shrugged her delicate shoulders.

"Then why bother?"

The train had halted. He became separated from her by other passengers. When he reached the platform she was being welcomed vivaciously by a group of foreign-looking young men. Having entered a high-powered car, she was whisked from sight down a lean street splashed with orange sunshine.

Not till then did he have time to remember Audrey—that he was here as her knight-errant. Amidst the clamor of hotel touts soliciting his patronage, he consulted her telegraphed instructions. From St. Jean he was to drive to a neighboring village named Ascain.

Having ascertained that the journey could be accomplished within the hour, he hired a *fiacre*. Almost immediately the white-walled seaport was left behind. The road crept inland, following a slow river. Ahead the Pyrenees grew up, climbing in mossy ramparts toward a cloudless sky.

The leisurely jog-trot of the horse was soothing. Having bestowed on Audrey his valuable advice, he would board the first train back to Paris.

But would he? If he spent the night in St. Jean, he might catch a glimpse of—

Closing his eyes to shut out the glare, he was roused by the *fiacre* halting in a parched, brown square before a rustic hostelry.

Having made known his errand, he fell to examining the quaintness of his surroundings.

A rush of feet on the stairs.

"Derrick!"

He swung round.

PALE and fluttering as a moth, pathetic in her gratitude, Audrey thrust out both her hands.

"This is gallant of you! Now you've come, everything will be right."

After having been treated as a pest, it was pleasant to be trusted.

"I sincerely hope so."

"We can't talk here."

Glancing round nervously, she led the way through the dark, paneled hall to a shining garden dotted with arbors. When they were seated, screened from view, he proposed breakfast.

"I couldn't eat." She clasped and unclasped her hands. "I'll watch you."

While the meal was being served, he postponed asking why she had sent for him. Then, when the maid had left them:

"In trouble?"

"Great trouble."

"Something to do with your husband?"

Her lips scarcely moved:

"He's disappeared."

A pause.

"That's bad. You've notified the police, of course?"

"No."

"Then the nearest American consul?"

"I haven't."

"Why not?"

"Daren't."

Derrick began to feel uncomfortable.

"What has he done? Committed a crime?"

She stiffened.

"If you knew Martin, you wouldn't suggest it."

"But my dear Audrey, you force me to suggest— How long since you saw him?"

"Two weeks." Her eyes filled. "I don't know how to act, because I don't know what he's done. I've been pretending to other people that he's been called away on business. When I read that you were landing, I wired you on the impulse. Oh, Derrick, promise you'll help me!"

"You're at the end of your tether." He covered her hand. "If I'm to help you, you must tell me everything. Take your time."

Her husband was employed by a tourist agency. His salary wasn't large. They had chosen Ascain for their vacation for the sake of the mountain air and on account of its cheapness. To save expense, they had made the journey in their old second-hand Suprema. A few days after their arrival, Martin had driven to St. Jean.

"I didn't accompany him. He returned all excited, saying that he'd met someone who'd promised to put him in the way of making big money. When I wanted to know how, he insisted that he'd pledged his honor not to reveal a single detail. The following week-end, like a boy bent on mischief, he informed me that he would be absent for the night. Next morning he turned up grinning and presented me with a sum equivalent to five hundred dollars."

"Gambling," Derrick surmised.

"That was what I thought," she spoke eagerly. "I accused him of it. All he did was to remind me that if he answered questions, he would kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. The same thing happened three times. For each night's work his reward was precisely the same. Then the fourth time—"

She caught her breath.

"I UNDERSTAND," Derrick checked her. "But you and I must keep calm if I'm to be of use to you. When he went away on these excursions did he take smart clothes as though for a gala occasion?"

She smiled wistfully.

"Martin doesn't own smart clothes any longer. We've had a struggle since we married. My parents weren't pleased with my choice, so they've given us little assistance."

"To what did they object?"

She took her time before answering.

"You and I can speak frankly. They'd set their hearts on you as a son-in-law."

"Me!" He lit a cigarette. "And did your husband know?"

"We often laughed about it."

"And your husband—I'm not asking impertinently—is he kind?"

"He adores me."

They talked for an hour.

"But surely there must be some clue that you've overlooked," Derrick urged. "Before your husband left didn't he say anything that might be construed as a hint that—well, that he might not be returning? Can't you remember, for instance, his parting words?"

She passed a hand over her eyes.

"Only something quite trivial. He mentioned a roll of films that was in his camera—asked me, if he were delayed, to get them developed."

"And have you?"

"They're upstairs. I've not had the interest to open them."

"Will you fetch them?"

While she was absent, he had a chance to think clearly. He hadn't a doubt in regard to his duty. Her avoidance of publicity was nonsense. With or without her permission, he must go straight to the authorities.

She reëntered the arbor.

"Here they are. They'll tell you nothing."

He untied the package and began examining the contents. The first snapshot was of a clean-cut young fellow.

"That's Martin," Audrey explained.

The second was of Audrey. But the

(*Continued on page 37*)

"Of course I know who you are," he said, "but why are you doing this?"

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THE first thing you notice about Eleanor Holm is her smile. The next is her figure. Or maybe that's reversed. Anyhow, she looks alive and alight from the top of her shining head to the ends of her straight little toes, and she has precisely the lines that all smart ladies sigh for at the moment—broad shoulders and slim hips.

Swimming is the most perfect exercise in the world, and that's what it does for you. It makes the fat thin, the thin fat. It takes off bumps and fills up hollows, because it deals separately and collectively with every muscle you've got. Eleanor herself walked straight into the Follies because she looked the part. But she walked out again. She'd rather be one of the best swimmers in the world than merely an average dancer. Nobody can win all the prizes.

When Eleanor started to swim, she was a cute little tad of nine who fell into so much mischief ashore that her mother was only too glad to buy her water-wings and shove her into the sea. Neither of them dreamed she was being shoved into a career that would take her traveling over half the earth and into every pool worth mentioning.

It wasn't long before she started in children's races. And it wasn't long before she stopped—banned because nobody else had a chance. Then, at the mature age of twelve, she joined the Women's Swimming Association which came to Long Beach (New York, not California) where the Holm summer place was located.

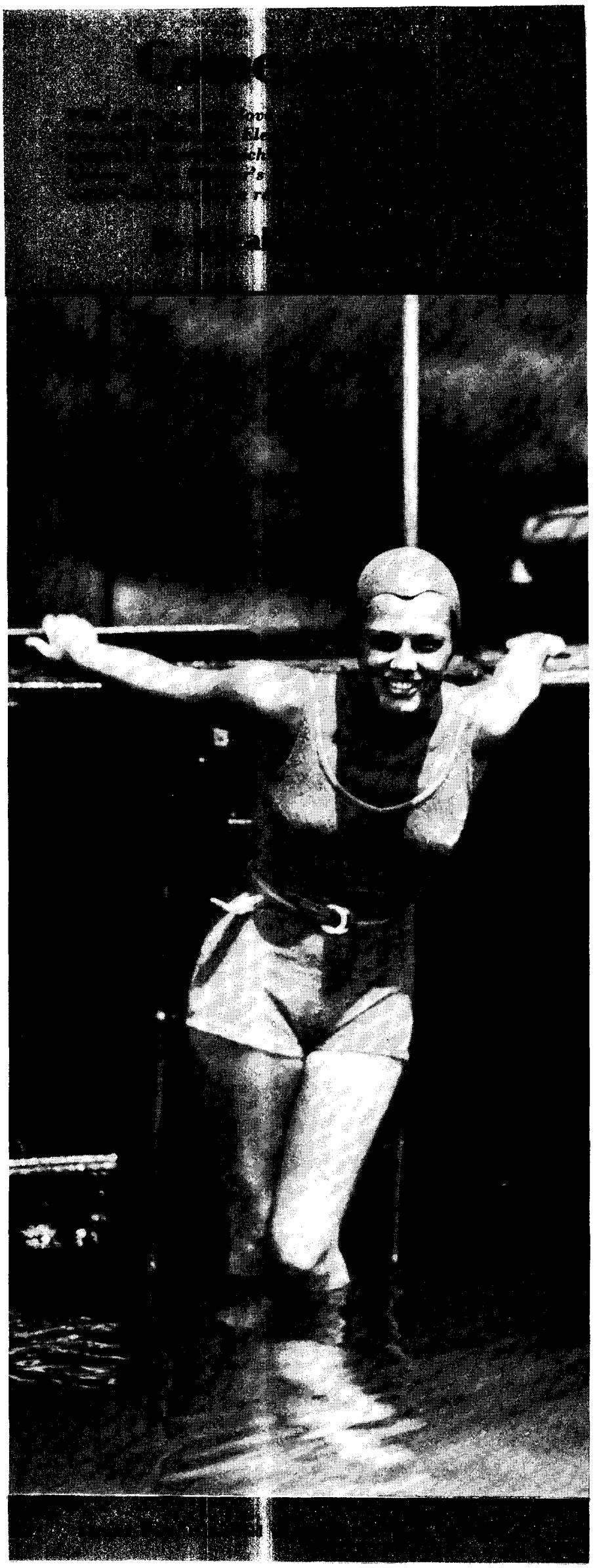
"I found out I wasn't so good after all," she tells us, half a lifetime later, being now turned eighteen but still looking like somebody's most attractive kid sister. "I didn't win a single race for four whole months! When I did, I think it was due to my coach, Mr. Handley, who improved my stroke without my knowing it. He never preaches at you or tries to explain a whole lot at once. He just says, 'Don't you think it might be a little easier if you did it this way?' When you've got that down so you almost forget it wasn't your own invention, he strolls up with another suggestion. By and by there's a finish to your work that wasn't there at all to begin with. I didn't realize any of this at the time, but I see it now. Then, when I was thirteen and not so bad, he sent me to the National championships, and I came second in the medley—breast stroke, back stroke and crawl."

Advice to Amateurs

From that time on, the years were just one award after another. It seemed that this child of Brooklyn and the sea had the swimmer's best gift—natural coördination. Most of the great swimmers have it, though perhaps Josephine McKim is the most effortless of them all. Occasionally you find one, like Ethel McGary, who has achieved what others were born with. Little Eleanor was "a natural" in everything but the back stroke. To come to the conclusion that her genius is part grit, you have only to know that this is now her specialty.

Naturally, we'd all like to know what kind of advice such a thirty-third degree seal would hand out to the rest of us, casual swimmers on this summer's beaches.

"The whole idea," Eleanor says, "is to be loose and free. If your muscles are hard, you can never get to the top in swimming. If I rode horseback or played tennis, I'd lose out. If a girl isn't going in for swimming in a major way, but just wants to be good in her own set, she ought to keep a balance between her types of exercises. When she gets into the water, she shouldn't work so hard—almost all swimmers that



haven't had special training make such heavy weather of it. They just look funny to us. In the crawl especially, the action simply has to be slow, smooth and easy. Whip through the water on the down stroke, of course, but slow up the over-motion. Incidentally, that's the only kind of form that seems graceful for a woman."

Eleanor is absolutely convinced that the crawl is the best stroke in the world—the American crawl, of course, not the earlier Australian variety.

To begin with, it's the easiest to learn. So far as experts can tell, it's man's natural way of swimming, as practiced time out of mind by the South Sea Islanders, who hardly know whether they're land or water animals. The Australians took it over and monkeyed with it. Then the American coaches got it, threw out the later additions and worked over the original till it's pretty close to perfection, not only for races but for us poor fish who swim for fun.

Teach Yourself the Crawl

The leg stroke has been quickened, the arm movement slowed up. Today there are two varieties, single and double rhythm: the first with one wider scissors kick to several smaller snippets; the second, two fairly wide kicks with shorter ones in between. Women, more supple-muscled, generally use the eight-beat double-rhythm (two wide kicks and six short ones for each full revolution of the arms), a style also favored by some men racers. Men in general use the six-beat double-rhythm. A few women follow the ten-beat. Grown people who learn the crawl after having been trained in other strokes often find the less ambitious two- or four-beat versions easier to manage. But the tendency in enlightened circles is toward faster and faster leg work.

As for the arm stroke, the idea is to space the drive so that one arm starts before the other leaves the water, driving arm comfortably extended, forearm and hand aligned, palm down and flat, elbow a trifle up, entry directly in front of the eyes on same side, power applied immediately. Back sweep continues with elbow slightly more bent, hand under middle of body till it nears thigh. Then comes the out sweep, hand turned, coming to surface palm down, drooping from wrist, swung a trifle inward. As forearm is whipped out and around, wrist straightens. When arm-bend is completed, so that forearm points ahead, elbow starts forward and arm glides to original position six or eight inches above surface.

Remember—underwater pull vigorous, forward recovery slow with muscles relaxed. Easy does it. And you're crawling before you know it.

Later on you'll be able to prove the crawl's other advantages—maximum speed and endurance, maximum exercise and development for the whole body, maximum efficiency for both self-preservation and life-saving. No wonder the New York Women's Swimming Association won't permit the teaching of any other method.

One of the things to watch, if you haven't an instructor to check your form, is breathing. Too many self-taught crawlers try to hold a breath too long, keeping it over from one face-lift to the next. Take a breath up top through the mouth and blow it out under water through the nose. That's the correct technique.

This raises the bogey that keeps a lot of girls from anything that can be called real swimming—fear. They think they're afraid of the water. Both Eleanor's sisters do, strange to say. But what they're really scared of is getting their faces under. Here is a handicap

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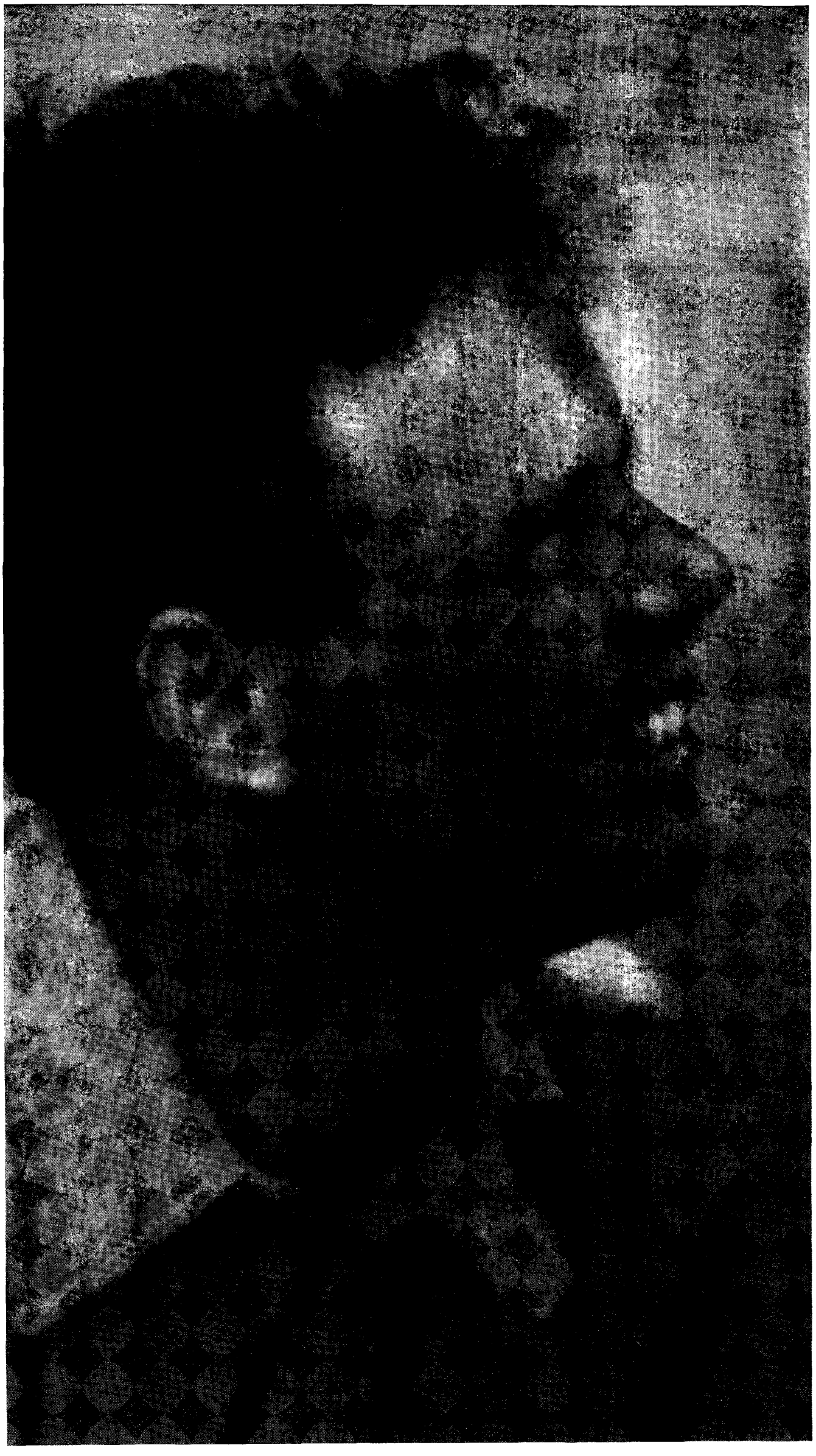

The Real

A YOUNG man named Lindbergh, who had recently returned from an air-and-boat trip to Europe, was telling the home folks in St. Louis all about it. This was in the summer of 1927, at a banquet got up in his honor by the local Chamber of Commerce with all the bang and glitter the Corn Belt lavishes on its beatified. A few of the nation's big-wigs were present, but the majority of guests were men and women of the Valley. All those who had been given a chance to pay for the boy's trip, but wouldn't, and all those who had paid for it, were there. The former could be recognized by the wistful minor notes in their banzais. You'd have even less trouble singling out the others.

Lindbergh was obviously having the first really good time of his fame; for this was his own bit of the world he had conquered, and these were people who knew him, not as Colonel, or Lucky Lindy, but as Slim, the blond, long-legged boy who had been a familiar and well-liked figure on the local air field for years. Scores of these folks had taken their first rides in the air with him when he barnstormed from Lambert Field. When he arose to speak, therefore, he was in a mood he has never since shown in public. His eyes were filled with mischief and fixed upon three men.

Three little men, whom few had noticed until now. These were the Robertson boys, Frank and Will—and their brother-in-law and in work, Harry H. Perkins, the business manager of the aviation company which the troupe comprised.

"Of course you've all heard," Lindbergh said in effect, "about the two parachute jumps I made while flying the mail. But you haven't heard how my bosses, there, acted when I broke the news to them. Whenever I'd call up to report a jump the conversation would go like this:

"'Hello, this is Slim.'

"'Well, where the—what the—how the—?'

"'Got caught in fog,' I'd say, 'gas all gone—had to jump.'

"'How's the ship?' whichever one of them I had on the phone would ask.

"'Washed out.'

"'How's the mail?'

"'Saved some,' I'd tell them. And then, as an afterthought, they'd ask:

"'Oh, by the way, how are you?'"

The Man Who Hired Lindbergh

None enjoyed the laughter raised by Lindbergh's story more than the smallest of its three victims, Harry H. Perkins. It was upon Perkins that Lindbergh smiled with the greatest affection and understanding, for Perkins had hired the boy for the barnstorming job from which he was graduated to flying the air mail.

From their first meeting there had existed a warm and sympathetic friendship between the man and the boy whom, with a fine and instinctive regard for his innate dignity, Perkins always called Charles—in contrast to all the other associates of those days.

Seated in his pleasant home in St. Louis recently, Harry Perkins told me an intimate story of Colonel Lindbergh's early flying days—a story which revealed the roots of the splendid character that, in the recent weeks of tragedy and suffering in the home from which his baby was stolen, won renewed world-wide admiration for him. Perkins says it was inevitable that

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Lindbergh

By W. B. Courtney

Here's a chapter in Lindbergh's life that you've never read before. It's told by one of the few men who know him intimately

Left, Harry H. Perkins. Below, Young Lindbergh and Bud Gurney during the skylarking, barnstorming days

Lindbergh should have acted as he did —because he is Lindbergh.

As you chat with this pleasant, sprightly little man you find it difficult to realize that his career epitomizes the history of barnstorming—the diaper age of flying, when Frank Merriwells and the derring-do boys filled the air with planes and the ground with wreckage.

Harry Perkins is brimful of gay reminiscences of those early days. There was the time he stopped a run on a Springfield, Missouri, bank by flying there, in an hour and a half, with the stop-gap cash that would have languished a whole day on a special train. There was the day at Cape Girardeau when he shared the honors of the first air wedding, one of his ships bearing the bride, groom and parson to 2,000 feet, where the pilot throttled his motor and turned to be a witness. The groom weighed 285; the bride 87. And there was the day in Forest Park when Harry was barking "one for ten dollars, two for fifteen" along the sidelines, and a young man and his girl walked up to him.

"We'll go," they said, shyly.

"How did you like it?" he asked when they came down.

"Very much. We'd like to go again."

Harry was puzzled. The young man did not look prosperous enough to be spending $30 offhand. So he said: "All right, but first you must pay for the ride you've had."

The boy reached into his pocket and proffered a dollar bill. "What's this for?" asked Harry. "Our fare," said the boy, "two for fifteen. I get eighty-five cents change."

Before his chuckles over that story have died away, Harry will begin to tell you about Merrill Riddick, a star among the wing-walking, parachute-jumping and death-defying flyers of the Harry H. Perkins Air Circus. Riddick was known in hangars up and down the land as the "hobo aviator." He was the black sheep of a wealthy family, of course. He was always broke and in need of many things, chief of which were socks, soap and water and square meals.

One Sunday Harry and Merrill flew into Beaver Dam, Kentucky. It was a bleak day and only a handful of spectators came to the pasture selected for barnstorming. They shivered and kept their hands and their dollars in their pockets when Harry tried to sell hops. Riddick watched with sinking heart. He was desperate—broke and hungry. Then the general shivering, of which he and Harry were doing a major share, gave Merrill an idea. He took off his coat and opened up his shirt. "Oh, well," he said ostensibly to Harry Perkins, but aloud for all to hear, "I'm going up where I'll be warmer. You know how it is in your house when you're hanging pictures. It's always warmer near the ceiling. That's because the warm air goes up. It's the same outdoors. The higher you go the warmer you get. Well, so long." He fussed around, making ready to take off, and summoning every bit of will power he had to keep from expiring in the cold winds that brushed across the blue grass. Half a dozen men pressed forward: "Take me, mister. I'll buy a ride." Harry sold $95 worth of hops before Merrill had to give up and put on his coat.

The National Air Races in 1924 brought a horde of barnstormers to Lambert Field. Two youngsters who had flown together on the haywire circuit renewed their fealty then. One was tall, thin, fair-haired and he was called Slim Lindbergh. The other was short, chubby, with a freakish slash of gray in his brown hair; he was called Bud Gurney and he had come to St. Louis via the freight brake-rods. He had been a grease monkey—aëronautics for mechanic—for young Lindbergh in Nebraska and Iowa.

Harry Perkins is proud of Lindbergh, in the way a father is proud of a son who has made good. He understands Lindbergh and wants the rest of the world to understand him in just the same way. He thinks that Lindbergh is the most imposed-upon of mortals, stifled in the freest and best expressions of his character by public hysteria, yet unwarped by it. And he talks frankly of Lindbergh—as an intelligent parent might talk frankly of a precocious child.

Headlines and Broken Hearts

"Charles and Anne Lindbergh, as young parents, have been struck the foulest blow it is possible to conceive. Their private lives have been taken from them. Their torn hearts have been spread through yellow headlines. If anyone has a right to cry out against the country that is helpless against such criminals, against the conditions that tolerate such desecrations, it is the Lindberghs. Yet they alone have kept their sanity. Not one word of reproach or complaint has come from them. Not a whine. Only gracious thanks to those who have helped. The ultimate dignity of spirit, the true nobility, which Charles and his wife have revealed were no surprise to me, however. I knew him of old; and I knew his wife must be equally fine.

"Before I ever met Charles I had known him by name for some time because he was one of our early mail-order customers for parts and supplies. He was one of the vast number of flyers, young and old, ex-war-, ex-army-trained and very often self-trained, who were swarming over the flat midlands like a plague of locusts. It may give you some notion of the extent of this barnstorming if I tell you that in spare parts alone—struts, wires, linen, propellers and the like mailed or expressed to pilots who were cracking up in the corn lots from Nebraska to Kentucky—we did a half-million-dollar business each year.

"Well, Charles came in to look over our place as soon as he had registered for the races. I saw nothing unusual in him at first, unless it was his appearance of extreme youthfulness. I think there is an essential boyishness in Charles' face. I can't imagine him ever looking old. I think it was this quality, reflected in his pictures, that contributed even more than his flying skill to his enormous popularity. His upturned nose and boyish, petulant mouth are grand assets for a hero. Charles didn't look an hour more than sixteen that first day he stooped to walk through the door into my office. He was so very tall, so very thin; and he had such large hands and feet.

"His flying didn't stand out particularly in the races, either. I don't remember that he took any prizes. But something happened that made him stand out so far as I was concerned. Remember, as you hear this, he was a boy without means; living from hand to mouth, like most of the barnstormers; picking up a dollar here and there, most of it going toward keeping his plane in repair. Well, he and Bud Gurney were able to make some money with wing-walking and parachute exhibitions. Bud was the jumper.

"One day Bud was floating down nicely until he was about two hundred feet from the ground. Then someone, we were never able to find out who it was, zoomed too close to him. The backwash from the plane's propeller struck Bud's parachute on top and collapsed it, and Bud finished his trip to the ground like a stone. He was rushed to a hospital, in pretty bad shape.

"Charles at once turned over his share of the money they had made with their exhibitions toward Bud's hospital expenses, and when their combined stake gave out Charles sold his plane, which belonged to him alone, to pull Bud through. The races were over by now, and Charles hung around the field. After emptying his pockets at the hospital he didn't have money enough to go elsewhere.

"We were barnstorming from Lambert Field, and occasionally I would organize a troupe to take into the outlying counties for exhibitions at fairs and the like. So we had use for many pilots whom we hired for a percentage of the take-in. Charles came to me and asked for work, and I hired him on shares, like the others. From then on he made Lambert Field his headquarters, and later, when I organized my air circus, he was one of my regular stunt flyers.

"Charles' flying didn't strike me as any better or any worse than that of my other boys, yet he was different, very different. He was boyish, not only in looks but in manner; fond of practical jokes, of rough-housing. But he had a remote sort of dignity. Everybody who knows him well is aware of this, but nobody to my knowledge has ever been able to fathom it. He's not the kind you slap on the shoulder. In those earliest days I often saw Charles, when skylarking with a crowd of his elders and betters among pilots, suddenly detach himself and draw off and no one would think of trying to keep him in the mood of the gang. It seemed as though he inspired respect for himself. This isn't just second guessing. We all used to talk about it in those days. Charles is the most self-contained human I have ever met; and the most honorable.

"Since his Paris flight he has had a reputation with the public for being 'on time.' Well, that's just the part of his fine character which we knew long ago as the reliability of his word. In a world of lax and haphazard business, among men famous for their irresponsibility, Charles stood out as a man who was different. Let me give you an instance:

Lindbergh Keeps His Word

"Once my air circus was to show at Marion, Illinois. This was after Charles was on the mail and could only devote his spare time to barnstorming. I asked him to perform for me at Marion, and he agreed. The day of the show was bitterly cold and unfavorable. Everything indicated a small, unremunerative crowd. Yet Charles flew down nearly a hundred miles from St. Louis and reported to me. There weren't more than twenty spectators on hand; Charles' percentage would scarcely pay him for the gasoline he had used to fly down. Nevertheless he went through his whole routine of acrobatics —it seemed to me he even put in a few extra tricks for good measure.

"'Can I do any more, Harry?' he asked, when he came down, and he only laughed when I warned him sadly that there wasn't anything in it for him—for any of us: 'I told you I'd put on a show for you, didn't I?' he asked.

"Whenever I read criticisms of Charles I think of little things like that, with which my memory of him is so rich. I have read more than once of his so-called contemptuous treatment of crowds, but that's from people who don't know what they're talking about. I happen to know that at least once on the good-will trips he has made since he became famous Charles jeopardized his life by flying through a storm in order not to disappoint a waiting crowd. And I happen to know, also, what's behind the several stories of his throwing up mud on crowds with the propeller blast.

"Each time it was when people were running toward his ship. Charles lives in terror of having some unwary person

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Woman of the World

Just think of it!—Theo Irving, the screen's sophisticated lady, was forced to forgo hot dogs! What's Hollywood coming to, anyway?

By Matt Taylor

THEO IRVING walked slowly from the executive building of the studio toward her car. Normally she stepped along briskly, head up, eyes alert for a friend to whom she could give a "hey-hey!" greeting. She really could give a "hey-hey!" greeting. She was twenty-one, overwhelmingly healthy, and she felt that way about life.

But now she neared Billy McGuire, the world's greatest assistant director, with languid stride and pensive eyes.

"Good evening, my young friend," she murmured in a throaty voice.

He stopped short in surprise. "What's the idea?" he asked. "You're not on the set. Are you trying to be woman-of-the-worldish with me?"

She shook her head wistfully and bestowed a condescending smile. "I was afraid you wouldn't understand," she sighed, and moved on.

Frank, her chauffeur, was lounging against the maroon sedan, smoking. He grinned a greeting, stuck his cigarette between his lips and opened the door. His attitude was informal, for he and Theo had been friends for years. He had been a stunt man when she was an actress of no consequence. After his last eight months in the hospital, Theo—since famous—had offered him this safer and less heroic job.

"Take me away from here, Frank," she said in a voice that came from the depths of her soul.

He looked at her anxiously. "If you're not feeling well," he suggested, "we could stop at Dr. Clark's."

"Home!" she said hollowly. And because he remained at the car door, gaping, her manner changed and her eyes flashed in their natural way. "Make it snappy!" she said crisply. "I'm hungry. Don't mind me—I've got to be this way from now on. It's orders."

She settled herself in the car and chuckled grimly, having derived a sardonic satisfaction in carrying out to an extreme the orders that had been issued at the conference.

It had been an ordeal, that conference. Mr. Hymes, the big chief, had presided; Eddie Jackson, the publicity head, had smoked cigars at her, and two supervisors had looked solemn.

"Be comfortable, Theo," Mr. Hymes had said, seating her on the office divan. "We've a lot to talk over."

THEN Eddie Jackson started. He was a thin, aggressive little man, who was no respecter of stars. He often said, and perhaps even believed, that his publicity could make 'em and break 'em. He lifted a magazine in the air and slapped it with the back of his hand. "Did you read your interview with Boyle?" he demanded.

Eddie Jackson always annoyed Theo; she surveyed him coldly before she answered. "Not yet," she said. "It's very good, I suppose?"

"It's terrible," he snapped at her.

"Is that my fault?" she replied with vigor. "I handed out exactly the line you told me to. I memorized your specifications of my ideal man. I gave your advice to my young girl admirers. I told them to keep sweet and girlish and that sophistication would come—even as it did to me—only too soon."

"And then," Eddie sneered, "Pete Boyle asked if you wanted to run down to the amusement pier in Venice and throw balls at china pigs. And you went!"

"Of course. The interview was over."

"Over!" groaned Eddie. "Don't you know better than to trust those guys? You—the great sophisticate of the screen—went on the shoot-the-chutes twice and the roller coaster three times. It's all in print."

"Is that a crime?"

"It's worse than a crime. It's suicide. You're supposed to be mysterious, alluring. You are Theo Irving, the exotic; the woman without a soul; the eternal Lilith. Remember my line: 'In her heart are locked the secrets of all womankind; in her eyes the light that sears men's souls!' "

"DON'T yell at me!" cried Theo. "Yes, I remember the line. Just what does it mean?"

"What difference what it means? We work our heads off making you a woman of the world, and then a story like that comes out for everybody to read." He tossed the offending magazine on the desk and turned on her again. "You even ate hot dogs and told Boyle you got your greatest thrill watching that sixty-yard run in the Oregon-California game last fall."

"Wasn't it a thrill?" demanded Theo. "You were there. Billy Ames recovered a fumble and—"

"A thrill for me—yes," explained Eddie Jackson angrily. "But you are supposed to be above ordinary thrills. You are above hot dogs. If you must have 'em, can't you make it on Sunday evenings in your own kitchen?"

"I do," she said sweetly. "Grandpa and I had some last Sunday."

Eddie groaned and slumped into a chair.

Mr. Hymes raised his hand for attention. He was a tall, gray-haired man, soft-spoken and impressive, with a quiet, paternal note in his voice. "I'll handle it, Eddie," he said, and smiled at Theo understandingly. "The point is this, Theo: Through some peculiar camera trick you photograph older than you are. When you droop your eyes and become pensive, you are changed on the screen into a cynical lady who has seen much and known much of life. People like you that way. You'd be just so-so in any other kind of rôle. Eddie Jackson has been building up a legend around you to fit your screen personality. I'm afraid we must ask you to live up to that legend—at least on occasions when you may be observed by the public, or when your conduct may be reported to the public."

"On all occasions!" protested Eddie Jackson. "She's got to kid herself into believing she's a cosmopolite—not just a small-town kid."

"I'm no cosmopolite," complained Theo. "I was brought up here and went to school here! I've never been anywhere except on location trips."

MR. HYMES chuckled. "But Hollywood," he said, "is a different kind of small town. It's supposed to make people sophisticated, world-weary, blasé, and sometimes completely insane." He became serious. "Really, you must try. It's very important to you—and to us. I know plenty of stars who could use that sweet and wholesome publicity. But with you it's different. The fans want you exotic."

He bestowed on Theo a look of omniscience. She felt in her heart that he must be right, for she believed the legend Mr. Hymes had built up around himself—that here was the greatest showman of them all.

She stood up and nodded solemnly. "All right," she said. "I'll try. I'll be so darn mysterious and high-hat and snooty and sophisticated that people will hate the sight of me."

Then she walked quickly from the office, to astound Billy McGuire with her languid air, and worry Frank, the chauffeur, with her throaty voice. . . .

She couldn't, of course, practice on Grandpa, who lived with her in the Beverly Hills bungalow. He would lay any display of *savoir-faire* to indigestion. But she told him the situation at dinner. "The studio," she announced, "bawled me out today."

GRANDPA was not impressed. He merely nodded. The studio, in his opinion, was a madhouse run by madmen. Nothing could alter Grandpa's decision since he heard the salary they paid Theo and saw the pictures she made. But he was seventy-two and did not understand the logic of such things.

"Aren't you interested?" Theo asked reproachfully. "I'm to act more sophisticated."

"You're too much that way now," Grandpa grumbled. "In that last picture—"

"They mean off the screen. I'm not to be young and girlish any more, or enjoy myself. I must try to be very worldly-wise."

Grandpa sighed. "Well, sometimes you haven't got much sense," he observed.

"It isn't a matter of sense. I must be fed up with life; reserved; languorous; a little sad."

The old man pushed aside his dessert. "Lordy!" he exclaimed, watching her anxiously. "One of them kind! Are you going to do it?"

"I MUST wear the chin high," continued Theo, musing dramatically, "and the eyebrows well arched. I must toy with caviar absently and shudder at the mere mention of a hot dog. It is to be reported that I walk along the beach on misty mornings contemplating the gray dawn."

"Great!" Theo said. "Then I'll give out a statement that Dale's one guy I wouldn't marry on a bet." Eddie Jackson groaned and held his head

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"Huh!" snorted Grandpa. "You never get up before nine."

"It is part of the legend," she explained sharply. "That half-wit Eddie Jackson thought of it. Anything as childish as football I must regard tolerantly as the foolish play of unspoiled boys who—"

"That reminds me. Billy Adams, your football friend, phoned long distance. He's driving from Frisco and he says he'll be here for a few days."

THEO'S eyes brightened noticeably. "A sweet kid—Billy Adams," she said. She sighed and arose abruptly. "I won't be home till late. I'm going to a party with Gordon Dale."

"Dale? You told me you wouldn't—"

"I've changed my mind. I'm going to phone and tell him so."

"I don't like that fellow," grumbled Grandpa.

"Nevertheless," Theo informed him with firmness, "he's a thorough man of the world. His fan mail is enormous; he is known in all the capitals of Europe; and he can light a cigarette in the dark like nobody's business. It's fitting that I be seen with him."

Grandpa's mumbling voice came to her as she left the room: "That feller! I don't like that feller."

It was a crowd in which Theo seldom moved. She preferred the younger set who could have far more fun on far fewer cocktails. But this evening, as she slouched on a Spanish chair in the Spanish living-room, she seemed to belong. She watched the dancing of a half-dozen couples with the amused tolerance of the true woman of the world.

Gordon Dale strolled toward her through the dancing couples. The lids of her eyes were half closed as she watched him, and her faint smile was inviting and mysterious. She was making a bet with herself that he would be bumped into and spill the cocktail he was carrying.

"Bored?" he asked, as he reached her. His eyebrows raised wistfully.

She raised hers back at him. "Do I look it?"

"Terribly."

Theo sighed contentedly.

"Shall we try the patio?" he suggested. "Anything to get away from this atrocious racket."

She controlled her right foot, which had been tapping in time to the very excellent music. "Oh, anything!" she agreed.

The patio hung over the side of a cliff and looked down on long, criss-crossing rows of street lights. The boulevards blazed like ropes of fire; the smaller streets blinked feebly. There was a star above for every light in the city, and a moon to set the mind whirling. A wow of a moon!

GORDON DALE lit a cigarette and contemptuously blew smoke in its face. Theo reluctantly turned her back on it, and sighed at him. "One gets so fed up with this sort of thing," she said.

Mr. Dale's eyes showed his surprise, which in itself was a tribute to the genuineness of Theo's new rôle. For Mr. Dale, suave and imperturbable always on the screen, never showed surprise. He belonged to the restrained school of acting. Certain unappreciative critics had stated that he was so restrained that he did not act at all.

"Theo," he said, seating himself on the wrought-iron rail beside her, "you've changed."

"Ah! You've noticed it?" she whispered.

"Naturally." He leaned forward in an effective pose, and used his famous murmuring voice. The same unpleasant critics often made mention of this voice. They said Mr. Dale, on stage and screen, was in the habit of mumbling to himself. "But I've seen through you, beautiful lady," he said. "I knew you were only pretending."

Theo watched a pair of auto headlights climb up the winding road half a mile away. The car, in second gear, growled in the stillness. "Oh, one tries to keep up," she sighed at Gordon Dale. The car, she guessed, was a high-powered roadster. She wondered if it were yellow.

"It's this American provincialism," murmured Dale. "How utterly deadly to the artist!"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"HOW, indeed!" cooed Theo, sympathetically. The car roared around the nearest curve. Under a solitary street light Theo could see that it was a roadster, yellow with black and nickel trimmings.

Dale flicked his cigarette through the night. "You'd love the South of France," he told her. "It's a breath of fresh air to a jaded soul." He became even more confidential. "I'm going—after this picture."

The roadster's roar died to a whine. It turned sharply into the driveway and came to a noiseless stop on the cement square near the garage beneath the patio. Theo watched. A hefty pair of shoulders protruded themselves and a young face was lifted toward the house. A hand searchlight on the car was turned upward until its beam found Theo.

"Hey-hey!" cried a voice. "Theo Irving! Come down a minute, will you?"

She glanced quickly at Gordon Dale, whose eyebrows were arched, asking an amused question. The voice had been pleasantly familiar, but she could not place it.

"Some youthful admirer?" he suggested casually.

"These boys!" murmured Theo, resignedly. "So impulsive! So determined! And yet so futile." She paused for a sigh. "But I'll see who he is."

The young man was standing beside his car, waiting. "Hello," he said cheerily as she neared him. Then: "Now don't tell me you don't remember?"

She extended her hand. "You," she said, "are Billy Adams, who made that sixty-yard run."

He nodded his head vigorously. "I am also the Billy Adams you met at the party after the game, and danced with half the evening. Or have you forgotten?"

THEO watched him approvingly. He was not one of your lumbering, thick-set football heroes. Only his wide shoulders suggested strength. The rest of him was trim and boyish. He was short of six feet by several inches, and dark of skin and hair. There was an intentness of purpose about him, and he went at things as though the whistle had just blown for the final quarter. At the moment he appeared to be in a huddle with himself; then he sprang into action before Theo could answer.

"No," he said with assurance. "You couldn't have forgotten. We sat in a porch hammock on a night like this, and

(Continued on page 48)

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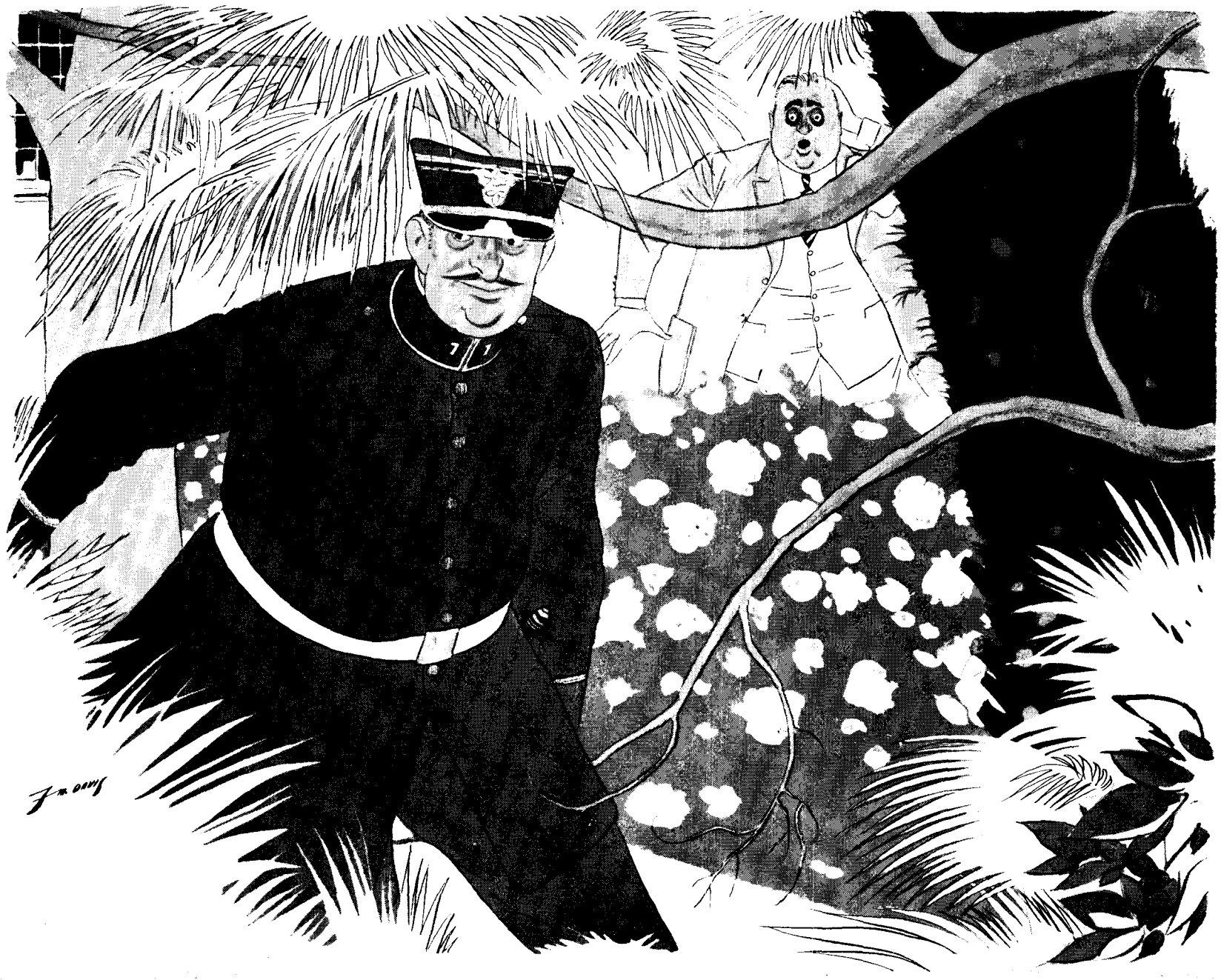

It was a sight which would have unmanned anyone. Mr. Gedge gave a strangled squeak

Floyd M. Davis

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

U. S. SENATOR OPAL (an ardent "dry") writes a letter to his bootlegger. The missive goes, in error, to Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge, who is plotting to make her husband Ambassador to France! Panic-stricken, the senator resolves to recover that letter—at all costs. Accompanied by his daughter Jane and his valet (one Blair Eggleston, novelist, secretly engaged to Jane), he visits the Gedges at their château, in France. . . .

Other guests arrive: the Duc de Pont-Andemer (in reality, "Oily" Carlisle, who is planning, with the aid of one "Soup" Slattery, a safe-cracker, to cop Mrs. Gedge's jewels) and the Vicomte de Blissac (in reality, Packy Franklyn, a young American who, although engaged to the beauteous Lady Beatrice Bracken, is determined to *recover the letter—for Jane*).

The action around Mrs. Gedge's bedroom (where the lady keeps her jewels *and* the letter *in a safe*) *is fast and furious.* Cooperating with Mr. Carlisle is an old flame: Gum-Shoe Gertie, alias Medway, Mrs. Gedge's maid. Observing operations rather contemptuously, is Miss Putnam, Mrs. Gedge's secretary. . . . Mr. Gedge is aware of the real identity of the "Vicomte de Blissac." But, convinced by Packy that he has almost killed the real vicomte and that the cops are after him, he dare not give Mrs. Gedge the facts. But one glance at Packy is enough—she knows he is an American. Whereupon Packy (acting on a sudden inspiration) confesses—that he is a detective sent "to keep an eye on those jewels."

Packy is in peril. But not from Mrs. Gedge. Unknown to him, Lady Beatrice Bracken (*this puritanical fiancée*) has arrived on the scene. As Packy leaves Mrs. Gedge, Miss Putnam appears. She has been listening. "Well!" she exclaims. "*Of all the hooey!*"

IX

TO MOST of those who knew her, Mrs. Gedge's social secretary had always been a sort of agreeable wraith. Your senses told you that she was there, but the fact made no real impression on you. You caught the gleam of flashing spectacles, saw a mild, deferential smile floating in mid-air, and said to yourself, "Ah, Miss Putnam." Then you went about your business without giving her a second thought.

The woman who now took the chair opposite Mrs. Gedge was quite a different Miss Putnam. Her eye was keen, her manner masterful. But the greatest change was in her behavior. It was un-Putnamic to a degree. For, having seated herself, she leaned forward and tapped Mrs. Gedge sharply on the knee.

"You didn't swallow all that apple sauce, I hope, Mrs. G.?" she asked solicitously.

The other's silent and wholly unexpected entry had caused Mrs. Gedge to jump. She spoke with a sense of grievance:

"I didn't know that you were there."

"I was," said Miss Putnam briskly. "I wanted to hear what sort of a story that bird would spill. I've been on to him all the time. Believe it or not," said Miss Putnam, "when you engaged me to keep an eye on your jewels, you handed me one swell job. The way it looks to me, I'm going to be as busy as a cross-eyed man with the jim-jams, trying to turn in a fire alarm on the dial phone." She shook her head reproachfully. "When it comes to house guests, Mrs. G., you certainly are a great picker. First this bird, and then that duke of yours!"

Mrs. Gedge started.

"The Duc de Pont-Andemer? You don't mean . . . ?"

"Only Oily Carlisle, one of the best bunco-artists in the business, that's all. I recognized him the moment I saw him. How did you come to get mixed up with him?"

"I met him on the boat."

Miss Putnam clicked her tongue. She did not seem to be angry, only pained.

"Didn't your mother ever teach you the facts of life, Mrs. G.? Because one of them is never to be too friendly to people you meet on boats. As for this fellow that says he's a vicomte and then says he's a detective . . ."

"But are you sure he's not?"

"Then you did swallow his story?" said Miss Putnam with quiet censure. "I thought you'd have had more sense."

"But how do you know he is not?"

"BECAUSE I'm a dick myself, and I can recognize one a mile off. That bird's a crook. I know 'em. And he's getting set for quick action, too. All that about wanting you to change rooms with Mr. Gedge. There isn't a real safe-blower I ever heard of that likes to work in a room where there's a woman. Women scream, and they can't get rough with them like they can a man."

Mrs. Gedge looked thoughtful.

"It seemed to me a good suggestion," she said. "I think I will change my room."

"Sure, change your room. I'd have suggested it myself. What we want is to give these birds a chance to think they're sitting pretty, so's they can go ahead and we can get them in the act."

"Do you think they are working together?"

Miss Putnam shook her head.

"No. And I'll tell you why. They

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don't act like it. What I mean, you don't see them going off for country rambles arm in arm. They behave sort of distant. No, how I figure it out is like this: The one that was in here just now is playing a lone hand . . ."

Mrs. Gedge uttered an exclamation: "The senator!"

"No, he's all right," said Miss Putnam. She seemed to speak with a certain regret, as if she would have liked him to be a criminal, too, so as to make the thing symmetrical. "I've seen Senator Opal in Washington. This is him right enough. And I don't take any stock in what that fellow said about the senator's valet being a crook. That was just eyewash."

"What I meant," said Mrs. Gedge, "was that I have a letter which Senator Opal would give anything to get back. Do you think this man can be somebody he has employed to steal it?"

"It straightens out the whole thing," said Miss Putnam with gratification. "You've hit it. That accounts for everybody nicely. This fellow is working in with the senator, and Oily is after the ice. But Oily is a bunco-steerer. He doesn't blow safes. That means there's somebody on the outside he's teamed up with, and I think I know who it is. Did you ever hear of a fellow Slattery? Soup Slattery?"

THERE was a pause. Mrs. Gedge seemed to be searching in her memory.

"No," she said at length. "No," she said slowly. "Soup Slattery? What a very odd name. Why Soup?"

"Soup's what they blow safes with. Dynamite."

"Oh, really?"

"And when I was down to the town the other day I could have sworn I saw this Slattery. His isn't a face you can forget. He was going into the casino, or somebody that was his double. And now this has happened, Oily getting in here and all, I'm dead sure it was him. Oily's got himself into the house, and he's planning to let Soup in when he's good and ready. That's the way it's always done."

"Is it?"

"It's what's known as the inside stand."

"The inside stand?" murmured Mrs. Gedge. "Really?"

She spoke quietly, but Miss Putnam could see that she was much shaken.

"There's no occasion to worry, Mrs. G. I'm here. When you hire an employee of the James B. Flaherty Agency, you're getting something."

"But what can you do?"

"Listen," said Miss Putnam. "You light a cigarette and smoke it and go on smoking it till there's hardly nothing left, only half an inch of stub, and I'll guarantee to shoot it out of your mouth at twenty paces. That's what I can do."

Mrs. Gedge seemed to recover herself.

"I am sure I can rely on you completely."

"The slogan of the James B. Flaherty office is 'Service,'" said Miss Putnam devoutly.

Mrs. Gedge rose.

"Then I will leave everything to you."

"You couldn't do better."

"I must go and find Wellington and tell him about the change of rooms. I think," said Mrs. Gedge, "I will go to bed at once. I am a little tired after my journey."

"You aren't worrying, are you?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Gedge.

Her strained eyes belied the words. Miss Putnam, watching her till the door closed, shook her head regretfully. She had had experience with nervous employers before. She wished now that she had kept her information to herself.

Then she brightened. Her spectacled face lifted itself, not unlike that of a war horse sniffing the approaching battle. It looked to Miss Putnam as if stirring happenings were on the horizon. And stirring happenings, as she had often observed to intimates at the James B. Flaherty office on Forty-Fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, were her dish.

DURING the momentous interview between Packy and Mrs. Gedge, Mr. Gedge had been hovering within easy distance of the library door; and the self-enrolled employee of the London, Paris and New York Insurance Company had no sooner emerged than he pounced upon him, fluttering with agitated curiosity.

Packy's report had brought new life to him. According to Packy, everything had gone like a breeze. Mrs. Gedge, he stated with confidence, had swallowed his story, hook, line and sinker. It made Mr. Gedge feel as if he had been reprieved on the steps of the scaffold.

The information, conveyed to him some few minutes later by Mrs. Gedge, that she proposed to occupy his bedroom and that he was to shift his belongings to the Venetian suite, did nothing to diminish his elation. He could not understand why she wished to make this odd exchange, but then she did so many things of which he was unable to divine the motive. He put it down to a woman's idle whim, and went out into the gardens almost trippingly. He still had his problems, of course, but for the time being the greatest of them had been solved. As he rounded the corner of the house, he was actually singing.

He would probably in any case not have sung long, for a man with so much to exercise his mind would have been sure quite soon to discover material for silent meditation; but he sang even more cursorily than might have been expected. For, as he sauntered along and drew near to the back premises of the château, his eyes, roving idly to and fro, suddenly fell upon a sight which brought him back on his heels as if a fist had smitten him.

It was a sight which would have unmanned anyone in his unfortunate position. The fact, therefore, that he uttered a strangled squeak and tottered back against a tree, giving his head a rather painful bump, should not be taken as evidence of any lack of virile fortitude in his character.

For what Mr. Gedge had seen was a gendarme. A gendarme who had just slipped back into the bushes outside the kitchen door with the sinister furtiveness of a hunting leopard.

NOW, we, having had the advantage of that bird's-eye view to which allusion was made earlier, know all about this gendarme. We are aware that he was not a remorseless bloodhound on the trail, but merely a likable young man of the name of Octave, who was waiting for pie. We, therefore, are able to behold him calmly. Our eyes, like stars, do not start from their spheres, nor do our knotted and combined locks part and each particular hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

Mr. Gedge's did. He was a mere jelly of palpitating ganglions. With the force of a sledge hammer the frightful realization had come upon him that, despite all his pains and all his caution, the police had tracked him down.

To pass those bushes with their hideous contents was a task beyond his power. He wheeled and retraced his steps. And it was as he once more rounded the corner of the house that he encountered Packy, the one man with whom he was in a position to discuss this awful affair.

"Say!" he gasped.

Packy, like most people who saw the little man approaching, had been intending to throw him a word and hurry on; but the sight of the other's face arrested him. Mr. Gedge's goggle-eyed horror perplexed him. It was only a few minutes since he had left him in what was virtually a state of mental peace, and he could not imagine what had caused so notable a relapse.

"Listen!" said Mr. Gedge tensely. "The cops are watching the house! I've just seen one hiding in the bushes outside the kitchen door."

"Just one?"

"One's plenty."

"Wait here," said Packy. "I'll go and have a look at this fellow."

"Don't let him see you."

"All right."

Packy made his way to a point of vantage from which he was able to observe the kitchen door. He had not been watching long when a pleasantly touching scene of love among the lower orders rewarded his vigilance. The cook came out of the house, carrying a smoking pie. As if drawn by the scent, a gendarme emerged from the bushes. The pie changed hands. The gendarme kissed the cook. The cook kissed the gendarme. The gendarme then moved off, heading south.

"Hello there, Duke. You off swimming? Well, take care where you undress"

PACKY understood all, and it was with a certain purposefulness in his manner that he returned to Mr. Gedge. He had had another of those bright ideas which were becoming so frequent with him nowadays that he had almost ceased to be surprised at them.

"Well?" said Mr. Gedge.

"He's there, all right," said Packy. "I see what this means. The fellow has been sent up here to make inquiries. Amazing how quick these French police work."

Mr. Gedge could not share this apparent enthusiasm for the smooth working of the French police machine. He danced a few silent steps.

Packy, who was evidently still trying to get to the bottom of this affair, now put a question:

"On the night of the crime . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't call it the night of the crime."

"On the night of the unfortunate affair," amended Packy, "did you tell anyone you were going to the festival?"

"No. But the butler let me in and put me to bed when I got back."

"And he would have noticed that you were wearing an Oriental costume, complete with turban?"

"I don't see how he could have missed it."

"Then that's how they have got on the trail. The butler must have given them the information. Anyhow, you must make your getaway. You must edge off and lie low somewhere. And I'll tell you where you can do it. On my boat."

"Your what?"

"I came to St. Rocque on a yawl. It's lying in the harbor now. You would be quite safe there, and it's comfortable. Lots of canned food aboard. You could hide for weeks without being found. And when it was all right for you to come back, you could tell Mrs. Gedge some tale about loss of memory or something. Aphasia, I believe they call it."

Of all the suggestions that could possibly have been made to him, none could have exercised a more immediate appeal to Mr. Gedge. The thought of being well away from the château enchanted him.

"Let's go!" he said, with simple enthusiasm.

"Wait a minute," said Packy. "You had better go and pack a few toothbrushes and pajamas and any other little necessaries you may fancy. Then we'll be starting."

IT WAS with quiet contentment that Packy watched Mr. Gedge disappear into the house. At last, it seemed to him, he had got this rather complex little affair straightened out. All that remained to be done, after placing his host aboard the Flying Cloud, was to pay a call at the Hôtel des Étrangers, find Mr. Slattery, and inform him that he need have no further qualms. When he busted the Venetian suite that night, he would be busting a room not only completely free from beasels but lacking even a masculine occupant.

He felt that he had done Mr. Slattery proud. And turning his back to the breeze to light what in his opinion was a well-earned cigarette, he perceived Blair Eggleston approaching. . . .

It was quite obvious, as he came up, that the powerful young novelist was

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The modern brewery operates under a cereal beverage permit, laboriously and expensively producing near beer. The product is uninspiring—even to its makers. But they, fired again with hope, are eager to lend a hand to better days when, as and if they're given the chance

Loaded for Beer

By John B. Kennedy

WHEN real beer returns, what will happen? As Mr. Primo Carnera says when asked what he'll eat—"Plenty!" Here, to get the figures off our chest first, is some of it:

Estimated: $300,000,000 in Federal revenue, if the tax is made the same as before prohibition; ninety thousand workmen immediately given jobs in the 1,200 breweries in wet states which operated in 1919; fifty thousand motor trucks ordered to transport beer, plus about a 200,000-carload traffic for the railroads yearly; $200,000,000 invested at once in modernization and expansion of brewing plants; twenty thousand tons of steel for barrel hoops, plus the barrels, if only the 65,000,000 barrel pre-prohibition output is attained, and at least one hundred million new bottles a year with lithographed labels, caps and cardboard containers. With all these principal items and many minor ones involved in the resumption of the legal beer trade, there is likewise the increased employment in selling and serving beer, so that altogether it is reasonably estimated that two million persons will benefit economically by the restoration.

And this happy prospectus omits the most obvious social benefit to be derived from legalized beer—improved public health and morale and the end of the reign of the underworld beer barons.

The 164 breweries still in operation legally—under de-alcoholizing or cereal beverage permits—have played fair with the government during the long, lean years since Congress turned chemist and declared everything and anything containing above one half of one per cent alcohol was intoxicating. These 164 stalwarts are loaded for beer, eager to replace underworld products with pure beverages and to pay the government honestly in open taxation for the privilege of doing so.

Visit one of these open-and-above-board breweries—they're all about the same excepting for size—and you'll be convinced that there are far less pleasant places to visit. Take one of the largest operating breweries in the country. A brew-master, said to know more about beer than any other American, tugs at his goatee as he watches hose being attached to a hundred-foot-long vat in a brewhouse as clean as a dairy. Golden Pilsener pours through the hose into a huge cylinder. This cylinder has a core-pipe to hold the beer while about that pipe live steam plays. The beer evaporates forty per cent in its tour through the cylinder. The evaporation carries off what Mr. Volstead considers superfluous alcohol. There emerges into vats worthy of better things that nectar of the blue-nose, near beer.

"So," said the brew-master, pointing to the battery of four $75,000 evaporating machines, "that's how it's done."

He sneered at these mechanical blasphemies and indicated the paradox that makes near beer more expensive to manufacture than the genuine article.

"Compare," said the brew-master's obliging assistant.

You could tell the real Pilsener was good—from the creamy top of the seidel, from the golden bubbles beneath the cream, from the ease with which it flowed down the throat, leaving the palate cool and bitter-sweet. Fearing to be deceived by first impressions, you could take another stemful—I did—and confirm your verdict that the brew was right. A teaspoonful of the near beer proved its inferiority.

Prohibition's Gift to the Brewer

This sad experiment could be duplicated in every one of the hundred and sixty-four breweries operating under cereal beverage permits. Not all have batteries of four de-alcoholizers; but most of them have at least two.

The point is this—the $75,000 de-alcoholizers are the only tangible contribution to industry that prohibition has made, if we except the padlocks distributed by Federal courts. And not a man among the brewers but would gladly swing an axe at these machines and wreck them with his own hands the day and hour that Congress revises its estimate as to what constitutes an intoxicating beverage.

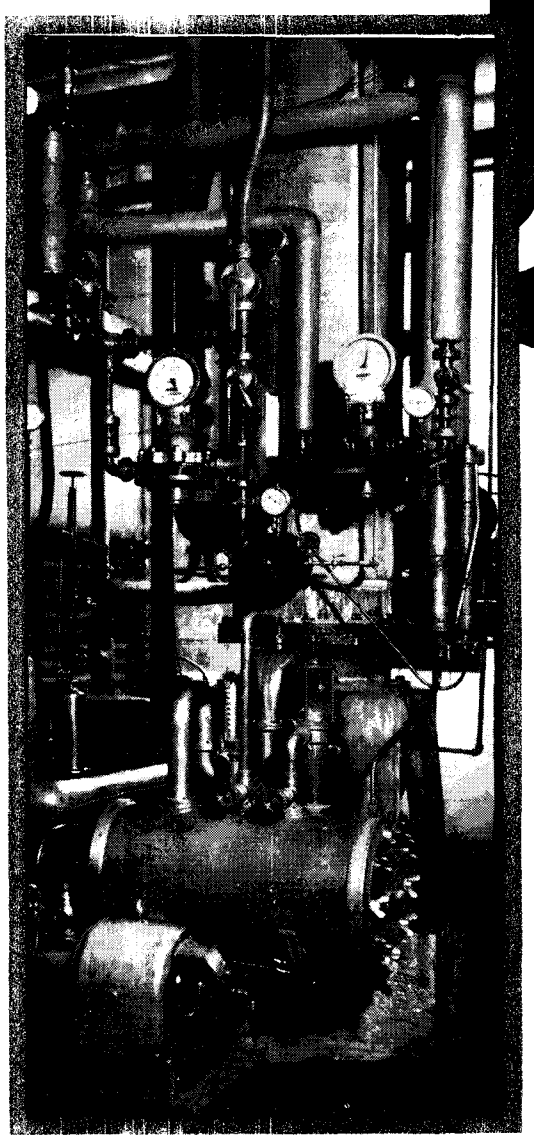
Counterbalancing the seven or eight millions of dollars of new equipment that prohibition forced on the brewers, there will be, by general estimate, thirty to forty times that amount immediately invested in material and labor when modification comes.

To see what the breweries are doing while marking time for the return of beer, I used the simplest method and went to one. First, there was a man mending empty half-barrels in a cavernous brewery barrel house that seemed to contain all the half-barrels in the world. He was repairing barrel hoops. There were four iron hoops to the barrel—or, rather, half-barrel, for only in rare instances is beer or near beer delivered in full barrels. The sad-faced cooper tapped turned edges of hoops into place, chewed tobacco mournfully, then thrust each repaired barrel from him, so that it rolled away as if dismissed with disfavor for the incomplete beverage it was about to contain.

"This job ain't what it used to be," he said. "There used to be ten to twelve of us mending these barrels—sometimes as many as twenty during the summer months when everybody drank beer.

"Barrels with real beer," he said, "got more wear and tear than now. They made more round trips. The boys handled them with more enthusiasm."

The pre-Volstead output of that



Real beer or near beer—hundreds of old-time brewery workers still toss kegs

Left, a $75,000 apparatus which produces near beer by de-alcoholizing the genuine product

Culver

brewery was 1,600,000 barrels yearly (a barrel being the 31-gallon unit), its full capacity about 2,000,000 barrels. The bulk of this went into bottles; but for the draft beer trade of this single brewery about 2,500 barrels were permanently on the staff. The average life of a barrel in those hearty days when they were heartily handled was about three years, with minor repairs between times. This meant replacements. Multiply the number of original barrels, plus

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SHE was one of those exquisite women born, by an error of destiny, into a family of clerks. There was nothing to bring her to the attention of a suitor of means or of distinction. So she married, perforce, a petty functionary in the Ministry of Education.

And she was unhappy—as though she had married beneath her station. She suffered perpetually, feeling herself created for every kind of delicacy and luxury; her poverty rendered her miserable.

She had neither clothes nor jewels, though she loved such things and felt that she was made to set them off. A gnawing desire to please, to be sought after, to be courted, tormented her.

One evening her husband came home full of elation. "Here," he said, "is something to delight you." He handed her an engraved card: "*The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame George Rampouneau request the honor of Monsieur and Madame Loisel's company Monday evening, January eighteenth, at the Minister's residence.*"

She was anything but delighted. To her husband's astonishment, she flung the invitation aside with an air of irritation. She said, "What good is that?"

"But, my dear," said Loisel, "I thought it would make you happy. I had the devil of a time getting it. It will be a brilliant affair, the whole official world—"

She stopped him with a look of fury. "And what," she said, "would I wear to such a thing as that?"

Then she burst into tears. Loisel stood hurt and dismayed. He tried to comfort her. He stammered affectionate nothings like an idiot. Presently her vexation abated and she dried her tears. "It's no use," she said. "We may as well forget about it. Give your invitation to somebody whose wife can dress the part."

"No," he said. "Look, Matilda. What would a decent dress come to?"

She hesitated, tried to make a prudent estimate, tried to think of some sum that would be within reason and still adequate. At last she said pathetically, "Four hundred francs might do it—I don't know."

He gulped. Four hundred francs was exactly what he had put aside, laboriously, for a fowling piece on which he had set his heart. But he said manfully: "I can manage that much. It ought to buy something handsome."

The day of the ball approached. Matilda's dress was all but ready. Yet the prospect did not cheer her. She was downcast. Loisel observed her melancholy and said:

"What ails you now?"

She said: "I'm miserable. I've been thinking that, dress or no dress, I have no jewels to wear. Not one. I shall look poverty-stricken. I wish we weren't going. It is mortifying to seem shabby in the midst of affluence."

Then Loisel had an inspiration. "But," he exclaimed, "what about your old school friend, Madame Forestier? She is well-to-do. She has jewels. You can borrow what you like. You know her well enough."

The situation was saved. Matilda called on her friend. Jewels? Certainly. Madame Forestier opened a gem-casket and said, "Choose, my dear."

Matilda looked the pieces over but nothing caught her fancy until she discovered, in a case of black satin, a superb diamond necklace. It matched her dreams.

"Would you—would you lend me this? Just this?"

"Of course," said Matilda's friend.

Matilda stammered her thanks and bore the necklace away.

THE ball was over. For a few delirious hours Matilda Loisel had lived in the world for which she yearned. Great men had sought her out, kissed her hand, loaded her with graceful flatteries, vied for her company in the dance. But the ball was over. It was five in the morning. She was back in her dingy flat with the humble partner of her dull existence.

She took off her wrap and stood before her mirror for one last look at her lovely gown, at her borrowed jewels. The necklace was gone! At her cry of consternation, Loisel knew that hideous misfortune impended.

All that day he pursued the necklace, enlisting the aid of the police, broadcasting the loss in the newspapers, searching everywhere. At nightfall he returned despondent. "We must have more time," he said. "Tell Madame Forestier you have broken the clasp of the necklace and have sent it to be repaired. That will give us a few days."

At the end of a week of fruitless search, Loisel, older by five years, said to his wife: "We must make restitution." By combing the shops of Paris they found a necklace identical with the one they had lost. They took an option on it. The price was calamitous—thirty-six thousand francs. Loisel's tiny fortune, an inheritance from his father, amounted to eighteen thousand. With the eloquence of desperation he contrived to borrow the balance, a thousand here, five hundred there; a hundred from one; fifty from another. He gave notes, made reckless promises, took money from the whole race of lenders. He compromised his future, he risked his honor, and, harassed by anxiety and black misery, by the prospect of extreme privation and moral torture, paid the thirty-six thousand francs for the substitute necklace.

When Matilda Loisel presented this sacrifice of a lifetime to her friend, forbearing, of course, to reveal the tragic truth, Madame Forestier scarcely glanced at the gems. The substitution passed unnoticed.

NOW the Loisels knew the rigor of want, indeed. They moved to a garret in a slum. Matilda became her own charwoman, her own laundress, her own seamstress. She toiled hopelessly, with a kind of heroic fortitude. Her husband found all sorts of odd jobs to do outside his office. He worked all day and half the night. Week by week, month by month, year by year, they paid interest, renewed notes, reduced loans. This went on for ten years. At the end of that time they were free. They had repaid everything, with usury, with compound interest, with misery and the best years of their lives.

And they were old—old before they had lived. Loisel was stooped, haggard and gray. Matilda was strong, harsh, with red hands, like a scrubwoman, and the strident voice of a market haggler. But still, sometimes, she would sit at her attic window and think of the Minister's ball, of the lovely night, the only night, when she had been beautiful, desirable and coveted.

THEN, one Sunday in the park, she encountered Madame Forestier. Ten years had scarcely changed her friend. Matilda spoke to her.

Madame Forestier stared. She said, "But there is some mistake, Madame. I don't know you. I—"

"But you do. I am Matilda Loisel."

Astonishment overcame Madame Forestier. She cried: "My dear, my poor dear! You have changed!"

Matilda told her friend the story of the necklace, its loss, its restitution—the wretched years.

Madame Forestier heard her out, then said huskily: "You substituted another necklace—a diamond necklace—for the one I lent you?"

"Yes. You noticed nothing? They were just alike." Matilda smiled, with a proud and childish kind of pleasure.

Her friend was touched to the heart. She took Matilda's hands. "But, my poor girl, my poor friend! Those diamonds I lent you were not real. Five hundred francs was all they were worth—if that. Oh, Matilda!"

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At her cry of consternation, Loisel knew that hideous misfortune impended

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On Guard

The story of Nestor Lemaire, gentleman and swordsman, who, after sixty years of adventure, tried to retire to his armchair. "Me, I couldn't stand it," he says, and with his quick thrust and parry he's back at his job of making a fine art of fencing

By Mary Coryn

BUT Madame has fenced. She can see—"

Here the Professor deftly rolled up his sleeve and displayed a magnificent right forearm.

"Had I not taken that parry, just so, the blade would have pierced my heart. See, the point I caught there at the inner curve of the elbow and, sliding over my arm, it ripped the flesh here."

To my modern eyes the scar appeared an awesome thing, a sinister white line. To Nestor Lemaire, it was "not'ing." He studied it casually for a moment, as if he had not looked at it for years, and then with a smile of satisfaction remarked: "But I took that parry!"

Death missed by an inch—nothing, a mere shrug of the shoulders; but death averted by a skillful parry—ah! there was something.

"That duel! It was a beautiful one. Just imagine, if you can, how we must have looked to anyone in the city below."

He leaped from his chair. With few words and many gestures he painted a picture in a moment that I will not forget in years; a picture of soft, twinkling lights in the town below, and high up on the ramparts of the citadel two hot-heads battling to the death, their blades one instant hovering and lurking in the shadows and the next instant darting and gleaming in the treacherous yellow light of the torches held in the hands of three reluctant soldiers. Grand indeed!

Seated again, he sighed happily and chuckled:

"And all over a—"

Then, suddenly recalled to the present by the scratching of the reportorial pen, his spine straightened (if it were possible for it to straighten another degree from its natural position) and his eyes flashed with anger.

"No, no *no!* You mark everyt'ing that takes hold of the ear! It will not do that everybody should know why it was we fought that duel. I was insult', yes. But the duel, it have settle everyt'ing and after my adversary have come from the hospital we have become the best of friends! Should I bring shame on him and his family now by telling the whole world about somet'ing that was wiped out by an honorable fight? What would my old comrades in the army of Belgium think of me? Why, they would say, 'Hey, Lemaire is no gentlemans; he is not a noble man!'"

With deft movements his sensitive fingers had already collected the yellowed papers, the old photographs and the more modern newspaper clippings and were effectually tucking them from sight. His face was flushed an angry red; from beneath lowered lids his glance darted here, there, everywhere—eagerly at the collection of weapons on the wall, scornfully at modern sensation mongers, disappointedly at my feminine apparel.

"Professor!" At the moment I feared that I might lose the story; yet I had to laugh at the absurdity of the title for such a musketeer as Nestor Lemaire.

For a musketeer he is. Though he dwells in a world of anemic gun-toters he has ordered his life along the lines of a romance by Dumas.

A Modern d'Artagnan

He lives in an age of chivalry, honor and sweeping courtesy. As he walks the streets of Indianapolis, his present home, he glides with the easy, alert stride of d'Artagnan. As he passes, you are brushed by an invisible cloak which he wears jauntily over his shoulder. As he bows to an acquaintance and doffs his hat, a white plume, so to speak, all but touches the pavement.

He came to America from Belgium in 1883; but that is not the beginning of his life. Some time before that he had been born in Verviers, province of Liége. His grandfather had brought seven sons to this town and had founded there the first woolen mill in that part of the country. Nestor was one of a family of three sons, the oldest of whom had already come to the United States. At the age of fifteen he volunteered to take this brother's place in the military draw. Having drawn a "bad number," he further volunteered to serve in his brother's stead in the Belgian army.

Life began for Nestor Lemaire when, as a pale, thin, timid boy of fifteen, he first glimpsed the fencing *salle d'armes* of the regimental school to which he was sent in Bouillon, Luxembourg.

"Believe me," he says, "that little Nestor did not miss the opportunity; nor," with a shrewd twinkle, "did Master Frederick, *le maitre d'armes*."

The boy fell instantly into the routine of the Royal Cane Drill and worked feverishly under Master Frederick's tutelage. The cane, properly handled, makes a very effective weapon, but to the lad from Verviers the cane drill was merely the preliminary step to learning

(Continued on page 15)

Nestor Lemaire, swordsman extraordinary, duelist and professor

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And so do his Cousins and his Aunts

By Clinton W. Gilbert

AN OPPONENT of Senator Brookhart in the Iowa primary developed the fact that the senator has five members of his family on the Federal pay roll. This revelation was awkward for the senator, since the Iowa law forbids a state official to put his relatives on the state pay roll. The fact that Brookhart and his relatives are drawing a total of $24,500 from the Federal pay roll probably was one of the reasons for his subsequent defeat in the primary. In these days of unemployment the public looks with greedy eyes at the jobs a public officer gives his kin.

Very recently the House of Representatives voted, somewhat reluctantly but with a show of virtue, to make public the roll of clerks and secretaries at present employed by its members. One hundred persons on the House pay roll have the same family names as those of the representatives employing them. The Senate has not recognized public curiosity about the extent to which its members at present give jobs to relatives, instead of to outsiders, in these hard times, but a pay roll of the recent past discloses that at least thirty-six senators were giving jobs at their disposal to their own kin.

Of course the publication of a pay roll tells only half the story. Unless you know family connections you are unable to identify the name of Miss Smith on the pay roll as secretary to Representative Jones or Senator Wilkins as that of the sister-in-law of the member employing her. Nor is the legislative pay roll the only pay roll on which members of the families of senators or representatives may appear. Members may place relatives on any one of the pay rolls of Federal departments and independent offices. It would be a life job to trace nepotism practiced by members of Congress as it spreads through all the branches of the government.

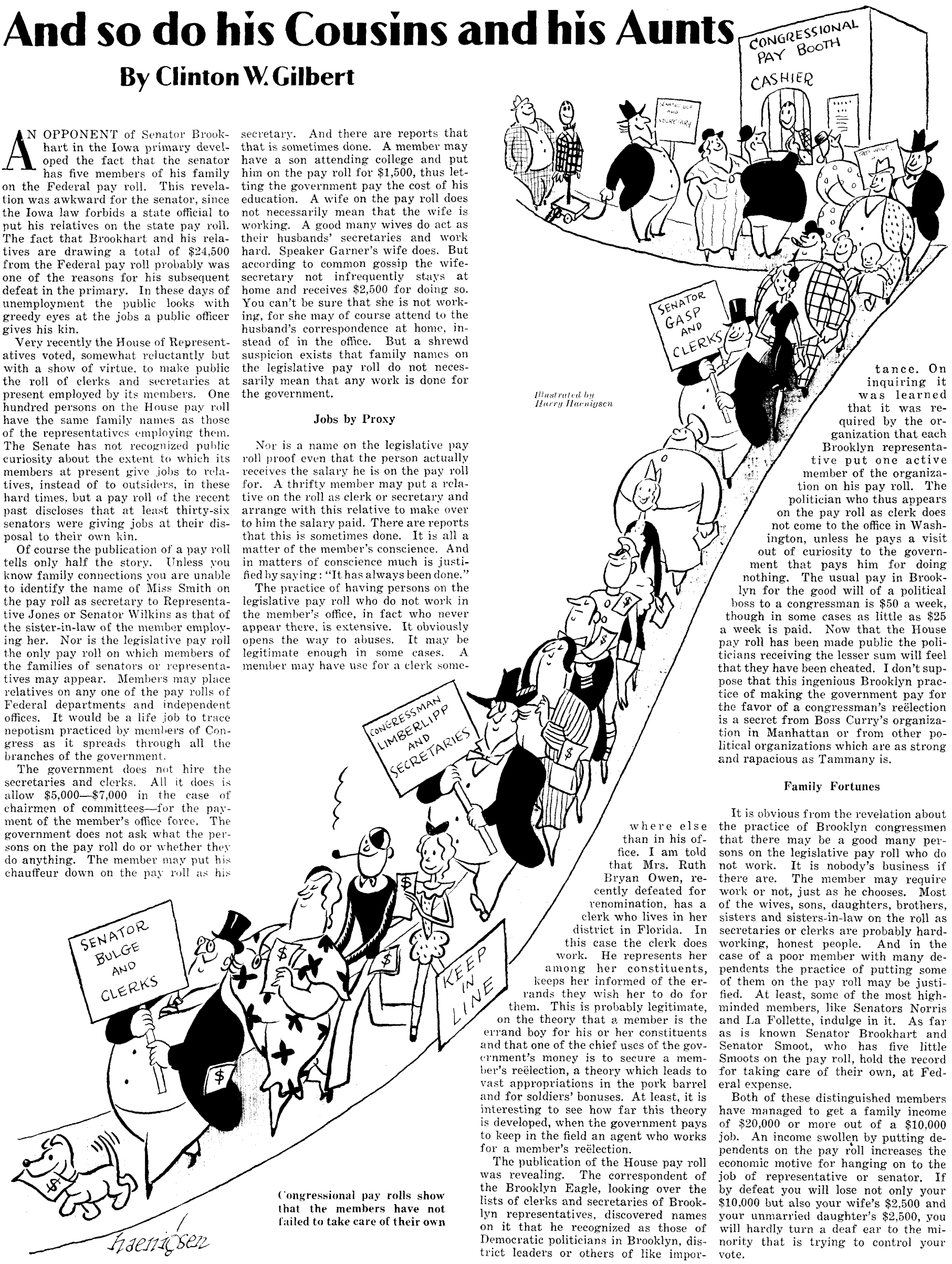
The government does not hire the secretaries and clerks. All it does is allow $5,000—$7,000 in the case of chairmen of committees—for the payment of the member's office force. The government does not ask what the persons on the pay roll do or whether they do anything. The member may put his chauffeur down on the pay roll as his secretary. And there are reports that that is sometimes done. A member may have a son attending college and put him on the pay roll for $1,500, thus letting the government pay the cost of his education. A wife on the pay roll does not necessarily mean that the wife is working. A good many wives do act as their husbands' secretaries and work hard. Speaker Garner's wife does. But according to common gossip the wife-secretary not infrequently stays at home and receives $2,500 for doing so. You can't be sure that she is not working, for she may of course attend to the husband's correspondence at home, instead of in the office. But a shrewd suspicion exists that family names on the legislative pay roll do not necessarily mean that any work is done for the government.

Jobs by Proxy

Nor is a name on the legislative pay roll proof even that the person actually receives the salary he is on the pay roll for. A thrifty member may put a relative on the roll as clerk or secretary and arrange with this relative to make over to him the salary paid. There are reports that this is sometimes done. It is all a matter of the member's conscience. And in matters of conscience much is justified by saying: "It has always been done."

The practice of having persons on the legislative pay roll who do not work in the member's office, in fact who never appear there, is extensive. It obviously opens the way to abuses. It may be legitimate enough in some cases. A member may have use for a clerk somewhere else than in his office. I am told that Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, recently defeated for renomination, has a clerk who lives in her district in Florida. In this case the clerk does work. He represents her among her constituents, keeps her informed of the errands they wish her to do for them. This is probably legitimate, on the theory that a member is the errand boy for his or her constituents and that one of the chief uses of the government's money is to secure a member's reëlection, a theory which leads to vast appropriations in the pork barrel and for soldiers' bonuses. At least, it is interesting to see how far this theory is developed, when the government pays to keep in the field an agent who works for a member's reëlection.

The publication of the House pay roll was revealing. The correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, looking over the lists of clerks and secretaries of Brooklyn representatives, discovered names on it that he recognized as those of Democratic politicians in Brooklyn, district leaders or others of like importance. On inquiring it was learned that it was required by the organization that each Brooklyn representative put one active member of the organization on his pay roll. The politician who thus appears on the pay roll as clerk does not come to the office in Washington, unless he pays a visit out of curiosity to the government that pays him for doing nothing. The usual pay in Brooklyn for the good will of a political boss to a congressman is $50 a week, though in some cases as little as $25 a week is paid. Now that the House pay roll has been made public the politicians receiving the lesser sum will feel that they have been cheated. I don't suppose that this ingenious Brooklyn practice of making the government pay for the favor of a congressman's reëlection is a secret from Boss Curry's organization in Manhattan or from other political organizations which are as strong and rapacious as Tammany is.



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Congressional pay rolls show that the members have not failed to take care of their own

Family Fortunes

It is obvious from the revelation about the practice of Brooklyn congressmen that there may be a good many persons on the legislative pay roll who do not work. It is nobody's business if there are. The member may require work or not, just as he chooses. Most of the wives, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters and sisters-in-law on the roll as secretaries or clerks are probably hard-working, honest people. And in the case of a poor member with many dependents the practice of putting some of them on the pay roll may be justified. At least, some of the most high-minded members, like Senators Norris and La Follette, indulge in it. As far as is known Senator Brookhart and Senator Smoot, who has five little Smoots on the pay roll, hold the record for taking care of their own, at Federal expense.

Both of these distinguished members have managed to get a family income of $20,000 or more out of a $10,000 job. An income swollen by putting dependents on the pay roll increases the economic motive for hanging on to the job of representative or senator. If by defeat you will lose not only your $10,000 but also your wife's $2,500 and your unmarried daughter's $2,500, you will hardly turn a deaf ear to the minority that is trying to control your vote.

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A Ticket to Arizona

The story of a baseball player who didn't know how good he was—and a wise man who understood perfectly

By Talbert Josselyn

ON THE last day at the training camp of the baseball club, the blow fell.

"I want to speak to you a minute, Joe," called the team manager.

Joe Perelli, rookie shortstop, loping by toward the showers, broke his stride and came over with the light nimble-footedness of a colt to where the manager stood leaning against a corner of the bleachers back of first base.

"I got some news for you, kid." The manager shifted his feet and pulled the visor of his cap down over an eye against the glare of the bright March sunshine. "It's news that ain't so hot."

"Yes?" said Rookie Joe Perelli, swiftly studying the manager's face.

"Yeah." The manager rubbed against a paneling of the bleachers the shoulder of a uniform that had grown increasingly tight with the years. "Uh . . . the president of the club and a couple of the biggest stockholders were in the stands during this final practice game."

Again the manager stopped. From under the low-pulled cap his blue eyes met the brown ones of youthful Joe Perelli. Slowly he went on:

"They liked your playing swell, kid. Swell. But . . . Well, they feel that if the club's going to be in it for the pennant this year, the regular shortstop has got to be a man with a lot of experience. Not but what you can't play circles around Dunleavy four games out of five; but he's been in there a long time and knows his stuff; and he's steady . . . so Dunleavy gets the call, and . . . Shucks, kid, you'll come back from a season with that Arizona League and run Dunleavy out of the park. Yeah, we're sending you down to the farm with the other rookies that made good."

The manager, having said his say—having acquitted himself of the most unpleasant task in baseball—again shifted his weight and looked off toward the green, wooded hills.

LIKE the novice prize fighter who has gone into the ring knowing that he can't stay the limit, but who intends to give everything that he has while he is in there, and then finds himself lasting, round after round, right up to the final one . . . and apparently winning . . . only to be smacked down, so Joe Perelli, nineteen years old and rookie shortstop who had almost made the team, stood for a moment, mentally out. Then, fighter that he was, he rushed in with words that strove to cover the bitterness of defeat:

"Gee whiz, sure. Say . . . say, that's all right. Gee, you bet it's all right! Say, I guess I'm lucky to be going to as swell a club as that. You bet I am!" The flurry of words ceased.

The manager brought his eyes back from the hills.

"O. K. Now you better go and get your shower." And he swung around a corner of the bleachers.

But Joe Perelli, rookie, did not follow. He continued to stand like something graven, head slightly lowered, hands on hips, feet apart, braced; braced like those of a man who strives to weather a storm. Joe Perelli, nineteen years old, of medium height, yet looking shorter because of his great width of shoulder and the fullness of his neck; with massive wrists and powerful hands; with brown eyes, with full red color pulsing beneath olive cheeks, and white, even teeth showing as he breathed through parted lips.

Joe Perelli, standing there, thinking. . . .

He hadn't made the grade. Failed.

Two weeks ago, a week ago, and it wouldn't have been failure at all.

FAILURE? It would have been success! Joe Perelli—Sand-lot Joe—good enough in his first trial to be farmed out to a club—a real club in organized baseball!—and, if he made good, coming back the next season to the home-town club that had picked him off its sand-lots. The home town—city of half a million!—that belonged to the strongest minor-league circuit in the country. Minor league? Huh! Every spring the home-city club took on the major-league teams that had their spring training camps in the state, and shook them up like something in a bag.

Yes, and every year the club sent on the pick of its youngsters to the big leagues, at the highest prices; and they stayed in the big leagues, too. Stars, all of them. Names to be conjured with. Their roll call had been in the ears of Joe Perelli from the time that he had learned to walk.

And he, Sand-lot Joe, had almost succeeded with this home club, this stepping-stone to big-league wealth and fame, in the first training season. Almost . . .

"Well, kid," said a voice, "what are you trying out for? Undertaker?"

Joe Perelli threw up his head. Truck Maguire, second-string catcher, carrying shin guards, protector, glove and mask, was standing before him. Big old Truck, tall, broad, heavy-legged, bald-headed; veteran of unknown, unnumbered seasons—bush league, minor league, major league, minor again; with arm no longer what it once was, with legs that carried him around the bases as though he were always running in one spot; yet still able to hit, and with a head crammed with the lore and knowledge of the game second to none.

Truck Maguire, friend of Rookie Joe Perelli. A Joe Perelli who, from the first day in camp, had taken up all that old Truck had to offer, as a brick takes up water, living and dreaming baseball twenty-four hours of the day.

And now: "What are you trying out for? Undertaker?" demanded Truck, eying Rookie Joe.

Joe told him.

Old Truck spat.

"WHAT did you expect to be—Hans Wagner in one season?" Then added: "Stick to it, kid. You're off to a flying start. You'll be up among 'em before you know it."

He lumbered off toward the showers, and Joe Perelli fell into step with him. As Joe turned the corner of the bleachers, he looked back upon the diamond. Two men were running a race around the bases, laughing and razzing each other as they ran. . . . The second baseman and Dunleavy. Dunleavy, who had got the call over Joe Perelli at shortstop. Others were cheering them on. Regulars . . . on the team.

Joe turned swiftly away. He entered the dressing-room; the room from which he had stepped so confidently but a couple hours before. . . .

The first intimation that something had happened came with a pounding on the door, followed by voices:

"Hey, open that door in there!"

Two men appeared, carrying a third . . . Dunleavy.

Ensued confusion.

"Someone left a bat on the ground," said a voice.

"Get the doctor," said another.

The doctor came.

"Badly wrenched back," he finally summed up. "Got to be kept quiet for several weeks. Will be all right in time."

A manager with lines suddenly on his face found Joe Perelli at the hotel.

"No farm club for you. Jack will be out of the game for three weeks anyway. You'll start in his place."

The hotel lobby spun for a moment before Rookie Joe Perelli's eyes. On the team. A regular! And then the exultation died. A regular only because somebody else couldn't play. Just a substitute, in there . . . trying.

THE club came back from the training camp to the home city, and the city filled the ball park to witness the first of the series of exhibition games with the big leaguers; to look upon those players whose names were household words, and also to look upon its own team and especially its new shortstop, the sand-lot rookie, Joe Perelli. The home-town kid, picked up from nowhere during the previous winter; becoming the sensation of the training camp; battling for position with the veteran Jack Dunleavy every stride of the way . . . so the sports writers had written. And now the fans saw him for the first time, and those who talk their baseball made their talk, as they studied the team at practice.

A likely-looking kid . . . but too young. . . . Ah, them Eyetalian kids got their growth early. . . . Maybe so, but it took experience to be the pivot man on a club. . . . Ah, look at him bat and look at him field. Atta boy, Joe! . . . Yeah! Just a kid. Wait till he's been in there forty games and then you can talk.

A gong sounded.

"There's the game! Go get them big-league bozos!"

OUT in shortstop position, the nineteen-year-old Joe Perelli dug his spikes into the dirt, and swallowed. Swallowed again, and yet again. It was as though there were a great cold lump of lead in the pit of his stomach.

The lead-off batter came to the plate; the pitcher had the ball; the catcher was crouching, giving the signal.

Then Joe Perelli was running, the whole world made up of himself and a white, bounding ball.

His hands met the ball. He threw.

From the stands came splitting acclaim.

And Joe Perelli awoke. Trotted back to his position as he had trotted countless times on sand-lot fields. Thrown the guy out, that was all. Make good on the team? Of course he'd make good!

The evening papers told of how the club's new shortstop, Rookie Joe Perelli,

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

In unbelief he looked at

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had played sensational ball, both in the field and at bat. His work was equally brilliant the next day, and the big leaguers came from their dugout and stretched out on the grass when he was in the field, watching him play his position. They nodded, and commented approvingly.

"A comer. In a couple years he'll be up there."

The big leaguers went their way.

THE local league season opened, bands blaring, packed stands seething and bubbling. Opening day!

Out into shortstop position trotted Joe Perelli, and a new feeling was now upon him. A tautness, a tenseness, a thing caught up from his surroundings; from the manner of his team-mates—actions, voices, faces—from the quality of the roar in the packed stands. No exhibition game, this, but a fight, with the opposing team as the age-old enemy; a champion enemy that had beaten them off the year previous in the closing week and now was back this year to rub that defeat in.

Tenseness and tautness; battle in the air.

Joe Perelli dug in his spikes and set himself. Go get 'em!

The first hit came full at him. He did not wait for it. He raced straight in. He got his hands on it badly; dropped it, swooped after it, fumbled it again; caught it up and whipped it hard and high over the first baseman's head.

Three runs came in that inning, all on two errors by Joe Perelli.

When he went to bat, a bull voice in the stands raised itself above the others:

"Now make up for that, you bum!"

Joe Perelli made up for it. Two were on the bases; he caught a fast one, and with all the power of his wide shoulders and massive wrists he whaled out a line-drive triple to the far corner of center field. As he slid into third base the stands rose and gave him an ovation.

"Atta boy, Joe! Made up for it, all right!"

He threw it all away in the fifth with two errors; came back with a double in the sixth . . . booted one away in the ninth.

The team lost the game. It lost the next one. It won a game . . . then lost the series. Lost the next two series, to weak teams that had been pounded all over their ball parks by the big leaguers . . . in exhibition games. The team, with nerves rasped raw, snarled at the cause of its misfortunes; at the kid who threw the ball away. What if he did make up for it with his hits? Didn't he always throw the game away in the end?

Clamor went up from the stands, from the sports writers, from the president of the club and the big stockholders. Rookie Joe Perelli, sensation of the training camp and the exhibition games, was benched.

THE utility shortstop went in—and in the first game broke a finger on his throwing hand.

The utility second baseman took over; a cool-headed veteran, steadiest when the going was the hottest; a hard hitter—and with an aging arm. An arm that could do its full work in the short throws from second-base territory to first, but one unequal to the task of the long, winging throws from deep short when the runner *had* to be put out.

The manager, watching closer and closer the recovery of the injured Jack Dunleavy, finally threw him into the game, even though he wasn't ready. Instantly the team steadied; swung into its stride, and won six games in a row. And then Jack Dunleavy, making a play at second, was collided with, and once more went away to the hospital.

Hard about the mouth, the manager turned to Rookie Joe Perelli where he sat next him on the bench; where Joe had been sitting through all these games, the manager on one side, with Second-string Catcher—veteran and baseball-wise—Truck Maguire on the other. Teachers, commenting on every play; pouring and re-pouring the attack and defense of baseball, move by move, into the boy's head.

"All right, kid," said the manager, "it's right back up to you. Now remember—take your time!"

ROOKIE JOE took it; and while he did not play with the dash and fire that he had shown at the training camp, he played with steadiness, with sureness. The team won the game . . . won the series. The team, the stands, breathed freer. But . . . it had been against the weakest club in the circuit.

The team took the road; opened against their hardest opponents; the ones that had given them such a lacing in the first series. The champions, now well out in front in the pennant race; a tough-guy team, backed by a tough-guy town.

They looked Joe Perelli over, spotted him as the weak cog, and ganged upon him. The pitcher tried to dust him off when he was at bat; the team—the stands—rode him while he was in the field.

He stood up under it for seven innings. In the eighth, when he was in the field, with runners on first and third they put over a double steal on him. He tried to touch the man out at second and to throw home at the same time. He missed the touch; missed again; then threw wild to the catcher.

The game, the score now a tie, went into extra innings; Joe's pitcher weakened, gave a walk, gave two hits, and the game was lost.

The pitcher came in fairly twisting off the fingers of his glove in his rage; an ex-big leaguer, just down from the big circuit and trying to go back; a top-notch man, but one who had always been difficult to get along with—and not above an alibi.

"Hell of a game to lose!" he simmered. "Pitch my heart out and have everything all sewed up, and that dumb kid heaves it all away. How can you expect to win with a team that has a bone-head kid! . . ." And others of the team chimed in with him.

The next day the team just squeaked through to a win; then lost the odd game—ragged play, discordance, wrangling.

There came telegrams from the home city, from the president of the club and the biggest stockholders. . . . And

(Continued on page 41)

Truck . . . at the manager. "Just a blank sheet of paper," said the manager

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Where there's a Will

How to handle an aunt who is stubborn—as demonstrated by a persistent young genius

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

"Abigail!" said Aunt Agatha. "That young man is walking up and down the balcony outside the French windows"

THE house of Blount was divided against itself. It was all because of the impending visit of Aunt Agatha. Externally, Cresthaven, which was ordinarily a peaceful country house, seemed serene as ever, slumbering in the summer sun. Internally, there was a seething malevolence and upheaval.

Abigail Blount, twenty and red-haired, paced the floor of the living-room and glared at her brother Donald. Donald glanced at his watch from time to time and tried every now and then to get a word in edgewise.

Abigail stopped and fixed her eyes upon him. "Why, *why* did you have to invite her just now?" she moaned. "Just when you know that Mark is coming for the week-end."

"I'll bring Mark down from town when I come," Donald said, unperturbed.

"And she'll follow us around the whole time," Abigail said. "No man's going to propose with Aunt Agatha looming behind him at every turn, asking who his grandfather was. You knew I wanted him to myself. Oh, you *are* a beast!"

"You're just upset, Abby," said Donald. Donald was always calm and reasonable when he was getting his own way.

"Just upset," Abigail said, coldly furious. "It's enough to upset any girl . . . having her brother care more about getting someone a job than about his sister's happiness."

"It's a perfect opportunity for her to meet Tubby," Donald said. "And besides, Aunt Agatha needs a rest."

"You couldn't have taken Tubby to town and let him meet her?" Abigail said.

"I could have," said Donald, "but . . ."

"But Aunt Agatha needs a rest," Abigail supplied.

"Yes," said Donald. "If she meets Tubby here, she'll have an opportunity to get acquainted with him and . . ."

"As secretary to Aunt Agatha," Abigail said, "Tubby will be able to get in a lot of good work for you, won't he?"

"I think it would be very nice if Aunt Agatha decided to hire Tubby," said Donald.

"TUBBY'S such a fool he'll tell her anything you want her told," said Abigail. "I know your methods, you snake."

"Now Abby, you're losing your temper again," said Donald. "She's coming, and that settles it."

"That settles Mark, too," Abigail said. "And just when . . ."

Donald looked at his watch again. "I have to go," he said. "I'll just catch the train if nothing goes wrong with the car. Tell Aunt Agatha I'll be back for the week-end and that I'm looking forward to seeing her."

"I can't lie, even for you," Abigail said sweetly.

Donald caught the gleam in her eye and folded in his lips speculatively. "Now, Abby," he said, "are you up to something?"

"I?" Abigail said. She widened her eyes innocently, which was a bad sign.

"No tricks," Donald said.

"Tricks?" said Abigail.

"I'll see you on Friday, then."

"I can hardly wait," Abigail said.

"Be sure and meet the eight-forty-five. You might take a spot of port along to brace her after the train ride. She'll be tired."

"I will if there's any left after I drown my sorrows," Abigail said.

Donald left the house with a feeling of foreboding, but he could not, try as he might, think of anything that Abigail might do to dislodge Aunt Agatha before the week-end. Aunt Agatha was a solid individual.

Abigail held a conference with herself, and presently went in search of Tubby. She found him in the garden watching a worm. Tubby, whose full name was Anthony Harrow Cachran, was a rather large boy of simple tastes and no sex appeal. Abigail halted in front of him and smiled deceitfully. "How are you, Tubby?" she said.

"I'm fine," said Tubby. "I've been watching this worm here."

"I wanted to talk to you about Aunt Agatha," said Abigail.

Tubby moved over and Abigail sat down beside him. She folded her hands in her lap and sighed. "It's this way . . ." she said.

AT eight-forty-five Abigail was at the station, wearing a very red hat and a determined expression. Aunt Agatha descended from the train burdened with bundles and the usual number of complaints. She was a large woman of that school of women who wear bad hats because good ones look worse on them.

They started for Cresthaven. Midway, Abigail drew to the side of the road and put on the brakes.

"Why are we stopping?" Aunt Agatha asked.

Abigail sighed. "I have something on my mind," she said. "I want to talk to you about it, Aunt Agatha. I don't want you to be alarmed, but . . ."

"Couldn't we talk about it at home?"

"*He's* there," said Abigail.

"Who's there?"

Abigail stared fixedly at her aunt

(Continued on page 40)

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The Wrong Hat

Detective O'Malley gets another baffling assignment

By William MacHarg

IF ANY guy but me had this case," said O'Malley, "he'd make himself a name out of it. I won't, because when I get a case like this something unlucky always happens. This is a case of a dead guy riding in a taxicab. Him and some other people took the cab and later the other folks got out, and when the taxi-driver got to where he had been told to go he found his passenger had been shot. A lot of other cops are working on the case."

"Haven't they any clue at all?" I asked.

"Yeah, they got one thing. The dead guy's hat don't fit him. They give me the job to find out why it don't; so I got to go and look at this guy, but I don't expect to find out nothing."

We went and looked at him. He was a coarse-looking man of middle age but he appeared well cared for. His hair had just been trimmed and he was freshly shaven and his nails were manicured. All his clothing was brand-new. His linen was new and never had been laundered.

"I'd say," O'Malley remarked, "that this guy was dressed up in a way he wasn't used to."

The hat, however, was not new. We tried it on the dead man and it proved much too large. O'Malley picked a woman's long golden hair off the hat and put it in an envelope.

"They are holding the taxi-driver at headquarters as a witness," he stated. "I guess we got to see him next."

We went and talked with the taxi-driver.

"You tell us, fellow," O'Malley invited, "how all this was."

"Well, mister," said the taxi-driver, "I was cruising along Madison Avenue about two A. M. and I seen three guys standing on the curb with their arms around each other, singing close harmony, and a lady was watching 'em. So I slows up and the lady stops the cab.

"Two of the guys was in evening clothes and had high hats, and the third one was this guy that is now dead. The lady was in evening clothes too. The three guys got into the cab, still singing, with their arms around one another and staggering, so that I seen that they were pretty drunk, and the lady got in afterward. The guys sat on the back seat and kept singing, and the lady sat on one of the little front ones.

"I drove to Park Avenue, like they told me, and the lady and one guy got out there. Then I drove to East Seventieth Street and another guy got out. 'Take Mr. Sullivan,' he says, 'to Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Twentieth Street. That's where he lives. He's feeling low now but the drive'll do him good.' So I done that. When I tried to wake him up to find which house it was, I seen that he was dead. So then I took him to the police station. That's all I know about it, mister."

"I seen three guys standing on the curb . . . and the lady stops the cab"

Harry L. Timmins

"DIDN'T you hear the shot?" I asked. "There wasn't no shot fired in my cab. Would I be drivin' a cab and not know what happened in it?"

"Was these folks old or young?" O'Malley asked him.

"They was all young except the dead guy, but I can't describe 'em because where they got in, it wasn't near a street lamp and I couldn't see 'em very good."

"Well, O'Malley," I said, when we had left the driver, "you've got a lead anyway. The man's name was Sullivan and you know the neighborhood where he lived. There was a drunken party and Sullivan got shot. I think it was in the cab. They were all happy when they got into the cab and then there was a drunken quarrel. It is quite possible the driver did not hear the shot; or the last man to leave the cab may have bribed him. Find the last man who left the cab and you'll have Sullivan's murderer."

"Yeah, Sullivan!" O'Malley said. "That's a good name. Or would you think the name might be Heidenbacher and he lived in Brooklyn? They wouldn't give the guy's right name. You ain't ever very smart! Where did the hat come from? If one of the guys in the cab made a mistake and took the wrong hat, this'd be a high hat, wouldn't it? And the medical examiner says the dead guy hadn't had a drink, but he was a drinkin' man, and I don't think none of the others had either."

I was amazed.

"How do you figure it, then?" I asked incredulously.

"I ain't figuring. I got nothing but a hunch. I think the guy was dead before they ever got into the cab. There was some reason they couldn't leave him there in Madison Avenue. They were holding him up as if he was alive and then they seen the cab; so they began to sing and act like they were drunk. . . . All that ain't my present business. I got to take this hat around to all the stores that sell this make of hat and find if anyone remembers selling it."

I WENT around with him to several stores, but we learned nothing and I presently got tired of it. I left him and met him the next day.

"Made any progress?" I inquired.

"I ain't made a step. I been to all the stores and nobody remembers this hat because it was sold too long ago. Now I been going to the restaurants around Madison Avenue and showing it to the hat-check people. Would you believe it, I ain't seen a hat-check girl yet that has gold hair!"

He had the hat in a paper bag. I went along with him. The hat-check girl in the fourth restaurant we visited said quickly:

"Oh, you've got Mr. T. O. Annan's hat. That's good. His butler telephoned yesterday about it and said I'd given him the wrong hat—though I can't see how I did it, because I know his hat."

(Continued on page 41)

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Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"Shan," said Fah Lo Suee, "I am going now, dear. You mustn't come down to the door"

The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

SI-FAN, a sinister secret organization, is planning a world revolution. Sir Lionel Barton, noted Orientalist, is in possession of certain "sacred" relics which the plotters *must* obtain. A stubborn, courageous man, Sir Lionel resolves to hold the relics, cost what it may. With him are Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a brilliant detective; Dr. Petrie, an old friend; Shan Greville, who tells the story; and Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's niece, to whom Greville is engaged. All are in peril—for the master-mind behind the plotters is the world's most dangerous criminal: Dr. Fu Manchu!

In Cairo, Greville falls into Fu Manchu's hands. *Drugged, utterly devoid of will power,* he hands Rima over to the "Doctor," who offers to exchange her, unharmed, for the relics. The exchange is effected.

With Rima and Greville, Sir Lionel sails for England on the steamship Indramatra. He is in gala mood. But Nayland Smith, *who visits him before the ship weighs anchor,* is not. He has just learned that the relics turned over to Fu Manchu are spurious—that Sir Lionel is still in possession of the real relics. "Barton, *you're mad!*" he exclaims. "You've tricked Fu Manchu and he knows it. Send those relics ashore at *once. You're in deadly peril!*"

Sir Lionel ignores the advice. He takes dummy packages to the purser, who promptly locks them in his safe. . . . That night a huge seaplane overtakes the Indramatra, settles in the water near by. When the steamer's engines stop, Greville goes on deck. *There—in the light from a searchlight*—he sees a man swimming toward the seaplane. Before him he is pushing what appears to be an enormous ball. He reaches the plane, is hauled aboard—and the aircraft speeds away.

Captain Vanderhaye, in command of the ship, leads Sir Lionel *to the purser's room.* "Look!" he exclaims. There, before them, is the safe—a large hole in its side, where the lock had been. And nothing has been stolen save Sir Lionel's three dummy parcels!

XI

IN THE absence of Rima and the chief, the big, gloomy house in Bruton Street overpowered me. But with characteristic disregard of my personal wishes, Sir Lionel that morning had carried Rima off to Norfolk—true, for two days only. But London, much as I had longed to see it again, can be a lonely spot for a man with few friends.

By common consent, that most singular episode on the high seas had been hushed up as far as possible. It was recorded, of course, in the ship's log.

Examination of the cabin occupied by the pseudo Member of Parliament revealed the fact that two of his three trunks were empty, and that the third contained discarded clothing—and a pneumatic pump. A life-jacket was missing from its place; and the crate which had once held the relics (broken open) was discovered in his bathroom. He had taken the precaution of examining this first, thereby exhibiting a knowledge of Sir Lionel's methods!

That the floating ball had contained the sealed packages stolen from the purser's safe was beyond dispute. He had brought this remarkable piece of equipment for that purpose. It was, I suppose, a large rubber bag in two sections which could be hermetically screwed together, and then inflated by means of the pump; when, assuming its contents to be not too heavy, it would float.

The method employed in opening the safe, as the captain had said, was a new development in burglary. Later, looking back upon my profound mystification, the genius of Dr. Fu Manchu has positively awed me; for I know now, although I did not know then, that he himself, with that sardonic humor peculiarly his own, had demonstrated this very process in that untraceable house outside Cairo!

Who was the man posing as "Mr. Kennington, M. P."?

OBVIOUSLY his appearance was due to a cunning disguise. My impression of the swimmer who had climbed into the seaplane was that of a slender, athletic figure. He had been a wonderful actor, too, admirably chosen for his rôle, since by drawing attention to himself at the outset he had completely lulled everyone's suspicion—even deceiving Nayland Smith. . . .

These queer memories often claimed my mind at the most unlikely moments. We had been absent from England more than a year and had brought back a stack of stuff to be disposed of and catalogued. The tedious business the chief invariably left to me.

I was three deep in appointments with British Museum authorities, the Royal Society and others too numerous to mention.

The bloodstained relics of Mokanna occupied a case to themselves in the famous Museum Room in Bruton Street. Sir Lionel had several properties in England, one of which, however, he had recently sold. His collection was distributed amongst the others, but the finest pieces were in London.

Already, as I had anticipated, he had opened his campaign of publicity for the wedding. With characteristic disregard for the conventions, he had insisted that I must put up at his house. And during the past few days, almost every time I had gone out with Rima I had found our path beset by press photographers. On more than one occasion I had bolted—to save myself from committing an assault.

Rima and the chief left by an eleven-o'clock train for Norfolk and, a busy day's work now concluded, I looked forward to a dull evening. However, by chance I picked up an old acquaintance at the club; we did a show together and then went on to supper, killing time quite agreeably. For a few hours at any rate I forgot my more or less constant longing for Rima.

She was already swamped in appointments with costumiers, hat-makers and others, and had gone up to Norfolk to rest, specifying that she should be absent for only two days. She would have refused to go at all, I am sure, under ordinary circumstances; but Mrs. Petrie was meeting her there. Petrie and

(Continued on page 30)

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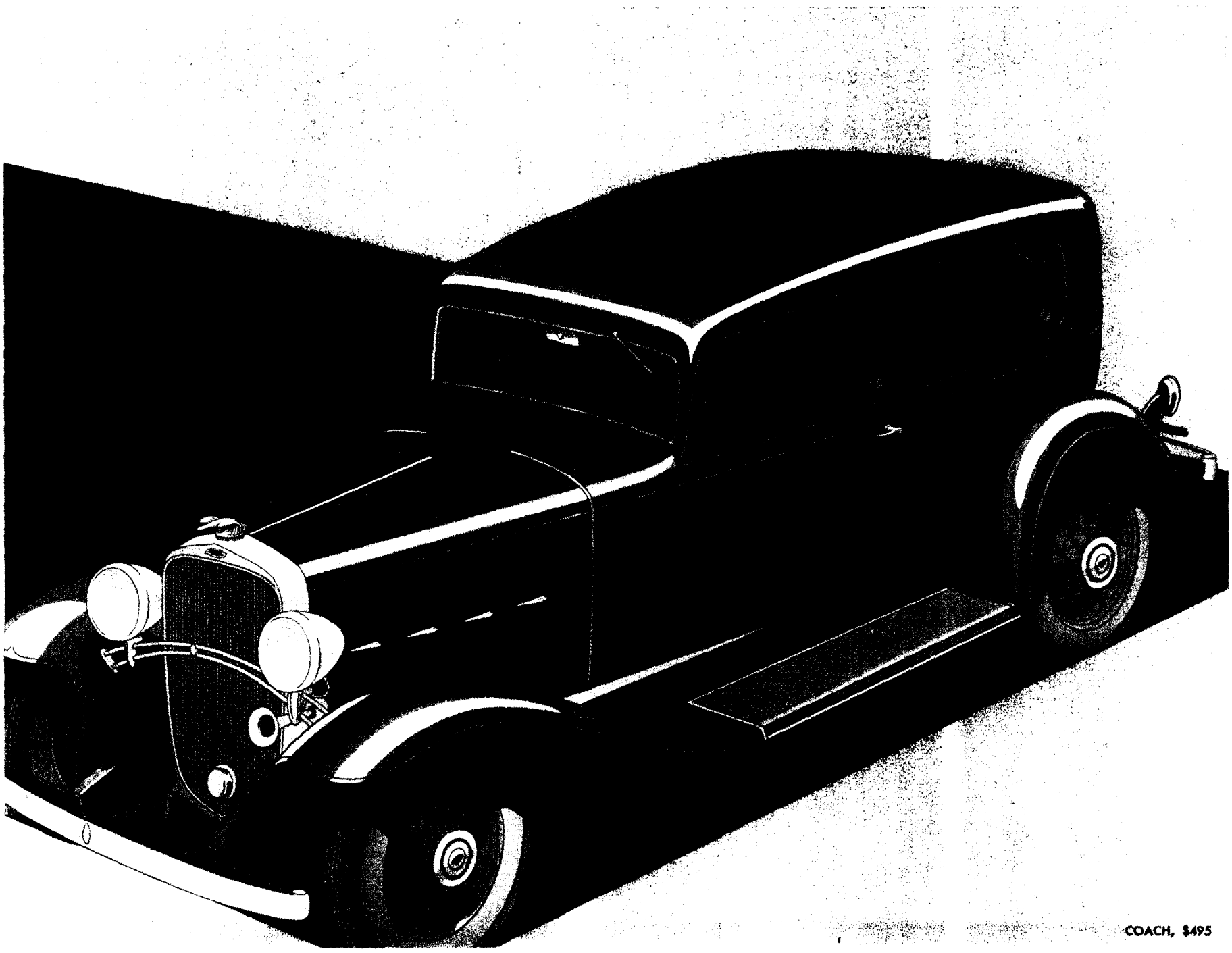

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Even at its former prices, the new Chevrolet Six proved such an attractive value that one out of every three buyers in America chose it in preference to any other car. Today, Chevrolet is maintaining first place in sales—*because, in addition to the appeal of greater value, it now offers the extra-appeal of new reduced prices!* Every one of the fourteen beautiful body-types has recently undergone a substantial reduction. Some popular models now sell for as much as $50 and $55 less than the figures that made them such outstanding values before. And what you get, in return for these new prices, is exactly what you'd expect from the world's largest producer of automobiles: A big, modern, quality car that's every bit as staunch and rugged as it looks. A *proven* product that has demonstrated its worth to hundreds of thousands of owners. An up-to-date car, which combines Free Wheeling, easy Synchro-Mesh gear-shifting, roomy Fisher bodies and all the other newest advancements of 1932. And the most economical automobile you can buy—a car that costs less for gas, oil, upkeep and repairs than any other. Never has Chevrolet been in such a favorable price-position as it is today. Never has Chevrolet held such a decided advantage over its field in value. Is it any wonder, then, that the Chevrolet Six continues to lead the world in sales!

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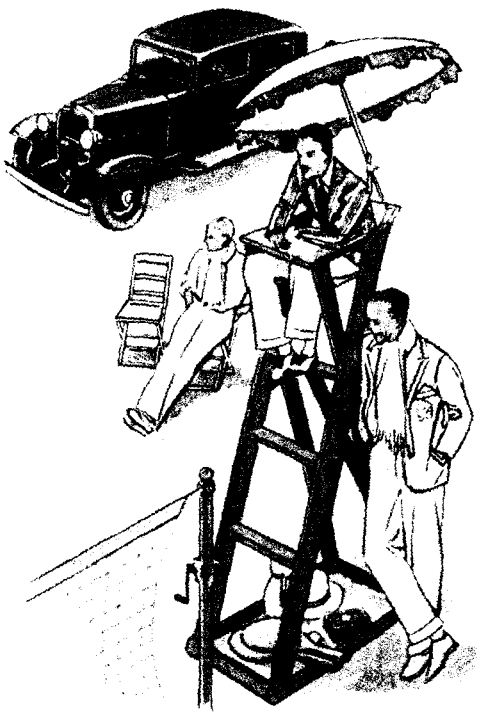

Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices, easy G. M. A. C. terms. Six wire wheels and fender wells on all models at $15 list additional

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE

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Crumbs

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Allan Thomas

Yes, Winslow was brilliant. Klem admitted that. And he hated him for it

NO ONE, reasoned Henry Klem, would take him for a murderer. He did not look the part. That was sure. He scanned his past. Nothing there to make anyone think him capable of a violent crime. He was *no tiger nor wolf; a rabbit, rather.*

Behind his back, at the office, they called him "Old Fussbudget." He knew it, and did not mind; but he did mind when George Winslow called him it to his face. He hated Winslow; had hated him for twenty years. Winslow did not know that; and he would have laughed had he known, for a bear does not fear the hate of a rabbit.

They had started in the company together—Winslow, loud, aggressive, careless; Klem, quiet, meek, painstaking. *Winslow drank hard, came late, left* early, made mistakes; Klem was the first to get to work and the last to leave, and he never made mistakes. But it happened, happened often, that after Klem submitted some plan, based on weeks of laborious digging, Winslow, who had done no spade-work whatsoever, burst out with a more daring plan, roared down Klem, and sold his own idea to the boss. That hurt. What hurt more was that Winslow's shots usually hit the golden bull's-eye. Yes, Winslow was brilliant. Klem admitted that to himself. And he hated him for it.

Now the showdown had come. The president of the firm had died. On the first of the month the board would pick his successor. The choice lay between Winslow and Klem. Winslow would win. He always did. Klem would grow old pottering with details; not that he detested details, indeed he loved them; but since he was a boy he had dreamed of heading the company. Winslow's bulk stood between him and that dream. So, as he lay in his bed that night, the rabbit planned how he would eliminate the bear.

MURDER, reasoned Henry Klem, like business, was chiefly a matter of detail. Get the details right, and your business, or your murder, would be a success. You must, of course, act coolly and surely. No mistakes. No traces. No clues. "A careful plan, efficiently executed." He had said those words in a conference that afternoon.

It would be simple to kill Winslow. The doctors had told him his heart was bad; but he kept on drinking. Always had a pint of rye in his desk. Took four or five stiff drinks a day, regular as clockwork. It would be easy to slip into his office and put a lethal dose of strychnine into the last drink of liquor. Winslow would gulp it. The end. No questions asked, probably. If there was an autopsy—well, everybody knew Winslow took strychnine for his heart. Coroner's verdict: an overdose—death by accident.

Klem had the strychnine. He had bought it in a distant city. No chance of tracing it to him. He analyzed his plan once again. Flawless—and it must be carried out without the minutest flaw.

In the murk of the night, outside, a clock struck two. Klem could not sleep. He was hungry. But he knew that it was wrong of him to get up, go to the ice box and get something to eat. He had strict orders from Edna not to do so. Edna was his wife, and he was afraid of her. She said that eating just before he went to bed gave him indigestion, and made him grouchy and hard to live with. Doubtless she was right: she was always right. She had told him sternly that he must not indulge in midnight snacks; and he had promised, submissively, to give up his one dissipation.

He moved restlessly in his bed. He had eaten practically no dinner, for he had been thinking about Winslow. There was an insistent gnawing at his stomach. He was tantalized by the thought of the cheese in the ice box. But he dreaded the blistering ire of his wife—if she found out—

If she found out? Why should she? If he did have indigestion in the morning he could conceal the fact. If he had a grouch he could control it. Klem never did anything without making a plan first. He made a plan now; then he checked it over, found it satisfactory, and arose to carry it out.

In another room, down the hall, remote from the kitchen, his wife was sleeping, and she slept soundly. On bare and soundless feet Henry Klem crept into the kitchen. It was very neat. Edna was a fanatically tidy housekeeper. He turned on the light so gently there was not the faintest click. As cautiously he opened the ice box. He drew out the cheese, and with the bread knife cut off a thick slab. He wrapped the cheese in its paper again, and put it back exactly where he found it. Edna would not examine it, he knew. She loathed cheese. He wiped off the bread knife on a bit of newspaper and tossed the paper out of the window. Then he cut two slices from the loaf and made himself a sandwich. He closed the bread box and put away the knife in its proper place. Then he sat on a kitchen chair and ate the sandwich. After turning out the light in the kitchen, he stole back to his room as silently as a thief. Presently he fell asleep.

HENRY KLEM woke with an unpleasant pressure in his chest and a sourness in his mind. But when he had dressed and made sure that the grain of strychnine was in his inside pocket in a blue envelope, he went out and greeted his wife with a cheerful "Good morning, dear. Sleep well?"

"I did," said his wife, and her voice was chilly. "Apparently you did not."

"Oh, yes," said Klem. "All night. Like a top. Couldn't have slept better."

"Liar," said his wife. "You got up and gorged yourself."

"Why, I did nothing of the sort," said Klem, in a tone of outraged innocence.

"*Don't lie to me, Henry.*" She spoke with angry scorn. "There was a V of crumbs on the kitchen chair."

"You must have forgotten to tidy up after dinner," said Klem.

"I did not. Anyhow, only a man leaves a V of crumbs, a man in pants—or pajamas. Did you or did you not eat something last night?"

Her accusing eyes were fixed on his.

"Oh, I did, I did," he said weakly.

"Hmmm," snorted his wife. "I thought you had a guilty look. No use your trying to get away with anything. A child could see through your little tricks. The nerve of you! Trying to deceive me! Sometimes I think you're just a fool, Henry."

He sat a minute, staring out of the window. From his inside pocket he took a blue envelope. He threw it out of the window.

"Crumb-leaver," he muttered.

"What?" said his wife.

"Never mind," said Klem. "Give me some coffee."

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ENJOY fresh, delicate orange juice—rich tomato juice—delicious Hires Root Beer! They're *natural*—not just oil flavors—your taste agrees instantly.

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Leading dispensers gladly pay more for Hires Root Beer. They know it's good business to sell only the *genuine* product. Yet *you* pay no more than for cheap oil imitations. So insist upon Hires Root Beer—always refreshing. Order it by the full name.

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Which will *you* have?

THE IMITATION!
With only flavoring oils and often artificial foam, chemists fail to duplicate the natural juice flavor and wholesomeness of Hires Root Beer.

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TEN MILLION PEOPLE HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Just two weeks ago he said— "it's only ATHLETE'S FOOT"

AND just two weeks ago, he was right. It *was* only "Athlete's Foot." But like countless other victims of this infection he made the mistake of neglecting the symptoms*. At first, he noticed only an itching between the toes—and did nothing. But when the skin turned red, became raw; turned white, began to crack; resulting in painful soreness—that was another story.

And a graver story still, when another infection attacked those skin-cracks. Frantically he tried to curb it; red inflammation streaked up his leg and the doctor said, "blood poisoning."

Too many people pay dearly for neglect!

With "Athlete's Foot" preying on millions of people each year, the case of this unfortunate man is repeated thousands of times over; and through nothing short of sheer neglect.

Don't *you* take chances with this *tinea trichophyton*, a form of ringworm germ, which causes "Athlete's Foot." It may attack you any time, anywhere, because it swarms on shower bath, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

But do not stop applying Absorbine Jr. if the infection clears up. *Keep on dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is persistent and keeps coming back after exposures of bare feet to damp infected surfaces.

Don't YOU take chances; go to your druggist at once for a bottle of Absorbine Jr., $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

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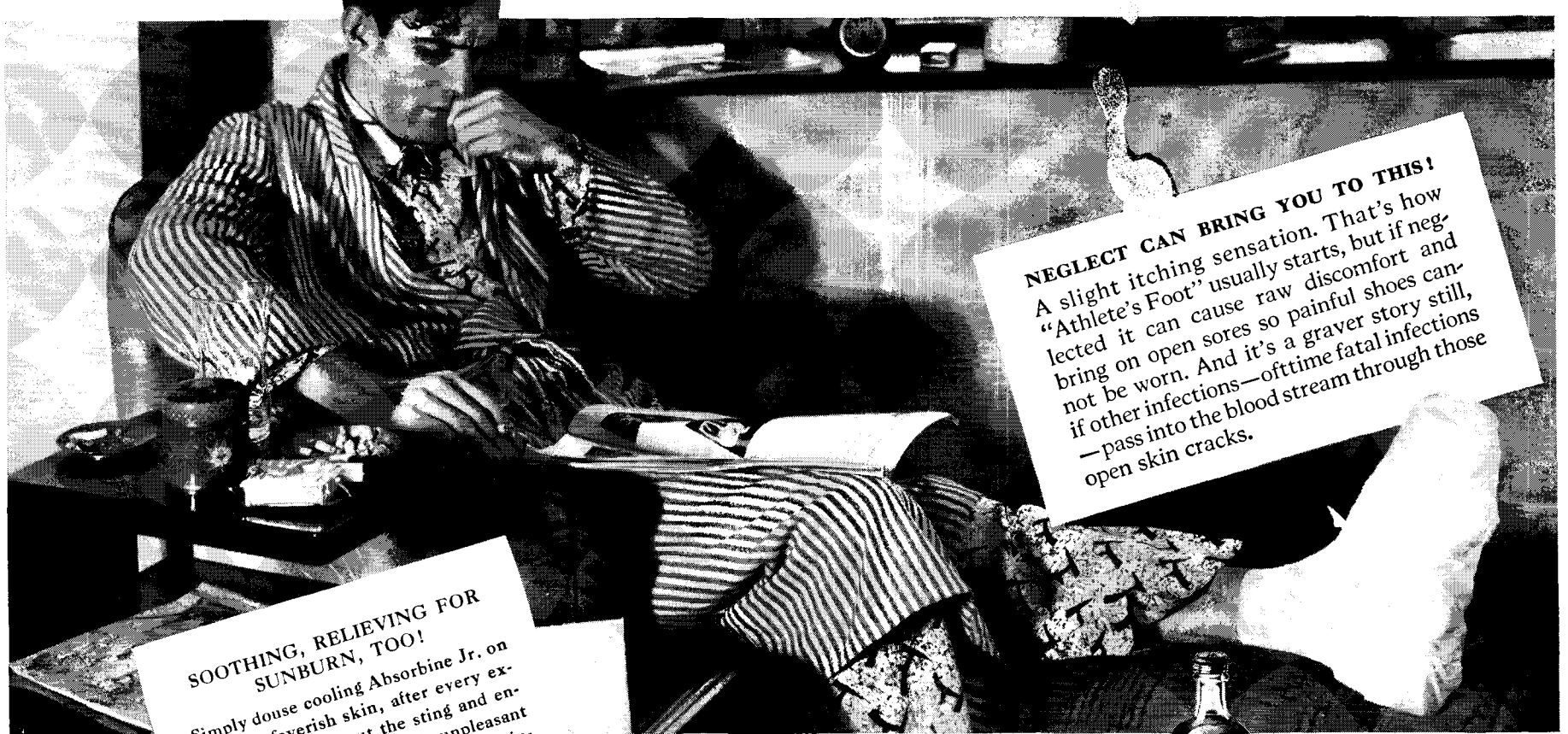
*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. It may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



NEGLECT CAN BRING YOU TO THIS!

A slight itching sensation. That's how "Athlete's Foot" usually starts, but if neglected it can cause raw discomfort and bring on open sores so painful shoes cannot be worn. And it's a graver story still, if other infections—ofttime fatal infections—pass into the blood stream through those open skin cracks.

SOOTHING, RELIEVING FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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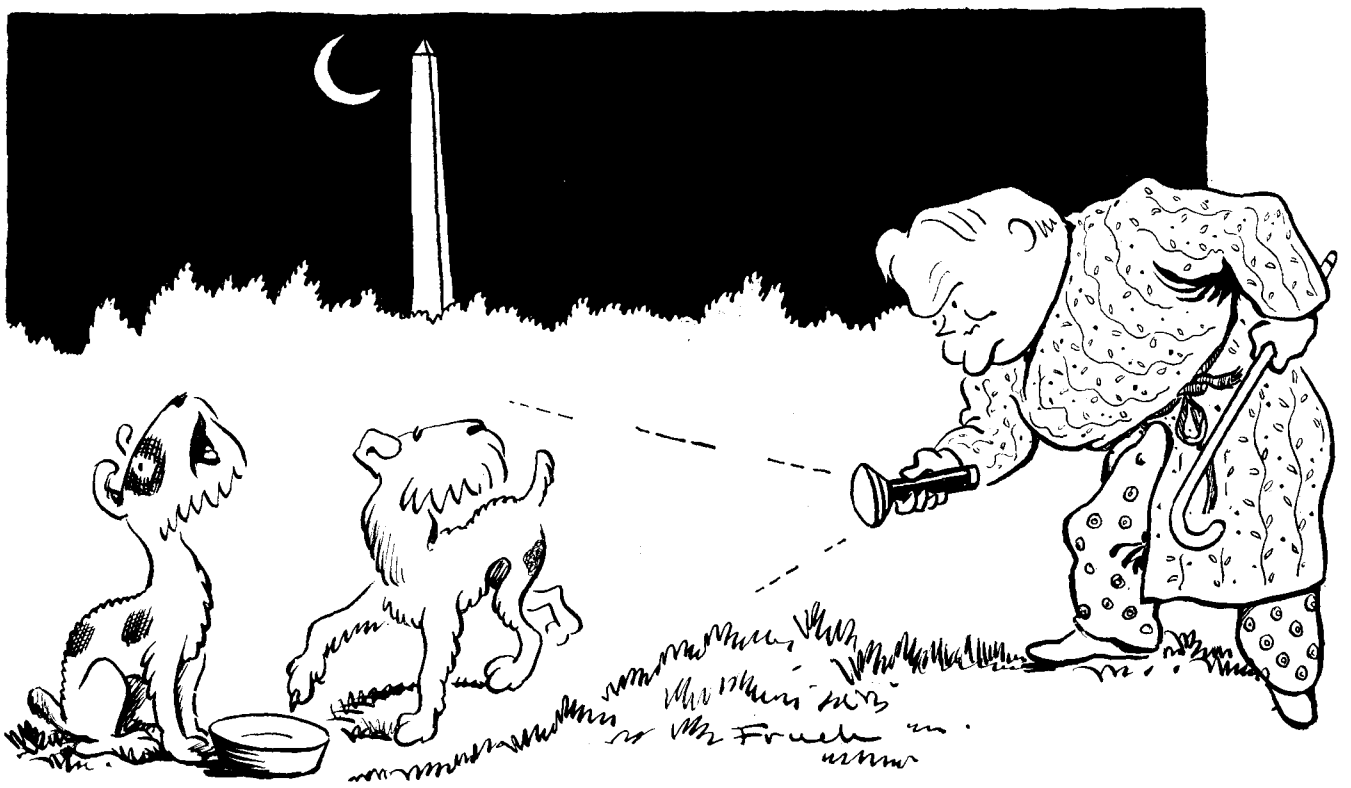
In One Ear

Here is a collection of anecdotes picked up here and there, far and near, by our expert anecdote hunters



Mr. Hoover spent part of Inauguration night looking after the dogs

HERBERT HOOVER'S inauguration as President of these United States was duly recorded in the press—speeches, pomp and circumstance. But not all the circumstances. Some escaped the press, as sometimes they do.

After the President had been sworn in there was a reception at the White House. Just before the reception the White House guards—some of them arrayed like diplomats and able to toss the most persistent gate-crasher out on both ears—changed from day shift to night shift. Just as the switch was being made a middle-aged man in full evening dress, with a red sash slantwise across his shirt bosom, strolled into the room where the President received his guests. Mistaken for some visiting plenipotentiary, he was able to reach the President's side.

"You're Mr. Hoover?" he asked.

"Yes," said the President, and bowed.

The stranger regarded the President critically. Mr. Hoover has met many people in his life. He knows a queer eye when he sees one. He saw one. Quickly he jerked out a hand and seized the stranger's in greeting. That was the longest handshake a President has ever given a stranger. To the surprise of his guests the President retained the stranger's hand. Chatting amiably, he backed the stranger away—still holding his hand—towards the open doors. There, on the threshold, he kept the stranger's hand in his until attendants came up. Quietly Mr. Hoover turned the stranger over to the guards, who rushed him to an observation ward, where he was found to be a lunatic—not harmful, but a nuisance.

Perhaps Mr. Hoover gave no more thought to the incident. The probability is that he did. For when he retired to sleep that night, his first sleep as Chief Executive, he tossed about on the presidential pillow for a while, even as you and I. Just as Morpheus was about to do his stuff there came a yelping of dogs from the rear of the White House. It continued. The President rang for attendants. None came. He rang again, without response. Hastily throwing on a dressing-gown, the Chief Executive stalked, a trifle annoyed, through White House corridors, down White House stairs, into what is a very elegant White House back yard. He went among the dogs and discovered that their protest was due to their being without water. The President supplied their need and stalked back to bed.

Why They Loved Marse Bob

Now and then a new incident bobs up regarding the late Robert Love Taylor, one-time governor of Tennessee, throwing still brighter light upon the reasons for the man's almost idolatrous popularity in his home state.

One time he had lectured at Dallas, Texas, and was leaving town by train next morning. His son Robert Love, Jr., later killed in an automobile accident in Washington, was with him, acting in the difficult rôle of business manager for his distinguished and beloved father. When they got to the railroad station, the governor said:

"Bobbie, go get the tickets."

"All right, Father, let's have the money."

"Haven't you got the roll, Bobbie? I haven't."

It developed, amid near-panic, that a roll containing some $1,500 had managed to get itself utterly misplaced, between the two. The young man volunteered to go back to the hotel and make a search.

Before any results had been achieved in the money hunt, the governor's train had pulled out, and the excited Marse Bob hurried to the hotel to assist his son. About that time, the roll was found, and the glad news greeted the governor on his arrival.

"Wheah was it found?" he asked.

"A chambermaid found it among the linen," he was told.

"Wheah is that chambermaid?"

"We tipped her."

"Wheah is she?" stormed the governor. "Bring her to me!"

The colored maid was brought face to face with the gubernatorial gratitude.

"Yo' married, gal?" asked Marse Bob.

"Yassah."

"Husband living?"

"Nossuh, he daid, suh."

"Any children?"

"Five haid, suh."

"Well," said Bob, starting to peel the roll, "heah's ten dollars apiece for them."

Overwhelmed with thankfulness, the woman stammered and started to retreat.

"Wait heah!" thundered the governor in his severest slave-driving tones. "And heah's fifty fo' yo'self."

"And heah's fifty fo' yo'self"

Bobby Sees the Point

Bobby Jones, king of all fanatics of the fairway, may have developed quite early a passion for the links—not, however, for Latin. To avoid lively interest on the part of teachers of this dead language, Bobby begged his father to transfer him from grammar school to the technical high school in Atlanta. Thus, thought Bobby, after due investigation, he would be free from the study of Latin.

Bobby had not investigated well enough. The first thing he knew he was in a Latin class conducted by Dr. Willis A. Sutton. Teacher Sutton called on Bobby in class during Latin recitation. Bobby stood up at attention, but said nothing. Dr. Sutton questioned him again. Bobby stared at him, then out the window, but said nothing.

After class Dr. Sutton spoke to Bobby.

"You're an intelligent lad," he said. "Why didn't you answer my question in class?"

"I don't want any Latin and won't study it or answer questions about it," said Bobby.

"Your father sent you here, didn't he?" asked Sutton.

"Yes," said Bobby.

"He must be a foolish man," said Sutton.

"My dad isn't a fool!" growled Bobby.

"A very foolish man," Sutton pursued, "or he'd have known better than to send you here."

Bobby's scowl lifted as he shifted his stance. Suddenly a smile broadened his face.

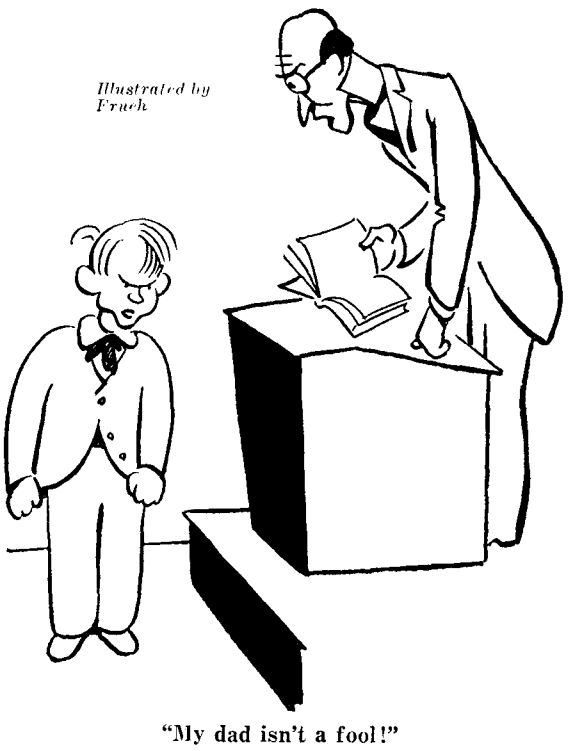
"I get what you're driving at, Dr. Sutton, sir," he said. "I'll take your damn' Latin."

A Relief to Everyone

The members of one of New York's most somber and ancient clubs were recently amazed to observe that the doors to the club's bar were standing open. For nearly three years those doors had been kept discreetly closed.

The barkeeper was asked the reason for the daring innovation. He replied: "You see, sir, Mr. Wickersham is one of our members and while the Law Enforcement Commission was in existence, sir, we thought it best, out of regard for Mr. Wickersham, to see that the doors were kept shut. Naturally, we shouldn't wish to afford embarrassment to any one of our members. But, fortunately, the necessity is now past. It's a relief to all of us, sir."

Illustrated by Frueh



"My dad isn't a fool!"

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 24

Sir Denis were already homeward-bound, and the chief had planned the return from Norfolk to synchronize with their arrival in London.

If Sir Lionel ever enters paradise, it is beyond doubt that he will reorganize the angels. . . .

I parted from my friend at the top of the Haymarket in the neighborhood of one o'clock, and decided to walk back to Bruton Street. As I set out, going along deserted Piccadilly, a panorama of the recent years unrolled itself before my mind. The giant shadow of Fu Manchu lay over all my memories.

There had been a time, and this not so distant, when I should have hesitated to walk alone along Piccadilly at one o'clock in the morning; but in some queer fashion my feelings in regard to Dr. Fu Manchu had undergone a change.

Since that unforgettable interview in the Great Pyramid, I had formed an impression of his greatness which, oddly enough, gave me a sense of security. This may be difficult to understand, but what I mean is that I believed him too big to glance aside at one so insignificant as myself. If ever I stood in his way, he would crush me without hesitation; at the moment he had nothing to gain by intruding upon my humble existence.

So I mused, staring about me as I walked. His resources, I realized, were enormous, apparently inexhaustible, as the daring robbery from the Indramatra on the high seas had shown; but the motive which had actuated this could inspire Dr. Fu Manchu no longer.

There had been a short paragraph in The Times that morning (confirming the latest news from Sir Denis) which indicated that the Mokanna rising, or threat of a rising, sometimes referred to as the "Coming of the New Mahdi," had subsided almost as suddenly as it had arisen. The explanation of The Times correspondent was that the leader of the movement, whose identity remained unknown, had proved to be an impostor.

There was a fair amount of traffic in Piccadilly but there were few pedestrians. I lighted my pipe. Crossing to the corner of Bond Street, I saw a constable patiently testing the fastenings of shop doors. My thoughts flashed back to the many market streets of the East I had known. . . .

I BEGAN to feel pleasantly sleepy. Another busy day was before me; the chief was preparing a paper dealing with the Mokanna relics which he would read before the Royal Society. Embodying as it did the truth about the abortive rising of the Masked Prophet, it was calculated to create a tremendous sensation, doubtless involving notes between the Persian Legation and the Foreign Office. This, of course, which any normal man must have wished to avoid, was frankincense and myrrh in the nostrils of Sir Lionel.

At eleven o'clock, four famous experts had been invited to examine the relics: Hall-Ramsden of the British Museum; Dr. Brieux of Paris; Professor Max Eisner—Germany's greatest Orientalist; and Sir Wallace Syms of the Royal Society.

I think the chief's hasty departure had something to do with this engagement. He avoided his distinguished contemporaries as one avoids a pestilence. I had rarely known such a meeting which had not developed into a fight.

"Better wait for the Royal Society night, Greville," he had said. "Then I can go for the lot of 'em together!"

Turning into Bruton Street, I saw it deserted as far as Berkeley Square. Sir Lionel's house was one of the few not converted to commercial use; for this once-favored residential district is being rapidly absorbed into the shopping zone. He had had tempting offers for the property; but the mere fact that others were so anxious to buy was sufficient to insure his refusal to sell. The gloomy old mansion, which he rarely occupied, but where a staff of servants was maintained, cost him somewhere in the neighborhood of two thousand pounds a year to keep empty.

I WAS in sight of the entrance guarded by two miniature obelisks, and was already fumbling for my key, when an odd thing occurred.

The adjoining house had been up for sale ever since I could remember. It was unoccupied and plastered all over with auctioneers' signs—a pathetically frequent sight in Mayfair. And as I passed the iron railing guarding the area of the basement—indeed, had my foot on Sir Lionel's steps—a voice called me by name. . . .

"Shan!"

The voice came from the basement of the empty house!

It was a woman's voice; not loud, but appealing. My heart leaped wildly. In tone it was not unlike the voice of Rima!

I turned back, staring into the darkness below. An illusion, I thought. Yet I could have sworn it was a human voice. And as I stood there looking down:

"Shan!" it came again, more faintly.

It chilled me; it was uncanny—but investigate I must. I looked up and down the street; not a soul was in sight. Then, pushing open the iron gate, I descended the steps to the little sunken forecourt.

There was no repetition of the sound, and it was very dark down there in the area. But I could see that a window of the empty house had been taken out, and it occurred to me that the call had come from someone inside. Standing by the frameless window:

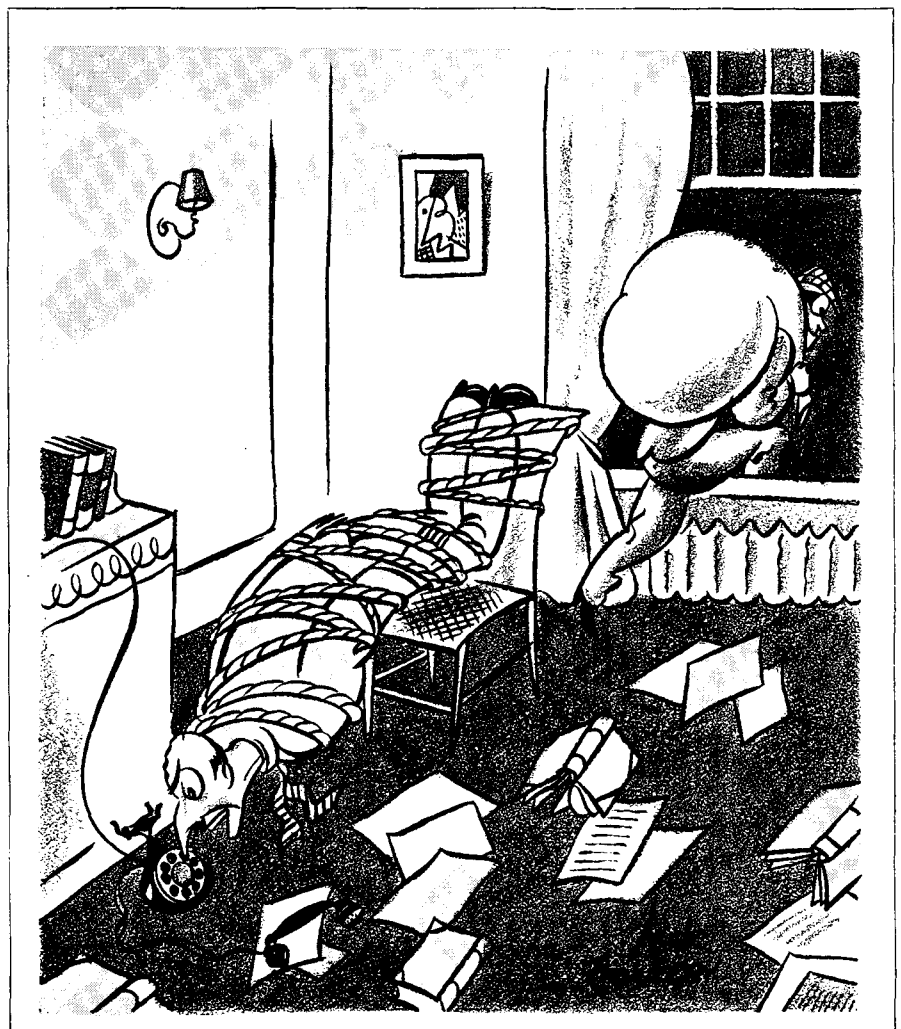
"Who's there?" I cried.

There was no reply.

Yet I knew that a second time I could not have been mistaken. Someone had called my name. I must learn the truth. My pipe gripped firmly between my teeth, and ignoring accumulated dust on the ledge, I climbed over a low sill and dropped into the gloom of the deserted house. I put my hand into my topcoat pocket in search of matches. . . .

A paralyzing grip seized my ankles; my arms were pinioned behind me, and an impalpable something was pressed over my mouth! I experienced a sudden sharp pain in my arm, as though something had seared the flesh. Then . . . I realized that, struggle as I might, I was helpless—helpless as a child!

That I had walked into a trap laid by common footpads was the thought that flashed across my mind. But the presence of a woman, of a woman who knew my name, promptly banished it. I had walked into a trap—yes! But the identity of the one who had baited that trap suddenly forced itself upon my brain with all the reality of a vision: long, narrow, brilliantly green eyes seemed to be looking into mine out of the darkness. . . .



"Damn this dial system!" *Jack Markow*

I WAS spurred to a great effort for safety. I exerted every nerve and sinew in a violent bid for liberty.

Good heavens! *what* was it that had me at its mercy? Surely no human hands gripped my ankles; no arms of flesh and blood could hold a struggling, muscular man immovable!

Yet, so I was held—immovable! My strivings were utterly futile: no sound of quickened breathing, nothing to show that my struggles inconvenienced these unseen captors. No flinching; no perceptible tremor of the hands—if hands they were—that had locked themselves about me.

I swore in an agony of furious impotence. But only a groan escaped from the pad held over my mouth. Then, I stood still—tensed nervously. . . . The crowning strangeness of the thing had suddenly been borne home to me.

Held captive though I was, no attempt had been made on my personal possessions, no word had been spoken! Nothing had moved—nothing breathed. Indeed, although I stood but a few yards from a Mayfair street, there was something awful in the stillness—something uncanny in the silent strength which held me.

Doubts were dispelled; the cold water of nervous fear trickled down my spine. For what is more fearful than utter helplessness in the face of an enemy? I was afraid—grimly, dreadfully afraid.

I felt chilled, too, as though by the near presence of ice. The pad was not pressed so tightly over my mouth as to be stifling, but nevertheless I held my breath, listening. Save for the thumping of my heart, not a sound could I hear.

Then, from afar off, as though from a remote room of the empty house, came a voice—a wonderful and strange voice, penetrating, sweet and low; the voice of a woman. Although the speaker seemed to be far away—very far away—the impression was not as that of a loud voice heard in the distance; it was that of a soft, caressing voice which carried clearly every word to my ear, from some other place; almost from some other world.

"You have nothing to fear, Shan," it said. "No harm shall come to you. This was the only way."

The voice ceased . . . and then, I was free!

FOR several seconds, an unfamiliar numbness, the spell of the hidden speaker, lay upon me. I stood stock-still, questioning my sanity. Then, natural instincts reasserted themselves. I lashed out right and left, with hand and foot, might and main!

A gashed knuckle was my only reward—caused by a window casement. With fingers far from steady, at last I found the matches, struck one and looked quickly about me.

I was alone!

The unsatisfactory light showed a large kitchen, practically stripped; a big, dirty, cooking range at one end, torn wall paper, and general odds and ends upon the floor; an old whitewash pail in a corner—my pipe lying at my feet. Absolutely nothing else. I ran to the only door which I could see.

It was locked.

The cupboards? . . . Both were empty!

My fourth match smoldered down to my fingers, and as a man in a dream I climbed out again into the well of the area, looking up at dirty, vacant windows, plastered over with house agents' signs.

"What the devil!" I said aloud.

A voice answered from immediately above me:

"Hello, there!"

I turned with a start. It was a policeman—a real, substantial constable; the same, I thought, whom I had seen examining shop doors in Bond Street.

"What's your game, eh?"

He was standing by the iron gate, looking down at me. My first impulse was to tell him the truth. I was conscious of a crying necessity for someone to confide in. Then the thought of the

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Faces that laugh at weather are shaved

Barbasol

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER

It takes a **cream** ***to keep the face soft, smooth, pliable. That's why*** **Barbasol** ***prevents dry, harsh, weather-roughened skin, chapping and windburn***

IT'S the sun and breeze and dust these days that dry and roughen the skin.

No wonder, then, Barbasol is the favorite with men accustomed to being out of doors. They know what a blessing it is to *shave without lather.*

Go ahead, try Barbasol yourself. Granted, you may miss that soapy lather at first. But if you treat your face to an entire tube, you'll banish tender skin and be sold for good on Barbasol.

That's because Barbasol is a *cream*—soothing, cooling, healing—100% free from the bite of soapy alkalis.

It softens whiskers instantly. Its creamy substance makes them stand up straight to take a clean-cut trimming.

No pull, no scrape. The natural oils held in. The skin left soft and pliable, protected from wind and sunburn. Barbasol makes it hard to believe a razor passed that way.

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions, and follow the millions of men who have made it the world's fastest-selling cream.

1. Wet your face and leave it wet. 2. Spread on Barbasol. (No need for a vigorous rub-in.) 3. Wet a good blade—and SHAVE.

That's all there is to the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists, 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢, will quickly make you a Barbasol Believer, too.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed below.

BARBASOL RADIO BROADCASTS

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue network, coast to coast.

Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist and Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF—N.B.C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

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question which had already flashed through my own mind restrained me: such a tale would be discredited by any and by every policeman on the force.

"It's all right, constable," I said, going up the steps. "I thought I heard a row in this house, so I went to investigate. But there seems to be no one there."

The man's attitude of suspicion relaxed when he had had a good look at me.

"I live next door," I went on, "and was just about to go in when I heard it."

"What sort of a row, sir?"

"Don't know exactly," I replied—"scuffling sounds."

The officer looked surprised.

"Can't be rats, can it?" he mused. "Been inside?"

"I looked in through that broken kitchen window. . . ."

"Nobody there?"

"No, nobody."

"Think I'll take a look round."

He went down the steps, shot a light into the broken window and finally climbed over as I had done. He examined the kitchen, trying the door which I knew to be locked; then:

"Must have been mistaken, sir," he said; "the place has been empty for years. But I believe it's been sold recently, and is going to be converted into flats."

He walked up the steps and approached the front entrance, directing his light through glass panels into an empty hallway, at the same time ringing the bell, though with what idea I was unable to conjecture.

"Nobody here," he concluded. "Nothing to make it worth anybody's while, is there?"

"I shouldn't think so," I agreed and, entirely contrary to regulations, slipped a ten-shilling note into his hand. "Sorry I have been unable to find you a case, though."

"Right-ho!" the constable grinned. "Better luck next time. Good night, sir."

"Good night," I said, taking out my key and opening Sir Lionel's door.

AS I hung up my hat and coat I stood in the lobby trying to get my ideas into some kind of order. What, exactly, had happened?

Had I fallen victim to a delusion?—was my brain slightly out of gear? And if so, where had delusion ceased and actuality commenced? I had spoken to the constable; this was beyond dispute. But had I ever heard that strange voice? Had I ever been gripped as in a vise and listened to those words? And if I had, what did it all mean? Who could profit by it?

If, as I suspected—and the suspicion was abominable—we had blown the trumpet of triumph too soon, why should Fu Manchu, or anyone associated with him, stoop to a meaningless practical joke?

I stared about the lobby with its curious decorations, and up the fine old staircase to where a row of Saracen armor stood on guard. The servants had long since retired, and there was not a sound to be heard in the house. Pushing open the dining-room door, I turned on one of the lights.

There was a cold supper on the buffet, which Betts invariably placed there. I helped myself to a stiff whisky-and-soda, extinguished the light and went upstairs.

Needless to say that I was badly shaken, mystified, utterly astounded. Aimlessly I opened the door of the Museum Room, turning on all the lights.

Walking in, I dropped into one of the big settees, took a cigarette from a box which lay there, lighted it and stared about me. I was surrounded by the finest private collection of its kind in

The Mask of Fu Manchu

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Great Britain. Sir Lionel's many donations to public institutions contained treasures enough, but here was the cream of a lifetime of research.

Directly facing me where I sat, in a small case which had been stripped for the purpose, were the fifteen gold plates of the New Korân mounted on little wooden easels, the mask above them and the magnificent Sword of God suspended below. A table with paper, writing material, lenses and other conveniences was set not far away, in preparation for the visit of the experts in the morning.

And I sat, dully gazing at all this for fully five minutes—or so I estimated at that time.

As a matter of fact, I may have remained there longer; I have no recollection of going upstairs, but it is certain that I did not fall asleep in the Museum Room. I remember that a welcome drowsiness claimed me as I sat there, and I remember extinguishing my cigarette in an ash-tray.

Of my movements from that point onward, I retain no memory whatever!

"Shall we dance this one out?" *J. Easley*

MY NEXT impression was of acute pain in both ankles. My head was swimming as after a wild night, and my eyelids seemed to be weighted with lead. I raised them, however, by what I felt to be a definite muscular effort. And, curious circumstance—very curious, indeed, as I came to realize later—my brain immediately began to function from the last waking moment I have recorded; namely, from the moment when, seated in the Museum Room, I began to feel very drowsy.

My first thought now was that I had fallen asleep on the settee in some unnatural position, which might account for the pain in my ankles. I looked about me. . . .

I was certainly lying on a divan, as I had supposed; but my ankles were fastened together by a single strand of that dull, yellowish-gray material resembling catgut, and no thicker than a violin string, which had played a part in the death of poor Dr. van Berg in Ispahân!

My fragile bonds were fastened so tightly as to be painful, and I struggled to my feet. Wedging one foot firmly against the floor, I kicked forward with the other, supposing that the slender link would snap.

The result was that I kicked myself backwards!

I FELL amongst the cushions of the divan, aware that I had badly strained a tendon. Helpless, bewildered, struggling with some memory ever-growing, I lay where I had fallen, looking about me. And this was what I saw:

A long, low saloon—that, I thought, of an old Egyptian house; parts of the walls were tiled and a large *mûshrabîyeh* window formed a recess at one end. There were some rugs upon the floor, and the room was lighted by a number of lamps having shades of a Chinese pattern which swung from the wooden ceiling. The furniture, scanty, was of mixed Arab and Chinese character. There were deep bookcases laden with volumes in most unfamiliar bindings, as well as a number of glass cabinets containing most singular objects.

In one was something which at first I took to be a human head, that of a woman. But, focussing my gaze upon it, I realized that it was an unusually perfect mummy head. In another were some small green snakes, alive. I saw a human skeleton; and in a kind of miniature conservatory, which occupied the recess formed by the *mûshrabîyeh* window, queer-looking orchids, livid and ugly, were growing.

A definite conviction claimed my mind that I had been in this room before. But—perhaps the most remarkable feature of the experience—it reached my brain in just the same way that such impressions reach us in everyday life. I thought, "This has all happened before." The only difference was that my prophetic anticipations lasted much longer than is normally the case.

Upon a long, wooden table, resembling a monastic refectory table, lay a number of open volumes, among test tubes and other scientific paraphernalia. Standing up, I saw that the table was covered with glass.

Then, turning around, I realized that in many other cabinets hitherto unnoticed were rows of chemical bottles and apparatus. I was, then, in a room which was at least partly a laboratory; for in one corner I saw a working-bench with electrical fittings. There were three doors to the room, of old, bleached teak. They possessed some peculiarity which puzzled me, until I recognized wherein it lay:

These doors had neither latches, handles nor keyholes. And as I grasped this curious fact, one of them slipped noiselessly open.

And Dr. Fu Manchu came in. . . .

All who have followed my attempts to record the strange and tragic events which followed upon Sir Lionel Barton's discovery of the tomb of El Mokanna will recognize at this point something which I was totally unable to recognize at the time:

I was living again through that hiatus in Cairo; bridging the gap which led to the loss of Rima! That everything in the room, every word spoken by the Chinese doctor, seemed familiar, was natural enough; since I had seen those things and heard those words before.

AGAIN, that compelling glance absorbed me. The green, globular lamp upon a silver pedestal on the long table was lighted. And I watched the Chinaman, with long, flexible, bony fingers, examining the progress of some chemical experiment in which he had evidently been engaged at the time of quitting the room.

He spoke to me of this experiment and of others; of the new anesthetic prepared from mimosa; of the fabrication of spider web—a substance stronger than any known to commerce. He discussed his daughter, Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie; and he spoke of the essential oil of a rare orchid found in Burma, which for twenty-five years he had studied in quest of what the old philosophers called the elixir of life.

And I knew, watching him, that he had thrown off the burden of many years, had cheated man's chiefest enemy—Time.

He went on to criticize the chief, stripping him bare of all glamour, placing his good qualities in the scale against the colossal egoism of the man. "You love a shell," he said, "an accomplishment, a genius if you like, but a phantom, a hollow thing, having no real existence."

So it went on to the point where I was forced to submit to an injection of that strange new drug in which the Chinese doctor evidently took such pride.

I experienced a sudden and unfamiliar glow throughout my entire body. I became exhilarated; some added clarity of vision came to me. And presently I took my orders from Dr. Fu Manchu as a keen subaltern takes orders from his colonel.

Exulting in the knowledge that, by reason of my association with the great Chinese physician, I was above the trivialities of common humanity, godlike, superior, all-embracing, I set out for Shepheard's — intent only upon bringing Rima within the fold of this all-powerful genius.

When we pulled up opposite the hotel

(Continued on page 34)

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—to produce this mellow FLAVOR

IT takes time to perfect the distinctive taste of Clicquot Club. Choicest ingredients are first blended, then *AGED 6 MONTHS* to ripen. After that, the sugar and sparkling water are added. Then it is ready for you to drink—and enjoy. Doesn't this unhurried method of making Clicquot Club appeal to you? It will, because your own taste will recognize the difference. *Aged flavor* is mellow flavor—the reason for the widespread popularity of America's fine ginger ale.

That EXTRA Something: *Finest of real fruit flavorings . . . . . True Jamaica ginger root . . . . . Mellowed and ripened by Time . . . . . Pure Cuban cane sugar . . . . . Sparkling, crystal-clear water . . . . . Bottled in brand-new bottles.*

On the Air!
Eskimo Night Club
NBC-WEAF network
every FRIDAY P. M.

CLICQUOT CLUB *ginger ale*

THREE DELICIOUS BLENDS • PALE DRY • GOLDEN • SEC

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 32

and the driver had run across with my note, I knew a fever of impatience—I could scarcely contain myself. But at last, I saw her come out, my letter in her hand, saw her run down the steps.

Then, we were together and my heart was singing with gladness. . . . I was taking her to Dr. Fu Manchu!

She could not understand; I knew *that she could never understand until* she had stood face to face with that great and wonderful man, as I had done.

And at first, I tried to pacify her, holding her very close. She fought with me, and even endeavored to attract the attention of a British policeman. But at last she lay passive in my arms, watching me. And I grew very uneasy.

I was assailed by odd doubts. We were far out on the road to Gîzeh, when suddenly the car pulled up. I saw Dr. Fu Manchu standing beside me.

"You have done well," he said. "You may rest now. . . ."

"SHAN, dear, I know you are very sleepy, but it's getting cold and late, too."

I stirred lazily, opening my eyes. I was pillowed on a warm shoulder, a bare arm encircling my neck. That silvery voice had awakened me. A long jade earring touched my cheek coldly and caressing fingers stroked my hair.

Yes! I was with Fah Lo Suee, somewhere on the banks of the Nile. And I was content — utterly, rapturously content.

"Love dreams are bitter-sweet, Shan, because we know we are dreaming. . . ."

I could see a long reach of the river, silver under the moon, dahabeahs moored against the left bank where groups of palms formed a background for their slender, graceful masts.

"I think someone has been watching, Shan; I am going to drive you back to Shepheard's now."

And as she drove I watched the delicate profile of the driver. She was very beautiful, I thought. How wonderful to have won the love of such a woman. She linked her arms about me, and crushed her lips against mine, her long, narrow eyes closed.

In the complete surrender of that embrace, I experienced a mad triumph, in which Rima, Nayland Smith, the chief, all, were forgotten.

I closed my eyes again, pressing my face against that satin pillow. I felt I could have stayed there forever.

"You know, Shan," Fah Lo Suee's voice went on—that silvery voice in which I seemed to hear the note of a bell— "you have often hated me and you will hate me again."

"I could never hate you," I said drowsily.

"I have tricked you many times; for although I love you, Shan, you are really not very clever."

"Cleverer men than I would give all for your kisses," I whispered.

"That is true," she replied, without vanity; for with much of his powerful brain she had also inherited from the Chinese doctor a philosophy by virtue of which she judged herself equally with others. "But I find hatred hard to accept."

I kept my eyes obstinately closed. Some vague idea was stirring in my brain that when I opened them that act would herald the end of this delicious interlude.

She was so slender—so exquisite—her personality enveloped me like a perfume.

"I have given you back the memory of forgotten hours, Shan. There is no disloyalty in what I have done. Your memories can only tell you again what you know already: that my father is the greatest genius the world has ever known. The old house at Gizeh is deserted again, even if you could find it. Your other memories are of me."

I clutched her tightly.

"*Why should you leave me?*"

She clung to me for a moment, and I could hear her heart beating; then:

"Because the false is valueless to me, and the true I can never have."

The words were so strangely spoken, *in so strange a voice* that at last I opened my eyes again . . . and, astounded, broke free from Fah Lo Suee's clinging arms and stared about me.

I was in the Museum Room in Bruton Street!

A silk dressing-gown I had over my pajamas; a pair of Arab slippers were on my feet. Fah Lo Suee, in a pale green frock which did full justice to her perfect back and shoulders, was lying among the cushions beside me, her fur coat on the floor near by.

Bank teller: "Loan department two windows down, please" *Fred Neher*

SHE was watching me under half-lowered lashes—doubting me, it would seem. There was more of appeal than command in those emerald-green, long, wonderful eyes. Staring about the room, I saw that everything was as I had left it; and:

"Well?" Fah Lo Suee murmured, continuing to watch me.

I turned, and looked down at her where she lay.

And, as her glance met mine, I was claimed, submerged, swept away by such a wave of desire for this woman as I had never known for anyone in the whole of my life. I dropped to the floor, clasping her knees.

"You cannot—you must not—you dare not go!"

Her lips rippled in a smile—those perfect lips which I realized I adored; and then very wistfully:

"*If only that were true!*" she murmured.

"But it is!" I knelt upon the settee, grasping her fiercely, and looking into those eyes which beckoned to me—beckoned to me. . . . "Why do you say that? How can you doubt it?"

But she continued to smile.

And then, as I stooped to kiss her, she thrust her hands, slender, exquisite ivory hands against me, and pushed me back. I would have resisted—

"Shan," she said.

And although the word was spoken as an appeal, yet it was a command; and a command which I obeyed. Yes, she was right. There was some reason—some reason, which escaped me—why we must part. I clutched my head feverishly, thinking — thinking. What could that reason be?

"I am going, dear. You mustn't come down to the door—I know my way."

But I sprang up. She had stooped and was taking up her cloak. Mechanically, I slipped it about her shoulders. She leaned back as I did so and submitted to my frenzied kisses. At last, releasing herself and pulling the cloak about her slim body:

"Good-by, Shan dear," she said brokenly but with a determination which I knew I had no power to weaken. "Please go back to bed—and go to sleep."

Hot tears burned behind my eyes. I felt that life had nothing left for me. But—I obeyed.

Passing out onto the landing where suits of Saracen armor stood on guard, I watched Fah Lo Suee descend the broad staircase. A light burned in the lobby as was customary, and, reaching the foot of the stairs, she turned.

With one slender, unforgettable, indolent hand, she beckoned to me imperiously.

I obeyed her order—I moved towards the staircase leading to the floor above. I had begun to go up when I heard the street door close. . . .

"NINE o'clock, sir. Are you ready for your tea?"

I opened my eyes and stared into the face of Betts. Upon a salver he carried the morning papers and a pile of correspondence. Placing them upon the table, he crossed and drew back the curtains before the windows.

"A beautiful morning again, sir," he went on; "I hope this will continue until the happy day."

I sat up.

"Shall I bring your tea, sir?"

"Yes, please do."

As that venerable old scoundrel, whose job was one of those which every butler is looking for, went out of the room, I stared about me in search of my dressing-gown.

There it was, thrown over the back of an armchair—upon which also I saw my dress clothes. I jumped out of bed, put on the old Arab slippers, and then the dressing-gown.

Never in my life had I been visited by so singular, so vivid a dream . . . a dream? Where had dreaming left off? I must make notes whilst the facts were clear in my memory.

I went out and down to the library; grabbed a writing-pad and a pencil. I was on the point of returning upstairs when that query "where had dreaming left off?" presented itself in a new aspect.

Dropping pad and pencil, I hurried along the gallery and into the Museum Room. . . .

I could not forget that Petrie, that man of scientific mind, had once endeavored to shoot his oldest friend, Sir Denis, under some damnable influence controlled by Dr. Fu Manchu.

THE Museum Room looked exactly as I had left it—except that Betts, or one of the maids, had cleaned the ash-tray in which I remembered having placed the stub of a cigarette. The table prepared for my eleven-o'clock appointment was in order. Everything was in order.

And—that which above all engaged my particular attention — the small *case containing the relics of Mokanna* showed no signs of disturbance. There were the mask, the plates and the sword.

I returned to the library for pencil and writing-pad. If I had dreamed, it had been a clairvoyant dream, vivid as an actual experience. It had given me certain knowledge which might prove invaluable to Nayland Smith.

Perhaps analysis of that piece of slender twine which I knew was in Sir Denis' possession would show it to be indeed composed of spider web. I wondered if the mystery of the forcing of the safe on the Indramatra had been solved for me. And I wondered if the liquid, smelling strongly of mimosa, which still remained in that spray found upon the dead Negro in Ispahân, would respond to any test known to science.

Strangest fact of all, I loathed the memory of Fah Lo Suee!

I was ashamed, humiliated, utterly overcome by those dream recollections. I had desired her, adored her, covered her with kisses. While now—my true, waking self—I knew that there was only one woman in all the world for me . . . and that woman was Rima!

(To be concluded next week)

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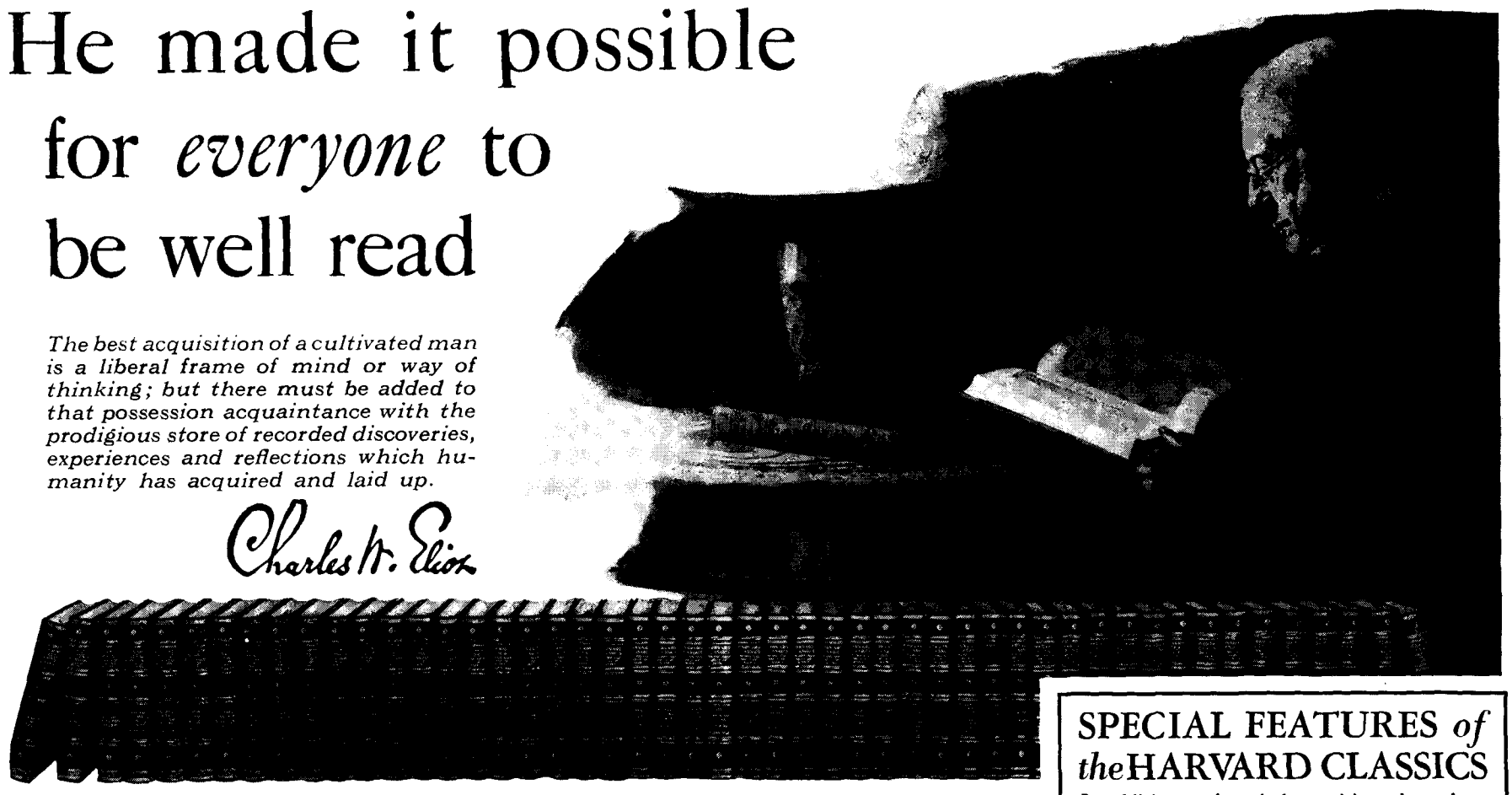

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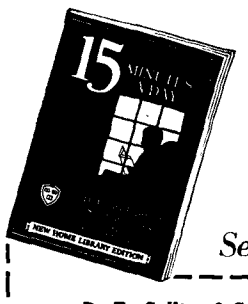

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The Real Lindbergh

Continued from page 11

walk into his prop. In our barnstorming he saw several hideous accidents of this kind, and they've marked him. If he splashed mud on people, it was to keep them away from danger. Charles, behind his reserve, is one of the most considerate men I know.

"Charles never went out of his way to pose as a leader of men, but he couldn't help the quality which his pals read in him. He could do more to control and quiet a bunch of angry pilots than anyone I ever knew in the barnstorming era. And, believe me, some of those pilots were tough, fighting lads! I was business manager of the firm and of my air circuses, but whenever there was a tedious or tricky division to be made among anywhere from six to a dozen hard-boiled barnstorming pilots, the man with the money was in somewhat the position of an amateur trainer in a professional lions' den. On those occasions I'd call Charles in when the last day came and turn over the pilots' share of the proceeds to him. The boys were all sure he would do a square and unprejudiced job.

"This was a tribute to his shrewdness under fire as well as to his honesty. Charles has the sort of mind which, no matter what the danger or pressure, can detach itself from his emotions and function like a steel trap. You had an example of this in the way, just at the most trying moment of his tragedy—when he received word that his son's murdered body had been found—he still thought clearly and shrewdly enough to invite Curtis, the hoaxer, back to his home with him, so that he could be examined and revealed in his despicable true colors.

Flying the Air Mail

"In 1926 the Robertson Aircraft Company, of which I was secretary and treasurer, secured the air-mail contract between St. Louis and Chicago, and for the first time we were able to consider hiring a pilot on salary. We had a good many to pick from; perhaps a score of pilots had worked for the company around Lambert Field and for my air circus.

"Charles was the first man our company hired, and I'll tell you why. Air-mail work requires personal traits in a pilot over and above his flying skill. I'm not sure Charles was the best flyer of the lot. Half a dozen others I knew were at least as good as he was if not a little better. But Charles had made a great impression upon me with his dependability. He never went on wild parties and he never went out with women. Bud Gurney, his closest friend of those days, who slept with him for three years in a furnished room near the field, says he never heard Charles talk about women or even mention a girl.

"Charles went on our regular pay roll in April, 1926, and it was on the 16th of the following September that he made his first air-mail parachute jump; the second came on November 3rd. There's been a lot of hangar gossip about those jumps. They're a favorite reference for pilots who are jealous of Charles. I know it's been said that he was the only pilot of ours who ever left his ship. It's true we've had other pilots caught in fog who landed their ships. Bud Gurney once landed a burning ship from 14,000 feet! But none of this reflects on Charles, because here is the truth of why he jumped:

"Flying north, the pilots wouldn't hit the fog belt as a rule until they had passed Peoria, Illinois. And they were supposed to have enough gas reserve to take them back to Peoria if they couldn't find Chicago. Charles had figured out that in light fog he could find Chicago by getting above the soup, on which the lights of the city would make a rosy patch. Then, knowing the vicinity so well, he could feel his way down to the field.

The New-York-to-Paris Idea

"On those nights he jumped, the fog was too thick. When he didn't find the light reflection he turned back for Peoria, which was open. But whereas he was counting on the normal forty gallons of gas in his reserve tank, only twenty had been put in. Whose fault that was and why, I cannot say, but it wasn't Charles'! And when his engine sputtered and died, far above the fog, there was nothing left for him to do but turn the ship toward the open prairie and bail out.

"It was in that winter of his jumps that Charles first began to think about his ocean flight. He had read, it seems, of a prize of $25,000 which Raymond Orteig of New York and Paris had posted for the first flight between those two points. In his lonely night runs he had been turning over in his mind the gambling chances in such a flight. He decided that inferior motors had licked previous attempts. When he read of the new Whirlwind motor, studied its performance records, he concluded that with such a motor he could make the trip.

"He had saved $2,000 out of his earnings in St. Louis, and figured he needed $13,000 more. Our company advanced him $1,000 towards his fund, the check being signed by Frank Robertson; and then Charles started out to try to raise the balance.

"He visited Ralph Pulitzer of the St. Louis Post Dispatch and offered to give exclusive story rights to him in return for the flight expenses. Pulitzer turned him down because he was disinclined to assume responsibility for the loss of Charles' life, in the event of failure. Through an advertising agency in St. Louis, Charles then made his offer to five big corporations, offering in each case to paint the name of their product on his ship and fly it through Europe.

"But it's easy to admire and to understand the men who were deaf to that offer. Charles was so boyish-looking, so young and wholesome, that it would have taken a hard-boiled man indeed to exploit what seemed to laymen a suicidal venture.

"This here is the Queen Anne room—as advertised!" *Paul Busch*

"Charles finally got his backing, as you all know, from a group of St. Louis men who were interested in aviation and understood something of the technical chances of his success.

"The next we heard of him in St. Louis was when he flew in one day from San Diego, on his way to New York in the new ship, which he called The Spirit of St. Louis.

Bud Gets a Lesson

"He didn't talk much but I remember that he said he figured he would be in line for a lot of money in vaudeville if he made the flight. There was one thing made us all a little uncomfortable at the field. Charles and his pal, Bud Gurney, were no longer on speaking terms.

"They had been a great pair of kids, those two, living together in a furnished room on the second floor of a brick house beside the field. They owned a motorcycle between them, which they kept in their room. They were forever tinkering with it; sometimes they'd jack it up and run it in their bedroom until the landlady banged on the ceiling!

"This is what had happened between them. Charles is a great one for drinking water. He's always drinking it. He'll drink six glasses while you and I are drinking one. Charles and Bud habitually kept a pitcher of water on their bureau. Charles always had to tramp downstairs to fill it because Bud is one of those happy-go-lucky kids who never think of anything. One night when Charles got in late Bud was out and he had left the pitcher empty. Charles made up his mind to teach him a lesson. He filled the pitcher with kerosene and went to bed. Bud came in late, tired and thirsty. He raised the pitcher without suspicion and took a big swallow. He was sick a week and never spoke to Charles until after the Paris flight when Charles, at the height of his fame, apologized for the trick.

"When Charles was at Roosevelt, ready to go, a news-clipping bureau man said, 'I suppose you'd like to have clippings about your flight sent to your home.' Charles said yes and signed a contract. After his flight his mother tried to do something about that contract, for motor trucks were driving up to her house every few minutes and dumping bags of clippings in the yard. Charles never saw one of them.

Measuring Up to Public Opinion

"Charles' greatest feat, in my opinion, was not his flight to Paris, but his fight with and victory over himself once he realized that he had become a symbol of safety in the air to the American people. Charles, by nature, was reckless and daring in his early flying characteristics. People are prone to overlook the fact that his solo transatlantic flight was the most reckless adventure in aviation history. Because of the *chic* way, as the French newspapers had it, in which he accomplished the flight, its aspect of daring, its hazards, were subordinated to its neatness and dispatch.

"Charles, who had frankly undertaken the flight as a stunt, with an eye toward whatever legitimate rewards might be in it for him, reacted as instantaneously to this unexpected and paradoxical public opinion as his trained pilot reflexes might react to and correct for a bad landing. Charles, therefore, today is a far better flyer than he was when he flew the Atlantic. He was always quick to learn and he has taught himself to be as cautious as the public thinks he always was. He is the one public hero I know who actually filled out to meet the public estimate of him after he had become an object of hero worship. And now we've got to find an even larger frame if we want to encompass a true portrait of the real Lindbergh, the inner Lindbergh.

"They tell me that airplanes were carrying passengers on sight-seeing trips over his stricken home, and that a hot-dog stand was quickly erected at the roadside near the spot where his son's body was found. But I believe that Charles' character will withstand even these cruel persecutions, more vicious perhaps than the crime itself; just as I also believe that there isn't another man alive who wouldn't be changed by them.

"You've got to go back to the classics, to the young and noble gods of mythology, to find Charles Lindbergh's equal. I believe that his conquest of terrorism will be made more of in the histories written ages hence than his conquest of the Atlantic. His flight made him a symbol of physical courage to modern youth. Now his steadfastness makes him a symbol of moral courage to the youth of all time."

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The End of Adventure

Continued from page 8

third caused Derrick to gasp. The girl on the train, unaware that she was being taken, was seated before a café, surrounded as he had seen her that morning by a group of admiring young men.

"Do you recognize any of these people?" he asked.

"None of them."

He inspected the remaining prints. They were of a road through a high mountain pass. The final print was of soldiers in an unfamiliar uniform.

"Those soldiers are Spanish!" Audrey exclaimed. "And the car is ours." The significance of the discovery dawned on her. "Martin must have been across the frontier into Spain. Why didn't he tell me?"

"Because if he had," Derrick spoke thoughtfully, "you wouldn't have permitted him to go. There must have been some risk attached. But he's telling you now. The entire story is in these pictures if we had the key to them. Will you allow me to borrow them?"

As he rose, she clung to him.

"You're not deserting me? Not going back to Paris?"

"You poor kid!" He took her arm. "If it's humanly possible I'm going to restore your husband to you."

SHE accompanied him as far as his *fiacre*. The last sight he had of her was a lonely figure, shading her eyes to stare after him across the sun-parched square.

Settling back, he took the snapshots from his pocket. Viola Beech! What part had she played in this drama? Until he had talked with her, he couldn't carry out his first intention of going to the authorities. But where to find her?

An idea occurred. *Fiacre* drivers must know everybody. Standing up in the carriage, he prodded the driver; then handed him the snapshot of Viola Beech.

"Did you ever see this mademoiselle?"

The man was red-faced and jolly, with twinkling black eyes. He immediately pronounced the likeness excellent.

"Tell me about her," Derrick invited.

The return journey to St. Jean proved rewarding. He learned that Mademoiselle's stepmother was Spanish. Her own mother had been American, as was her father. He held mining concessions in Spain and had brought his family to France to escape the Madrid uprising.

Derrick steered the conversation back to Mademoiselle. What kind of a young lady was she?

The jolly driver gave an expansive shrug. Every man was in love with her. And then, besides being beautiful, she was daring. Though she knew her presence was undesired in Spain, she was always crossing the frontier to bullfights.

"Not desired!" Derrick interrupted.

"Her friends are Royalists, monsieur."

"Then why can't the Republicans prevent her?"

"She travels on an American passport."

As they were entering St. Jean, the *cocher* turned.

"Monsieur has not named his hotel."

"The one at which Mademoiselle is staying."

The room which he secured had a veranda running across the front of it from which he could watch the flashing sea, bathers on the yellow beach and, what was far more to the point, everyone who entered the hotel garden.

The girl did not turn up for lunch. He consumed his impatience during the afternoon by strolling about the little town. She did not appear for dinner. Having finished his coffee in the lounge, he approached the concierge:

"Can you have my card sent up to Mademoiselle Beech?"

"She is not staying here, monsieur."

"But I was told she was."

"Monsieur was misinformed."

Derrick could have laughed. All men, even the humblest, were loyal to her. The *cocher* had misled him because he had asked too many questions.

"Can you give me her address?"

"At this hour Monsieur will most likely find her at the Casino."

On a terrace open to the stars, a moonlit sea as background, she was dancing in a care-free company when he arrived. Engaging a table, he sat down.

Time and again she passed. He felt the thrill of her presence. Surely she must be aware of him! She looked up; to his bow she inclined her head indifferently. Scribbling a message, he sent it by a waiter:

"For any news you can give me concerning a man named Martin Vail, I shall be intensely grateful."

He watched her keenly while she read. It seemed to him that she was perturbed. She scribbled back, "When I leave, follow me."

For the rest of the evening, which lasted till past midnight, she ignored him.

At the entrance to the Casino, while waiting for a *fiacre*, she feigned to have discovered him.

"Fancy you being here!"

Her escort eyed him jealously. She said something in Spanish. To Derrick she whispered, "You're taking me home."

Hats raised in farewell. The hunched figure of the driver on the box. Through the darkened streets, moist with mist from the sea, through the Place Louis Quatorze, they plodded, past the empty band stand and the ghostly plane trees, till beneath a pile of ancient mansions bordering the harbor they halted. She left him while he paid the fare. He groped his way up a staircase to a door which she had left open to guide him. The room which he entered was luxurious.

HER back was toward him. She spoke coldly:

"I'm in a mess. Don't I know it? Are you here to threaten me?"

"Quite the contrary."

She swung round.

"Be brief then. Speak softly."

"I could be your friend," he advanced a step.

"You wrote me a note," she halted him. "Why are you interested in Martin Vail?"

"On account of his wife."

"His wife!" The girl frowned. "That's the first I've heard that he has one."

"She's stopping at Ascain. Only this morning I promised her to do everything in my power to bring him back."

The girl surveyed him with a clear look, intelligent and challenging.

"That being the case, you're not against me. If you'll throw your cards on the table, I'll throw mine."

"Done," he snatched at the bargain. "I don't know this Martin Vail from Adam, but in New York before he married I knew his wife. I was landing in France on my way to Italy. She read my name in the papers and wired me an imploring message. When you and

(Continued on page 38)

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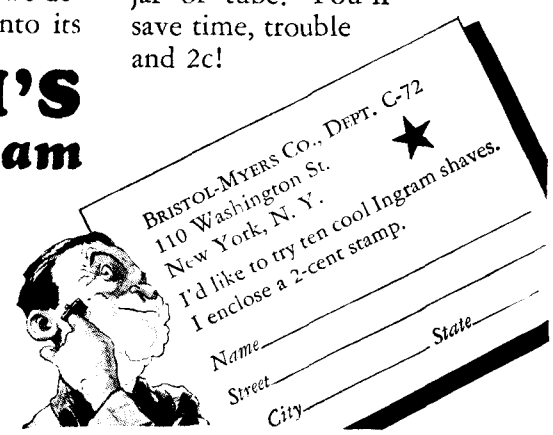

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(*Continued from page 37*)

I met on the train, I hadn't a notion why she needed me, let alone that you were mixed up in her trouble. So, you see, I couldn't have been spying."

"Won't you be seated?" She herself remained standing. "I'd been to Paris to consult a lawyer; he's refused to touch my case. I was in a mood to see enemies everywhere. You hung about; watched my compartment. Since you're not a detective, will you explain how you've connected me with this disappearance in so short a time?"

"That's simple."

He handed her the photographs. While she examined them, he gave her a rapid version of his visit to Ascain.

"Naturally, I had to come to you. If you're implicated, I can't go to the police and drag you into a scandal."

"Why can't you?"

He gazed at her and she gazed back. The room faded. He was conscious only of her beauty.

She relaxed and slipped into a chair.

"Are you always so chivalrous?"

"If you're in danger," he replied, "I would go to any lengths to protect you."

She laughed softly.

"Were I to tell you that I'm a smuggler, would that shock you?"

"It would amuse me."

"But I am. My specialty is pesetas. The new Spanish government has refused to allow Royalists who have fled the country to withdraw their money except in the smallest quantities. Heaps of my friends left hoards of cash behind them and now have scarcely enough to live on. I, with several others, conceived a plan for smuggling their money out to them. It seemed mere justice. The money was theirs. We formed a society composed of young Americans."

"HOLD hard!" Derrick interrupted. "Let's get this straight. Why Americans?"

"Because Americans can come and go across the frontier."

"And that's where this Vail comes into the picture," Derrick nodded. "What's happened to him?"

She sank her voice:

"He went once too often—refused to halt, was fired on and wounded. He managed to escape and is in hiding. If he can reach France, he's safe."

"Do you know where he is?"

"And if I answer *yes?*"

Derrick spoke slowly:

"I've never had an adventure. You're alarmed over his predicament, aren't you? Well, I'll bring him back."

"How?" She spoke incredulously.

"Drive to Spain with a chauffeur and hand him my passport. He can return in my stead. If he stays in the car at the frontier and crosses at nightfall, no one will ever know the difference."

The eagerness with which she had listened faded.

"But then there would be you to rescue."

"Not at all," he contradicted. "I can walk back with your band of Basque smugglers through the mountains."

"Walk!" she mocked him. "The frontier bristles with rifles. One crawls on his hands and knees, and fights."

Derrick laughed.

"All right, I'll crawl if that's the proper attitude."

She realized that he was serious.

"You're amazing. Are you proposing this for the sake of his wife?"

Reaching out, he touched her.

"I had even forgotten that he has a wife."

Tears sprang to her eyes. She rose quickly.

"I wonder if you'll mean tomorrow what you say tonight."

His lips brushed her fingers. In the hushed room she stood silent as a statue.

"Viola, tomorrow as tonight, there is nothing that I would not do to serve you."

"But you're a stranger. You owe me nothing," she murmured.

"Danger undertaken for you would be heaven," he pleaded.

Her face broke into a smile. Resting her hand on his arm, she led him to the staircase.

"What is your name and where can I find you?"

He told her.

"I shall wait there till I receive your orders."

Her eyes followed him, the glow of the room behind her, as he descended. He let himself out into the starry night with the feeling that he was living for the first time.

WHEN he awoke next morning, his mood was still romantic. He visited Audrey and consoled her with vague optimisms. Everything was going to be all right. In the afternoon he drew sufficient money for emergencies and obtained a Spanish *visé*. During three days nothing happened. Though he passed her house frequently and watched for her in the streets, he caught no sight of Viola. With his growing uncertainty, he made a discovery: he was in love. . . .

On the fourth day he received a friendly note, inviting him to accompany her to a bullfight at San Sebastian. She had purchased tickets and made all arrangements. After lunch, if he were free, she would call for him. He searched the bold handwriting in vain for any hint that they were bound on a desperate venture.

When her car halted below the terrace of his hotel, he had been ready an hour. She smiled gayly and made room for him. She waved to friends who were waiting for their cars to drive up.

"See you at San Sebastian." Then to Derrick, "I'm glad you could come. Everyone from St. Jean is going."

At the frontier there was a bridge to cross, the French customs on the one side, the Spanish on the other. He watched the formalities closely. The registering of the car seemed to be the matter of chief importance. The chauffeur had to leave his wheel to get his papers examined and stamped. While he was absent, officials traversed the line of automobiles, demanding passports, scarcely glancing at them and returning them perfunctorily.

Traffic began to move.

For half a mile the road was lined at intervals with sentry boxes, in which undergrown conscripts lolled.

Derrick laughed.

"They don't look particularly terrifying."

Her expression was wooden.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"I should say not."

"I am—like a mouse in a trap."

He possessed himself of her small, gloved hand that lay beside him. To his surprise it was trembling.

"Look," she stared ahead.

Their driver had slowed down almost to a halt. Other vehicles before and behind them were doing the same. Drawn over to one side was a coupé, which had been traveling in the opposite direction, toward France. It had been thoroughly ransacked, its upholstery ripped—even its gasoline tank chiseled open. It was in the gasoline tank that the booty had been discovered—piles of peseta bills wrapped in newspaper. A man stood in the glaring sunshine, handcuffed, bareheaded, despair written over him. To his right and left soldiers mounted guard with rifles.

"Would any of you ladies be interested in pulling a wishbone with me?" *Raymond Thayer*

DERRICK assumed an ease of manner that he was far from feeling.

"I suppose that's what happened to Vail."

When she did not reply, he continued, "Till we saw that poor wretch under arrest, smuggling pesetas hadn't seemed to me much more serious than stealing apples. What have you been planning these last three days?"

She faced him tensely.

"Don't ask. It's much better that we should pretend that we're merely a pair of young Americans off on an excursion. If you know ahead, you won't act naturally. Not to act naturally might attract attention."

"That suits my book," Derrick hitched himself forward. "If I'm to act naturally, the first thing I'm forced to tell you is that—*I've been wondering what you would do if I kissed you.*"

She pressed his shoulder with her own and glanced at him slantingly.

"If ever you get back to France, I'll give you the chance to find out."

"If ever!" he echoed. "Nevertheless, if I do, is it a promise?"

"A promise."

Her wide gray eyes rested on him; then veiled themselves.

They entered San Sebastian and drove straight to a fashionable café. He had alighted and was preparing to assist her, when she bent forward.

"I must leave you. Don't stir from this place. You might let me have your passport."

He put his hand to his pocket; then hesitated.

"That's all right," she smiled, "if you want to call things off."

"I had no idea of calling things off," he squared his jaw.

Alone at a table, an iced drink before him, he tried to figure himself as a hero in romance. He had taken Viola on faith. When he had won the right to claim her, he would carry her off. Continuing his story, he imagined the amazement of friends on his arrival in New York.

His mood changed. He was in a country which had undergone a revolution. He could speak no word of the language. Without a passport he was deprived of civil rights. The policeman directing traffic, were he aware of his condition, could drag him off to jail. The man by the roadside, handcuffed and bareheaded, began to haunt him.

AFTER several hours, the bullfight being ended, the crowd came surging back. A car drew up against the pavement. Viola signaled him.

"Thought I'd lost you." He sank into the seat beside her. "Made your arrangements?"

She nodded.

"There's only one hitch. Martin Vail refuses to save himself at your expense."

"Perhaps if I were to talk to him—"

They turned out of the almost Parisian avenue which they had been following into a nest of narrow alleys and drew up before a dark little wine tavern. As Viola was alighting, he made an effort to stay her. Eluding him, she entered. The floor was sanded, the ceiling low; the walls were lined with barrels. Sprawled about at tables were men with long, ascetic faces and the active bodies of goats. They were dressed in Basque caps, black smocks and scarlet sashes. But one was different. He was by himself in a corner. His tweed jacket proclaimed him either English or American. One leg was supported on a bench as if it pained him. Viola was stooping over him.

He looked up at Derrick.

"Of course I know who you are; but why are you doing this?"

The passport lay between them. Vail made a gesture to hand it back as though thrusting temptation from him.

"I'm doing it for the same reason you smuggled pesetas; for the sport of it."

"Don't see it," Vail shook his head. "If you'd led my life for the past two weeks, you wouldn't call it sport."

"And if you'd led your wife's life for the past two weeks, you wouldn't call it sport, either."

Derrick entered into a description of Audrey:

"The suspense is breaking her. She can't hang on much longer."

"Then you're doing this for her?"

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Viola interrupted astonishingly:

"He's doing this for me. He thinks he cares for me. I'm giving him his chance to prove it."

"That's right," Derrick confirmed. "And from your viewpoint, there's another pressing reason besides your wife; that leg requires medical attention."

Vail's hand stole out toward the passport.

"If you're so keen—"

Making up his mind, he pocketed it. As he endeavored to rise, Viola lent him her arm and spoke encouragingly:

"You'll approach the frontier with the crowd. It'll be dark by the time you get there. There isn't a chance in a thousand of your being spotted."

As Derrick was following, she glanced back.

"You've trusted me so far."

RETURNING to the seat Vail had vacated in the corner, he heard the car drive off. He waited. Good-by to Viola! This was the price of proving to chance-met girls that you trusted them.

There was a shuffling of feet. People were departing. One came over and touched him. He made signs that he should accompany him.

In the alley a ramshackle bus was standing. The inside was already crowded. His friend pointed to the roof. There he found others of the goatmen reclining among packages. He imitated their example.

The bus was moving. Toward the north the Pyrenees stood humped.

On and on they lumbered. They had long since separated from the high road and were climbing. They were among the mountains. . . .

He must have dozed. The men who had been beside him were swinging themselves down from the roof and disappearing. He, too, stood up. Trees stretched ahead, oaks strangely twisted, and between them bracken. Up the road in the softly falling moonlight, less than a hundred yards distant, was a white gate. Beside it stood a sentry box; so this must be the frontier. As he descended he noticed that the bus had halted before a sleeping house, with tables under trellises.

His feet touched the ground. The same friendly man was waiting for him. Walking stealthily, he plunged into the glade and led the way to a clearing where a herd of ponies was tethered. Each carried a pack. Derrick's mind threw back to what Viola had told him about the *contrebandiers*. He pointed to himself, to the ponies, toward the frontier. The man grinned and nodded. Then, pressing a finger to his lips, he conducted him back to the house by the roadside.

During their brief absence, the still house had quickened into life. Wine and food were being set on tables. Lamps had been brought out. One of the goatmen was playing on a pipe. But the sight that held Derrick spellbound was a girl. She was dressed like the Spanish señoritas whom he had seen in San Sebastian going to the bullfight. In her hair was a high comb from which lace fluttered. Across her shoulders was a gayly flowered shawl with tassels. Her skirts were full, and short enough to display her ankles. She was snapping castanets, advancing and retreating, performing the intricate steps of the fandango. The goatmen, leaving their wine, formed a circle about her, beating time with their hands.

Derrick had recognized her, and yet he had not recognized her. She was different from the restrained Viola to whom he had attributed all the timidities of refinement. Here in this wild upland, in the mystery of shadowy woodlands, she was savage.

But why was she here? Her passport was correct. Any time she chose, she could slip across the frontier. While he had lain on the roof, accusing her of having deserted him, she must have been accompanying him inside the ramshackle bus. The scene that he was witnessing was play-acting with a purpose.

Its purpose was soon revealed. Down the moonlit road a group of frontier guards, suspicious of this belated merry-making, were approaching. Wine was poured. They were made welcome. Viola danced for them and finished by perching herself on the knees of the sergeant in charge. As she leaned back from caressing him, she caught sight of Derrick and ran toward him wonderingly.

"Americano!"

She examined him childishly as though he were a curiosity. Then said something disparaging in Spanish which brought a laugh. Rejoining the soldiers, she seemed to have forgotten him.

He watched the goatmen; they were drinking sparingly. But the soldiers were prepared for a night of carousal. It was not often that a young señorita, with the latest news of a bullfight, came to cheer their loneliness.

Perhaps an hour elapsed. The man who had befriended Derrick gave a sign. One by one the *contrebandiers* slipped away, melting into the forest. Only the soldiers were left. Again Viola was dancing.

Suddenly, far over to the left, there was a burst of rifle fire. The soldiers started up. Sharp orders were shouted. No sooner had they vanished in the wrong direction than the ponies broke from the bracken on the right, men in Basque caps behind them, heading them toward France.

"Run for it." Viola seized his hand.

They fled through the white gate, where the sentry lay gagged and bound. A few yards up the road, she dragged him into the undergrowth.

"There's still the French outpost." She quivered with excitement. "This is a lark."

He caught her spirit and clutched her.

"Did you ever have so much fun in your life?"

BULLETS whistled through the branches. Ahead trotted the valiant little ponies, old hands at this game of smuggling.

"They know the paths. Follow them," Viola whispered.

Dashing across open spaces, they huddled like rabbits. All the time they were conscious of secret presences, thrusting through the bushes near them. Suddenly the forest ended in a tranquil valley. The other presences leapt up and started to walk erect.

Derrick held her back.

"Why do they?"

She gave way to weeping, clinging to him.

"They're safe. We're in France."

Safe! The thought seemed new to him. Life was once again his to do with what he liked. And what did he like?

She had slipped to the turf. There she sat loose-jointed, like a doll in her torn finery.

He went on his knees beside her.

"If we're safe, why cry?"

"I promised you—" she sobbed.

He remembered.

"Ah, yes! If ever I got back to France."

Taking her in his arms, he kissed her on the cheek.

"Not like that." She twisted in his embrace. Their lips met.

"The end of adventure," she panted. "Adventure was what you wanted."

He pressed his face into the warm hollow of her neck.

"Señorita, the beginning of it."

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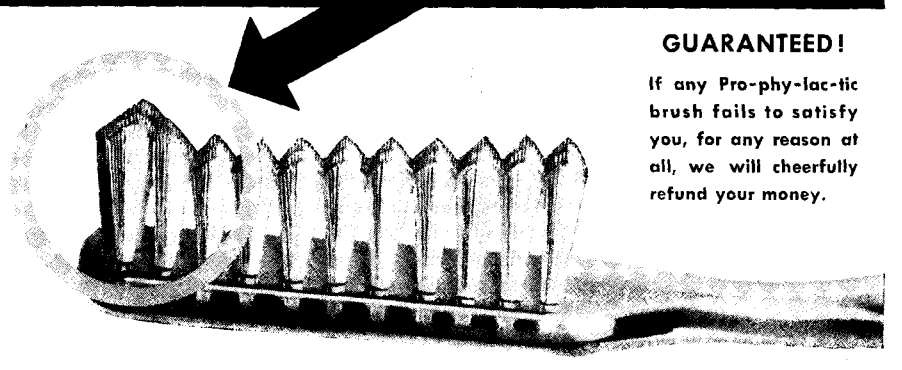

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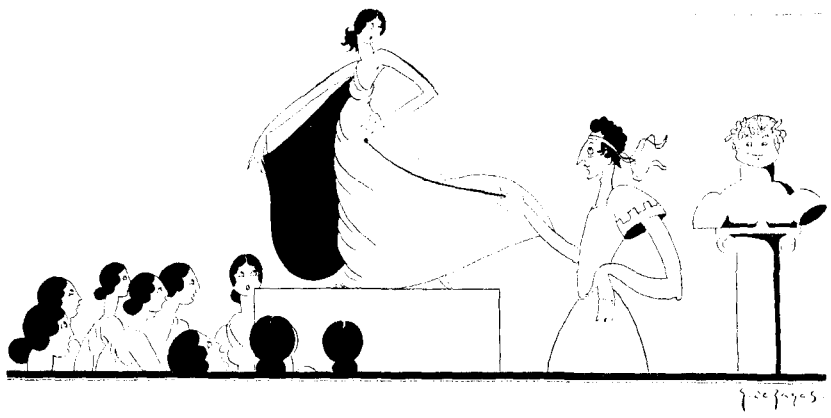


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Fashion, it seems, was more important 1,700 years ago than it is today. In fact, it became such an outstanding problem in the life of ancient Rome that—in 218 A. D. — Emperor Elagabalus felt obliged to establish a "Senate of Women" to pass on all questions of dress and etiquette.

After a prolonged absence of sunlight, men on polar expeditions find that their eyes, irrespective of previous color, have turned blue.—*By C. G. Matson, Los Angeles, California.*

The Koran, sacred book of 210,000,000 Mohammedans—and the basis of their education and their life's guide in all matters of faith, morals and jurisprudence — teaches that the world is flat.

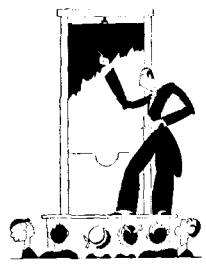
Little Norway has the most interesting coastline in the world. Although only 2,100 miles around, it would reach halfway around the earth if stretched out with all its indentations. Moreover, it is fringed with 150,000 islands.

Explosives experts now use oil instead of water to drown bombs. Oil, unlike water, kills all kinds of fumes, does not generate dangerous gases or cause short circuits in electrical detonators.

When alone and facing death in the desert, Mohammedans dig their graves, say their final prayers and, burying their faces, await their end and the complete obliteration which will come with the shifting of the sand.—*By Mrs. T. H. Whitcroft, Washington, D. C.*

Sana, a city of 24,000 population in the mountains of southwestern Arabia, has successfully resisted—through bigotry and superstition—all progress for many centuries. It is completely isolated, except for a mule road, and never has had a school, printing press, newspaper or physician within its walls.

One of the world's oddest marriage customs still exists today in Java. When a young man proposes to a girl, her parents send him to a *gowok,* a woman whose business it is to analyze a man's fitness for marriage. After studying him for several days, she renders her report to the girl's family.



The greatest single death-dealing instrument in history, the guillotine used in Paris during the French Revolution of 1789, still is on exhibition today in Madame Tussaud's *famous* waxworks in London. Records show that it severed the heads of more than 22,000 victims.

Two very significant facts: Canada is taking over the operation of its broadcasting stations and will limit advertising announcements to 5 per cent of the program time, and the United States and Great Britain are showing a rapidly growing interest in books on Russia.

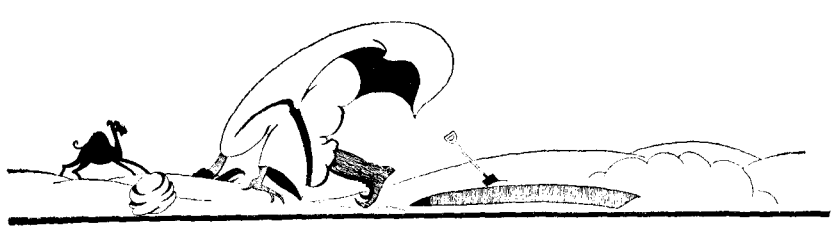
Although many centuries old, the rock-hewn temples of India remain today among the most remarkable works of art achieved by humanity. The caves at Ajanta contain paintings of unique excellence, and the ornate Kailas Temple at Ellora, chiseled vertically from solid rock, still takes its place among the world's outstanding marvels of sculpture.

In Olympia Exhibition Hall in London 11,000 Freemasons recently attended the ceremony of laying a corner-stone of a Masonic hospital being built several miles away. Every movement of the substitute stone before them followed—through electrical synchronization—the laying of the real stone on the site.

Due to a deflecting force arising from the earth's rotation, all natural moving bodies — such as cyclones and water draining from a funnel, whirl toward the right in the northern hemisphere and toward the left in the southern hemisphere. — *By Allen and Winter Hamilton, New York.*

Gorillas and chimpanzees more closely resemble man in body construction than they do baboons, orang - utans, gibbons and the numerous other species of monkeys. —*By Leighton Authier, Sioux City, Iowa.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York



Where there's a Will

Continued from page 22

and put her hand over the older woman's. "Aunt Agatha," she said, "are you afraid of . . ."

"I'm not afraid of anything," her aunt interrupted with asperity.

Abigail sighed and nodded. "That's fine then," she said.

"Afraid of what?" said her aunt.

"It's all right," Abigail said. "If you're not afraid of anything, I won't worry you with it. Tubby's harmless, really."

"Tubby?"

"Tubby Cachran. He's staying with us."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing, really. He's just . . . well, there's something lacking, you know?"

"You mean he's simple?"

"Oh, no. At times he's fiendishly clever."

"Abigail, are you and Donald harboring a nut?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Agatha. He's perfectly all right with Donald and me. But—"

"But what? What are you trying to hide from me?"

"I'm not trying to hide anything from you, Aunt Agatha. Ever since he heard that you were coming . . . he . . . well, he's been asking questions about you and . . ."

"What sort of questions?"

"Just questions. He seems to have taken a morbid interest in you."

"Now, Abigail . . ."

Abigail shuddered and stepped on the starter. "I'd rather not talk about it any more, Aunt Agatha," she said.

"I'll soon get it from Donald when he returns," said her aunt. Abigail smiled one of her tender and melancholy smiles.

AT DINNER, Tubby outdid himself to be charming to Aunt Agatha. She stared fixedly at him whenever he spoke to her and answered him only in monosyllables. When she asked to be allowed to retire, he drew a sigh of relief.

"I'm giving you the balcony bedroom, Aunt Agatha," Abigail said. "I hope you'll find it comfortable."

"I've always found it comfortable before," her aunt said shortly.

When Aunt Agatha left the room, Tubby looked at Abigail. "She's certainly a queer old bird," he said, "but I'll get at it. See you in the morning."

Abigail settled herself comfortably and read for half an hour. Suddenly Aunt Agatha appeared in the doorway of the living-room, clad in a bathrobe of toweling. "Abigail!" she said.

"Something?" said Abigail.

"That young man is walking up and down the balcony outside the French windows."

"Is he?" said Abigail. "His bedroom's on the balcony too."

"Yes, but why is he walking?"

"He's a fresh-air fiend," Abigail said.

"If he's walking for fresh air, why does he keep peering in my windows and grimacing like an idiot?"

"Grimacing?" Abigail said.

"Don't sit there and repeat my words like a parrot," her aunt snapped. "*Why* is he grimacing?"

"I can't say," said Abigail. "If you're afraid, I'll . . ."

"I'm not afraid," said her aunt, "but I must say . . ." she paused irresolutely. "I'm going to lock those windows," she said.

"I can change your room, Aunt Agatha, but you say you're not afraid . . ."

"And so I'm not." said her aunt.

"I'll see you in the morning," Abigail said.

"I hope so," Aunt Agatha replied.

The following morning, Aunt Agatha appeared looking rather frayed. Tubby was not down. Abigail sat at breakfast clad gently in baby blue and a soulful expression. Her aunt regarded her from the doorway of the breakfast-room. "It went on until dawn," she said in a hollow tone. "*Dawn.*"

"What?" Abigail asked.

"He walked until dawn. He walked, and looked into my windows and grimaced and made gestures."

"Why don't you speak to him about it?"

"For the very good reason, my dear, that I was . . ."

"Afraid to speak to *Tubby?*" Abigail said.

"I was not afraid," said Aunt Agatha. "I merely doubted the wisdom of such a procedure."

"You must try and get some sleep this afternoon," Abigail said.

While Aunt Agatha was sleeping that afternoon, Tubby appeared. "Lord," he said, "I was dead tired this morning."

"I'll bet you were," said Abigail.

"She wasn't very friendly about it," Tubby said. "I'll be glad when Don comes."

Dinner that evening was a trifle strained, to say the least. Aunt Agatha regarded Tubby warily and jumped whenever he moved. She excused herself early.

Abigail went out and backed the roadster out of the garage. She called the station and made sure that the ten-forty-eight was on time. Going back into the living-room, she found Tubby preparing to go upstairs. She went over to the library table and took a paper knife from the drawer.

"Oh, Tubby," she said, "I wonder if you'd take this paper knife up and give it to Aunt Agatha. She'll need it for her mail."

"Shall I take it up right now?" Tubby said.

"When you go, darling. If her window is open, just hand it in. If not, hold it up and show it to her through the window."

Seventeen seconds later there was a long-drawn shriek and hard on its heels Aunt Agatha. She left instructions from the train platform for her baggage to be sent on.

WHEN Donald came home the following day, he brought Mark with him. They found Abigail in the rose garden. "Hello, Don darling," she said. "Oh, Mark . . how nice of you to come!"

Mark took her hand and stared into her eyes. "I've been looking forward to this all week," he said.

"Where's Aunt Agatha?" Donald said.

Abigail sighed. "She left suddenly," she said.

"Abigail!"

"She didn't seem to like Tubby."

Donald left abruptly and went in search of Tubby. Abigail smiled sweetly at Mark. "It's so quiet down here. . . ."

"Abigail!" Mark said impulsively. "I've been wanting to ask you . . ."

And Tubby was saying, in answer to Don's question, "I don't know . . . Abigail told me about her fear of burglars and how you always walked up and down the balcony to set her mind at rest, so I walked the first night until dawn and looked in every now and then and smiled at her so she'd know I was watching . . . and then last night I went up to give her a paper knife and she just shrieked like a banshee and ran. I don't like to say this, Don, but I think . . . I think your aunt's a nut."

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A Ticket to Arizona

Continued from page 21

the manager wired east for a shortstop.

The shortstop came, and, as so often happens when a man is most needed, turned out to be a failure. Others were tried . . . and they failed.

Once more the manager, now with a pucker about his eyes—a manager who had to make good or be let go—approached Rookie Joe Perelli on the bench; a Joe who had been benched, and put in the field, and benched again, times without number.

"From now on," said the manager, "you'll play all the time. You're the only one we've got. You've got to make the grade."

"Sure," said Joe Perelli, and breathed almost gaspingly. "Sure, I'll make the grade!"

As the boy turned away, big Truck Maguire spoke to the manager: "Let him be my room-mate on this trip."

"Fine!" said the manager. "I should have thought of that before. You can help over the rough spots."

Truck Maguire helped. Evenings, he eased the boy down, taking him to a show, or for a walk; and on the walks old Truck talked of the day's work, of the morrow's work, throwing in, as a breather, the history and highlights of the game of baseball itself, from its beginning . . . side whiskers and the year One.

Always baseball, eating it, sleeping it, playing it . . . work, fight, all the way. A boy, not ready, carrying more than he should; having to carry more than he should. Their one chance. Had to . . . had to!

JOE PERELLI made the grade. Made it to the degree that the team had even gained a little—on the road. No longer the kid who threw the ball away; no longer the one who was fooled on quick plays . . . on trick plays. And, by the same token, no longer the boy with the headlong dash of the training camp, with the consuming fire which, coupled with sureness, with the ability to keep level-headed in a crisis, makes the great player; makes the spark plug on a team.

Watching, the manager made comment:

"We've got to pepper him up somehow. I think I'll speak to the kid and—"

"Lay off the kid," said Truck Maguire. "He's on the edge right now."

"Edge?"

"Edge of cracking. Listen"—as the manager started to interrupt—"he's given everything he's got, and—"

"And he's come through."

"Sure he's come through," agreed Truck. "But he won't believe it. He's had such a tough ride making the grade that he won't believe he's there. I've told him, and he just looks at me out of dead eyes. You try and force him along any more, and he'll crack. Listen; let me tell you something: For the last several weeks he's been talking about our rookies; our kids down in Arizona. Talking about 'em more and more. Yesterday I saw him reading a paper that told all about 'em. You can begin to see plain as paint what he's wishing. . . . Wishing he was there."

"WISHING he was there?" said the manager.

"Because then he'd be at home, in their class."

"He'd be way above it! He's in the class of any of 'em in the league here. One touch more, and he'd be ahead of 'em."

"Sure. But nobody can make him see it. . . . Not now. He's just a kid, dead tired. Have you noticed how his batting has slumped?"

"Of course I have. But it's good enough for any shortstop. And he's hitting in the pinches."

"Playing on nerve," said Truck Maguire, "both at bat and in the field. I'll ease him along all I can."

He joked and kidded with Joe Perelli that evening; took him to a show; got his mind off his work; and then, back to work again.

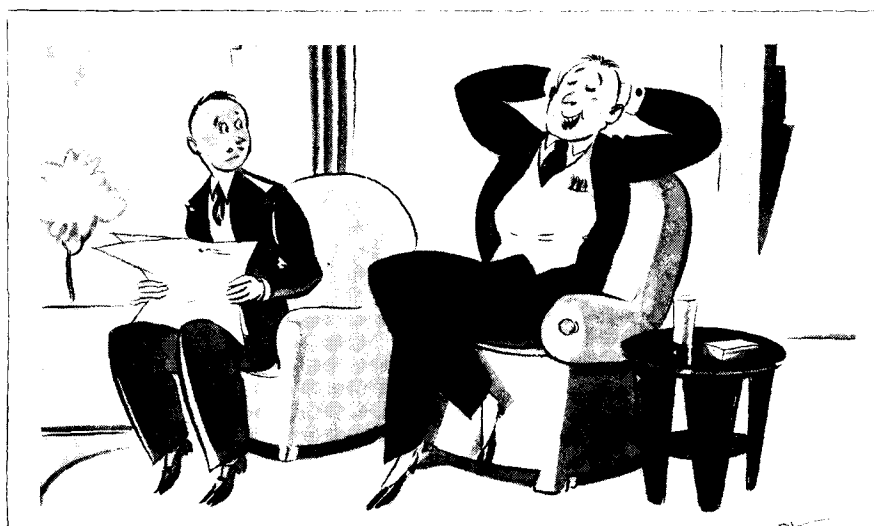
"This crowd that we're going up against next week," said Truck, "we got to take 'em."

"Sure. We'll take 'em." Joe Perelli's voice was flat, without enthusiasm.

"Sure," agreed Truck. "And how! I was just thinking. Remember that time they put across the double steal on us? Well, I been laying for them ever since. I want to catch the opening game, and now that we've got a shortstop that can handle things better than anybody in this league . . ." old Truck paused, but there was no answering gleam in the boy's eyes . . . "well, now that we've got a shortstop like that, I'm going to show you a play that I've never seen used out here—and one mighty seldom put across by the big leaguers—and if those runners do start their double steal, we're going to get not only one of 'em, but both. Both!"

Again Truck paused. He had played his trump card; a card that, in training camp, would have brought Rookie Joe Perelli out of his chair, eyes blazing with excitement.

(Continued on page 42)



"I drew thirteen spades at bridge last night—how's that for playing?" *Joseph Morgan*

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"HOW COME?"

complain the women

"why give US all the blame?"

▼ Women are good letter writers. ▼ Many of the letters we have received lately run something like this:

"You certainly have the interests of us women deeply at heart. You warn us of the dangers of perspiration odor on our person and clothing; beg us not to risk offending the men with it; tell us we must use something —more than soap and water—to destroy it.

"Thanks for the good advice. We agree with it all.

"But . . . tell us something. Is perspiration odor a strictly *feminine* failing? . . . Just ask us!

"Why don't you admit the men to your excellent lectures? They are certainly eligible!"

▼▼ What else can we do after that, men?

You see it's such a simple, easy matter to avoid perspiration odor. When you dress in the morning or evening, just rub a little Mum under each arm. That's all there is to it!

You're safe then for the whole day or evening. For Mum acts instantly. And it is harmless to skin and clothing and does not interfere with perspiration processes.

Keep a jar of this effective deodorant cream in the bathroom cabinet. Tuck it into your traveling bag; it doesn't spill or scatter. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

FOR TIRED, PERSPIRING FEET. Just rub a little Mum on your feet when they burn and ache and perspire. You'll be delighted at its soothing, cooling effect. It destroys all odor and keeps hose and shoe-linings fresh.

(Continued from page 41)

Now, Joe Perelli finally said: "Oh, so it'd get 'em both?"

Truck battled on: "Yeah. Look, I'll show you how it goes." Swiftly on a sheet of paper he drew the diagram of a baseball diamond. "There. We'll say there's one man down, with runners on first and third. The runners get the tip-off to try a double steal. . . ." Truck paused with pencil poised, looking at the boy. . . . "I think I've got that crowd's signals. We'll see. So I signal the pitcher for a waste ball, and slam it for second; only, the second baseman, who's cut in, fakes that he's ducking the throw, leaps up and heaves the ball right back at me. And the runner from third—full speed and on his way—is trapped between me and the third baseman."

The pencil in the big fingers indicated the trapped runner on the diagram. Truck went on:

"Yeah. And he stays trapped, we giving him the old run-up-and-down between us, until the runner who's slid safe into second gets up and sees the other trapped between third and home, with not one chance in a hundred of getting out of it. So the runner on second starts for third, to save something out of the fire. . . . To get safe on third. That's baseball."

Once more Truck paused. Once more he regarded Joe Perelli. "And where are you all this time? That's the joker. Just before the runner gets up from his slide at second, you're off for third, going down to back up the third baseman with the trapped man, you paying no attention to anything else. . . . Like fun you ain't!" And Truck Maguire chuckled.

"Listen. Just as you reach third, I raise my sights and whip the ball all the way to you. And you ram the ball into this runner that's coming all safe and standing up from second, then whip it back to me—and I get the trapped guy as he's trying to crowd past me, streaking it for home. Both out."

TRUCK tossed aside the pencil and sat back. "A pip, isn't it?"

It was; one of the finest plays in baseball, requiring that everybody be on his toes, and none more so than the shortstop. On him the success of the whole play hinged. . . . Coming down to third at exactly the right time; apparently keeping all eyes on the trapped-runner play; making perfect catch and whirling with the ball to get the man coming into third; making bullet-like throw back to the catcher. Any slip-up by the shortstop and one . . . two men, would score. Perfection by the shortstop, and two men were out. . . . The side was out.

And Joe Perelli, who a few months before would have eaten alive the details of such a play, looked apathetically at it and nodded: "Yeah, it's a pip."

By not a hair did Truck Maguire show his disappointment. "Well," he yawned, "I guess I'll be hitting the hay. . . . Oh, by the way, I had a letter from Eddie today. You remember Eddie, down on the team in Arizona."

Like one imprisoned and hearing of those who are free, the manner of Joe Perelli made lightning change.

"Gee whiz, did you hear from Eddie? How's he doing and how's . . ." Like water bubbling from a spring, words bubbled from Joe Perelli; he was no longer the tired youth, but on his toes, sparklingly alive.

They talked about the rookies. The talk died away, and sparkle died with it.

Truck Maguire went to his room. Just as he was switching off the lights he stopped, like a man grappling with a problem and who dimly begins to see the way out.

"Huh," he said. "I'll get it!"

The team continued its way on the road, playing good, and uninspired, baseball. It came to the champions' town, for the series that would make or break it.

"We got to play away over our heads," said the manager to Truck. "If only I could lift up that kid. . . . But he's even begun to talk about Arizona to me."

And then Truck Maguire had it with a clearness and a sureness that for a moment left him without words. He grasped the manager's arm.

"I've got it! Give the kid his railroad ticket to Arizona."

"To . . ." The manager stared at Truck as though Truck had lost his senses. "Send him to . . . When we haven't got anybody to take his place . . . When . . . Have you gone bugs?"

"I didn't say send him," said Truck. "I said, give him his ticket. And we can tell him that we've got a new shortstop. Tell him tomorrow, just before the game. The last game that he'll have to play with us . . . and I'll be in there catching. Now listen. . . ." And Truck Maguire began to unfold his plan.

AS THE team was taking the field for practice before the game, the manager stopped Joe Perelli.

"Just a minute, kid. You've been looking pretty tired lately, and since we're in for nothing but tough going from now on, I've got a new shortstop coming—and you're going down to the Arizona club, where you'll be with kids of your own class. You leave right after this game. Here's your railroad ticket."

The manager handed Joe Perelli an envelope and walked away.

For a moment Joe could do nothing but stand and stare. And then, breath-takingly, it came to him. Free! No longer with this gang! No longer with players who always knew more about it than he. Up and up his spirits soared, like an eagle turned loose and feeling free air beneath its wings after a weary wait.

His fingers ran over the envelope; felt the ticket inside. Free! He crammed it into his hip pocket and raced out upon the diamond. Raced as he had raced in training camp, fire and youth filling his soul.

He played that afternoon as he had never played before. The opposing team—the champions—were out to smash his crowd so that they would be through for the season. From the beginning Joe's pitcher, the ex-big leaguer, was in trouble. Again and again Joe Perelli saved him, beating down the attack, turning it aside, launching his own team's counter-attack with ringing hits. And talking all the time; riding the tough-guy enemy, driving his own mates to new effort. . . . "Come on, Lead Shoes! Come on, Lead Shoes!" This to his second baseman, lifting him along when double plays were being made . . . when they *had* to be made: "Never mind that one!" This to the veteran pitcher when he faltered: "The old soup bone's good forever. Make 'em hit 'em down to me . . . Pop up . . . I told you!"

Riding 'em, driving 'em. The last game with 'em. Free, free, free!

And a new feeling was on Joe Perelli; one that he had never known while with the team. Joe Perelli, right on a par with them. Team-mates. . . . Good scouts. Just why they hadn't seemed so before, he couldn't quite make out.

The game seethed on. Seventh inning . . . eighth . . . ninth . . . and Joe's team still clinging to the one-run lead that they had hammered out. Three of the enemy's pinch hitters had failed during these innings; then, in the ninth, with one gone, the last big pinch hitter caught one . . . stretched a double into a triple by a terrific burst of speed. The pitcher showed the effect . . . the next man walked.

One down . . . runners on first and third. And suddenly a tingle went over the watching Joe Perelli like a thousand needles under the skin. Fast men on the bases. . . . No good hitters left. . . . The time for them to work. . . .

Look! Old Truck, behind the plate, flashing the signal. He had intercepted the enemy's signals . . . double steal!

What happened was like something that had already taken place, and now was being reënacted, clear-cut, upon a screen. The runner on first started for second with the pitch. . . . Old Truck whipped the ball. . . . The second baseman faked the duck of his head, leaped, and cut off the throw. . . . The ball went back to Truck . . . The runner coming in from third whirled desperately and raced back toward the bag. . . . The run-down began.

The man on second rose from his slide.

Joe Perelli began to run toward third; began to move as though by ordained forces, everything prearranged. And a voice, his own voice, seemed sounding in his ears:

"Not too fast . . . not too fast. Keep your eyes on that play. . . . Don't look around . . . don't look around! . . . Now!"

The ball came whistling from old Truck. He had it . . . whirled . . . clapped it against the ribs of the man loping into third from second . . . whirled again . . . rifled the ball back to Truck. And as he did all this, he had time for mental pictures . . . the wild look of surprise, of unbelief, of the man coming in from second . . . the mouth-agape look of the trapped man trying to get home past Truck.

One out. . . . Both out. The game!

Then his team-mates were upon him, beating him on the back, yelling at him, calling him forty kinds of awful and admiring names. And the stands, the hostile stands, were giving voice to their admiration of the swift, stunning completeness of it all, even though it had carried defeat.

THEN, a little later, the manager was standing in front of him, while Truck grinned from a locker-room bench, and the manager was saying:

"That's the way to finish things off, kid! Now hustle into your shower and get your train. You still got your ticket?"

Train . . . ticket? Leave . . . now? Joe Perelli's face mirrored his thoughts.

"Of course," said the watching manager, "if you want to stay, you can stay."

The look in Joe Perelli's eyes was worth going far to see.

"Gee . . . I want to stay!"

"Gimme the ticket," said the manager.

It was handed to him; and the manager tore the envelope into bits and tossed the fragments away.

"Hey!" cried a round-eyed Joe Perelli. "That's a . . . railroad ticket!"

He scooped up the wreckage . . . and found nothing but blank bits of paper. In unbelief he looked at the manager . . . at Truck.

"Just a blank sheet of paper," said the manager "Yet it was enough . . . to make you see that you were over the grade."

For a long moment the boy—the boy who was no longer a rookie—stood looking at him. And then understanding came, flooding like dawn over an awakening world.

"Gee whiz," said Joe Perelli, and he choked in getting the words out. "Gee whiz! . . . Gee whiz!"

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Loaded for Beer

Continued from page 16

replacements, by the number of breweries, remembering that there were 1,200 breweries before prohibition, with an average capacity of about 300,000 barrels—and you have a pretty good idea of what legal beer meant to the cooperage industry.

I left the sad cooper ruminating over the prospective task of training recruits to his noble art and proceeded to a huge bottling room. Buxom girls tended thousands of bottles as they passed along belts to be steamed and filled with pasteurized near beer. The stuff bubbled and frothed and appeared deceptively delicious.

Beer Benefits

A sight-seer in one of these gigantic bottling rooms becomes sad. Here is science's perfect contribution to the thirst of man, its perfection perverted. For here the ice-machine age in all its effectiveness, taking all the hazard out of man's ancient occupation of brewing, is summoned to preserve a product that is really denatured and hence incapable of self-preservation.

The older breweries of older countries make beer exceedingly strong because they have not perfected refrigeration. In America it was the same way before the ice machine appeared. Our native beer, then, was a hybrid ale, with an alcoholic content ranging from five to as high as eleven per cent. This kept fairly well in bulk without souring.

Refrigeration enabled the brewers to preserve beer of mild alcoholic content, even as low as about three per cent. It made light, palatable lager the principal malt beverage of America. American brewers installed plants for a pre-prohibition sixty-five-million-barrel demand. Prohibition cut down that demand, roughly, about ninety per cent. The plants remained. Some of the brewers, notably Adolphus Busch, turned to the manufacture of ice cream without conspicuous success. Practically none of the brewers have seen fit to invest in modernizing their refrigeration plants in step with the newest developments in ice machines. This they will be obliged to do—will do eagerly—when legal beer returns with some assurance of permanence.

When bottled beer became the vogue in the United States, it was artificially carbonated, with the result that in dealers' hands it often spoiled because they stored it in warm places. After years of study, chemists found a way to carbonate the beer from its own gases developed during fermentation. So that in the years immediately preceding the Volstead Act, Americans had the best bottled beer it was possible to make.

Now bootleg beer, though containing all the charm of youth, has the harm of hurry.

A renowned brew-maker told me how the bootleg brewers operated.

"Their beer," he said, with an air of condescension, "is bad art; but it isn't poison. They have no Baumé test—Baumé being the standard chemical measure for proportioning liquids and solids in beer. They take the wort—malt and hops in liquid form, something like the malt syrup essential for home brew—that has made the difference between red and black ink for most of the breweries now operating. They take this wort and, without cooking it, add yeast and let it ferment in cold water. This does away with a huge boiling plant and also with the proper flavor of the beer.

"Good wholesome beer," he said, "should contain only about three per cent solids. Bootleg beer usually has twice that, principally impurities—waste matter."

Since the hop crop is an infallible index to the volume of beer produced—each barrel of beer requires from two-fifths to three-fourths of a pound of hops—it's interesting to note that before prohibition the hop crop was about 32,000,000 pounds. The available figures for 1931 indicate that it has dropped to between twenty-two million and twenty-five million pounds. This still indicates a thriving home brew industry—millions of barrels of inexpertly made beer to sour American stomachs. Yet production of malt syrup has saved the legal brewers from financial extinction.

With a revival of legalized brewing, it's estimated that the pre-prohibition crop of 32,000,000 pounds of hops will be vastly exceeded. In addition to hops, agriculture, supplying the barley and other grains for malting, will benefit by a better price for more grain.

If beer, accepted legally as non-intoxicating, comes back, it may be so widely distributed that even soda fountains will serve it. That will spell more employment all around. All told, the brewers' estimate of 2,000,000 wage-earners and dependents benefited by beer seems reasonable.

It will stimulate the transportation industry. Jacob Ruppert, New York's biggest brewer, alone used one hundred electric trucks in the old days. He estimates that he'll need at least two hundred trucks in newer and better days. These will be motor trucks, because congested traffic conditions have rendered the electric vehicles obsolete. All other legal brewers will be in the same market for the same transportation, and, of course, the railroads will benefit.

Most beer transportation of old was not specifically tagged in car-loading reports. Yet it's estimated that car-loading of beer in barrels and bottles will run into about two hundred thousand carloads a year.

But it's in its general contribution to industry that the beer revival will count. Back to Colonel Ruppert. He will be obliged to build an entirely new and modern warehouse for storing beer. His plans are all blue-printed. They call for an investment of at least $2,000,000—and the money is ready. Every other master brewer in the country has similar, if not as ambitious, plans of expansion.

"This is Just Trainin'"

In Colonel Ruppert's warehouse were two score magnificent men; stout fellows with bull necks, arms like wrestlers' legs, hands like steam shovels. They were there, solid and enduring human links with the past. Each in a leather apron large enough to make a brassière for the Statue of Liberty, they seized the half-barrels, weighing 190 pounds, and stacked them three high. At their lunch I sat with them, saw them devour lengths of sausage as round as their arms, with pounds of pumpernickel, washed down as such viands should be.

One of them spoke:

"This ain't work we do now," he said, wide mouth beautifully outlined in foam. "This is just trainin' till beer comes back. We don't get enough exercise handlin' this here near beer. It don't feel the same. It don't sound the same, swishin' in the barrels."

I should like to be present in that brewery on the morning when that veteran and his mates are summoned to resume their technique. A sturdier, soberer group of men is not to be found. Allowed their daily ration of beer in every brewery worthy of the name, it was a fact that they never abused it. Insurance statistics show them to be men of no hazardous calling. Brewery companies tell you they are peculiarly long-lived.

May these artists survive! So far, their continued employment has been through sentiment, not sound economics, for the law-abiding breweries, with very few exceptions, make no money on Mr. Volstead's formula for legal beer.

One Mid-Western brewer told me that it's cost him money by millions to observe the law when all around him it is being violated. He, like Jake Ruppert, has not permitted a pint of real beer to leave his brewery with his knowledge. He added that if he could make real beer and get for it what the bootleggers get—at least eighteen dollars a barrel—after one year he'd call it a day.

Law-abiding brewers, who have taken it on all their chins—and each has many—are loaded for beer. They're ready to shoot. Apart from all political or economic arguments, their patient honesty with the government deserves a break.

Untamable Wildcats

Again, back to Colonel Ruppert and his brewery. Dry agents entered the brewery, as they have always the right to do. They seemed thirsty fellows, and that pleased the colonel. He even makes the dry agents observe the law in his brewery. Tney don't get the drop on him nor a drop from him.

"There was a dry administrator for this district," he recalled. "Chester P. Mills. When I was a congressman I named him to the West Point Military Academy. The next time we met he was administrator. I reminded him that I had done him a favor and asked him for one in return.

"'What shall it be?' he said.

"'All I want you to do,' I said, 'is to enforce the law. Close up the wild-cat breweries.'

"'I will,' he said, and shook hands on it.

"Little more than a year later Colonel Mills came to my office. He was serious and upset.

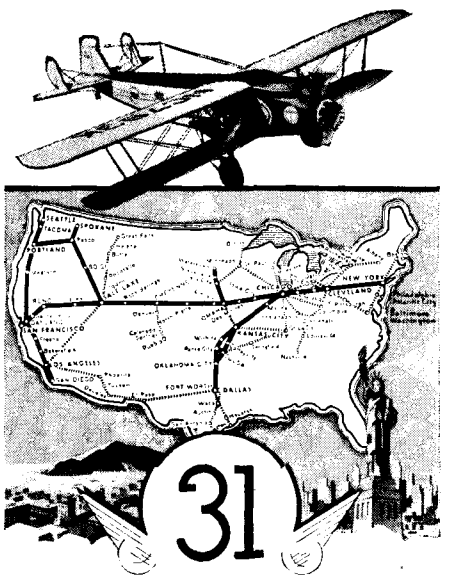
"'I can't keep my word to you,' he said. 'I'm resigning. It's impossible to stop the racketeer brewers.'"

I left Colonel Ruppert, as I had left other brewers, mulling his plans for a newer and brighter day.

Through streets washed by early summer sun came a rumble and clatter and the berserker cry of a klaxon. A truck laden with barrels. It did not stop at the brewery. It bore no name. It hurried around a corner. Outside a store with blinds drawn, it paused. With nobody to interfere, barrels were rolled down a gangway into a cellar. Behind those drawn blinds ranged a bar with bottles of cut—and minced—liquor. The beer pumps were busy. The beer was vile.

I thought of one hundred and sixty-four law-abiding brewers, and of others awaiting a law they could abide by. I thought of bicarbonate of soda. Sipping it, I thought again—it was a big day for thinking—of the unresentful brewers waiting and willing to do their stuff.

Boy, page Common Sense!



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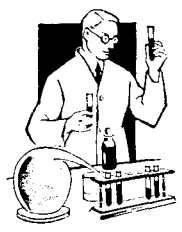

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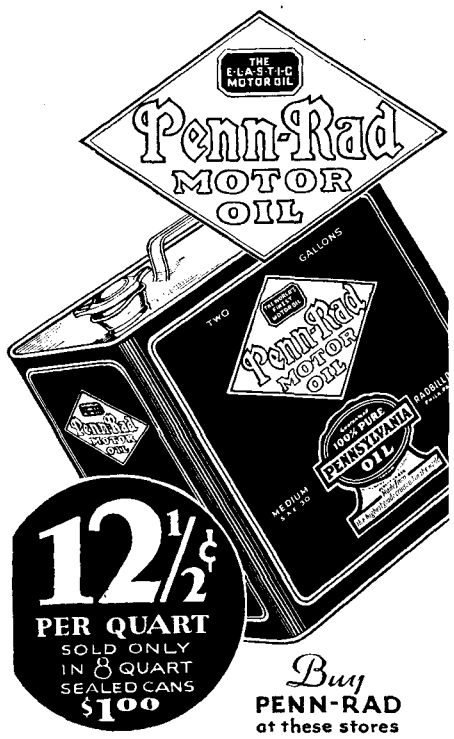

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The Wrong Hat

Continued from page 23

We went to give Mr. Annan back his hat. It was a fine big house around the corner from Madison Avenue. The butler came to the door and we gave him the hat and he gave us the other one. It was a brand-new hat and the maker's label was stamped in the leather of the sweatband.

I was amused.

"You've traveled a long way, O'Malley," I said, "without getting anywhere. The hats were exchanged in the restaurant. I don't suppose you'll accuse T. O. Annan, who is over seventy years old and one of the richest and most philanthropic men in New York, of knowing anything about this murder."

"No—I might be dumb, but I ain't so dumb as that. I'm out of luck, the way I always am."

I DIDN'T see him for two days.

"Got anything yet?" I asked him when I met him.

"I have got plenty. This dead guy's name was Klein. The department had his fingerprints but they'd mislaid 'em. He used to be a valet, but now he was a bum and hung out on the Bowery. I thought all along he was a bum in spite of how he was dressed up. I been to the Bowery hotel where he hung out and talked with his friends, and now I got to go back to T. O. Annan's, but first I want to call them up."

I waited while he telephoned.

"T. O. ain't home," he said. "I wanted to be sure of that. Annan's got a grandson who's in college, and a granddaughter that lives with him. That's all his family. The young folks' name is Cairn."

"I know that," I told him.

"Yeah, and I guess all the rest of N. Y. knows it too."

We told who we were and asked to see Miss Cairn. She was very pale and frightened and about twenty years old, and she had gold hair.

"You're—the police?" she said.

"That's right," O'Malley told her.

He took three worn and greasy letters from his pocket.

"You look at these," he said, "but you ain't supposed to tear 'em up."

She hardly glanced at them and then began to weep. "You've read them?" she inquired.

"Sure. I had to read 'em because I am a cop. Now don't you think you'd better tell us all about it?"

"I'll have to, now that you've seen these. He shot himself. I know you won't believe it. I don't expect anybody ever to believe it. Of course he didn't mean to. It is all too terrible! Grandfather always thought that Mother was perfect; she was his only daughter and he thinks that she was wonderful and it would almost kill him if he thought that she was not.

"Well, once in her life—just once—she wasn't. This man knew about it and stole the letters which showed she wasn't; and after that she had to pay him so that Grandfather wouldn't know. He would disappear for quite a long while and she would think she was rid of him, and then he would come back and she would have to pay him again. After she died, he came to me. He showed me copies of the letters, but I wouldn't believe him. So then he gave me one of them—there were four letters at first, and he kept three. Then I knew it was true, and I had to pay him so that Grandfather would never know."

"Yeah," said O'Malley, "I thought it might be like that. Tell us the rest of it."

"Last week, after I hadn't seen him for a long while, he came back and wanted a thousand dollars. I didn't have that much money. I gave him two hundred dollars and told him I'd try to get the rest, but I couldn't do that without telling why I needed it. My brother Bob was home from college for the week-end, and finally I had to tell him and ask him if he could get it; and he tried to get it through his room-mate who was here with him, but they couldn't.

"I'd always met that man outside the house, but that night I didn't meet him. I knew he wouldn't come here unless I was home, so we stayed out as late as we could. He came as soon as we got home; I guess he'd been watching for us. He was all dressed up in things he'd bought with the money I'd given him, and he was very angry because I hadn't met him, and very threatening.

"I wanted to see the man alone, because my brother has a violent temper, but the boys wouldn't let me. When he got violent Bob got violent too. Then the man took a revolver out of his pocket and threatened Bob with it and Bob tried to put him out of the house. Bob had him from behind, pushing him, and the man tried to reach around his own body under his other arm and point the gun at Bob, and it went off and he shot himself."

"I'm listening," O'Malley said.

"We just stood and looked at one another. Then the boys said they would take the man out and leave him in the street and maybe nobody would ever know. So they got one on each side of him and walked with him down the steps as if he were still alive and walked with him along the street; because we were afraid to leave him in front of the house.

"There was a policeman up the street, walking the other way, and so he didn't see us, but I was afraid he would; and then I saw a cab. I said to the boys, 'Sing! Sing and act drunk!' So we all acted drunk and got into the cab. We told the driver a number on Park Avenue and John and I got out there; and Bob went on farther, and then he got out too and we all came back here to the house.

"In the morning Grandfather said he didn't have the right hat. He'd put his hat down on the stand when he came home and the servants hadn't put it away. Then the man had put his hat there too, and when we were taking him out of the house I'd picked up the wrong hat. There's a restaurant near here where Grandfather sometimes eats, and he had been there that evening, and I convinced him that the hats must have been changed in the restaurant."

"You know what became of the gun, Miss Cairn?" O'Malley asked her.

"Yes. I have it. We were so excited we forgot all about the gun and when we got back to the house I found it lying on the rug where he had dropped it."

"I want the gun. Don't you go and get it. You just show me where it is."

We followed her upstairs and, in a dresser drawer, hidden among silk underthings, she showed us a cheap nickel-plated revolver. O'Malley picked it up carefully in a handkerchief.

"I don't know how this is coming out, Miss Cairn," he told her, "but I got an idea, if there ain't no fingerprints on this gun but Klein's and yours, and yours are over his, and yours ain't on the trigger, the medical examiner might pronounce this accidental death and that will be the end of it."

"WAS it the hat that kept you on the right track, O'Malley?" I inquired when we had left the house.

"Sure. Would a guy like T. O. Annan, who was used to wearing a comfortable old hat, put on a brand-new hat a couple of sizes too small for him and walk home without knowing the difference? So the hats must have been changed there in the house. Then they identified this Klein and, remembering how he was dressed, I knew what I might have to look for. I went to the Bowery and picked up the letters where he'd parked 'em with another bum for safety. But can you beat my bad luck? Do I ever get put on a good case but what it blows up on me?"

"You're blowing this case up yourself," I told him. "All you've got to do is make a hint of what we just heard public and your name will be on the front page of every newspaper in New York tomorrow morning."

"But would I sleep at night? It's my bad luck that when I get a swell case, a philanthropic old guy like T. O. Annan and a kid like Miss Cairn get in the works, and I have to keep my mouth shut. Because I was born unlucky."

"Joe's a lawyer; he'll get us out of this" *Harry Haenigsen*

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On Guard

Continued from page 18

to handle the real fencing weapons. There were six of these fencing weapons: foil, dueling blade, *l'épée*, saber, rapier and dagger. In the Belgian army a man was, at that time, awarded a *prévôt* for each weapon mastered. At least four prévôts must be won before he could aspire to the position of *maître d'armes*, or master-at-arms.

Three months is a very short time, but it was sufficient to prepare Nestor for one of the great days of his boyhood. The colonel and his staff, upon a tour of inspection, were to be entertained with an exhibition. Nestor was chosen to appear with Master Frederick in the feature bout, which was to be an exhibition duel in the manner of the sixteenth century.

Summoned by the Colonel

"Ah, that day! It make' me tremble now to think of it. You can imagine how I must have felt then. Here are five t'ousand people, soldiers of the regiment and citizens of Bouillon; there, the col-o-nel and his staff sitting upon their horses; and there, just so my eye can behold, the beautiful, inspiring sight of the old castle of Godefroy of Bouillon. It was a moment of thrill! I hones'ly believe I could have faint' if I had not fix my eye upon the weapon of my adversary."

Becoming more and more excited, the Professor again sprang from his chair. Always, when he begins a narration, he must get onto his feet and enact the scene. He explains it so:

"I do not know why it is, but every time a thing happens to me it is like there are two of me—one in action and the other standing off at a distance, looking on. And," with a little smile, "sometime I think I see a grand scene! It is ver' funny, don't it? But so it is."

For a few seconds he stood dreaming happily of the glorious day. Then, dropping into the third person, he began to describe the "grand scene" which had been enacted more than sixty years ago in the shadow of the beautiful castle of Godefroy of Bouillon.

"Nestor faces his master with *l'épée* in his right hand and the dagger in the left. The bout, it is ver' fast and ver' furious, just as it have been practice', when suddenly—and you can see how it surprises everyone—Master Frederick throws down his *épée*, Nestor does the same, and they go to it, *corps à corps*, with the daggers alone! It is a grand finish to the duel when Master Frederick pins his pupil over his knee and prepare' to deal the *coup de grâce!* But that hothead Nestor, he forget everything but that he is engage' in a duel to the death.

"So, when Master Frederick raises his dagger to deal the death blow, Nestor sees that he have lift' his arm a little too high. (You know how it would be; like, maybe, he would make the blow more emphatic.) So, quick as lightning, without thinking, Nestor turns his wrist and parries the blow.

"Master Frederick was too astonish' to do a thing. He was, maybe, embarrass'. But when five thousand people broken into cheers and handclapping he was proud of his pupil. Then, suddenly, I hear him say:

"'Hist! Lemaire, the col-o-nel wants you.'

"Then, me, was I scared? Well, I t'ink so! But," with a shrug of his shoulders, "I know I have to face the music—maybe to get a bawling out, as you say, for spoiling Master Frederick's show. I stand straight as I can and, although my knees are shaking something dreadful, I march up to the col-o-nel and raise my hand to salute. Then suddenly, before I have a chance to know what happen, two orderlies grab hold of me and throw me right onto the horse of the col-o-nel. The col-o-nel held me there on his horse while he announced in a ver' loud voice:

"'From this day we make Nestor Lemaire corporal. Furthermore let his applications for prévôts in dagger and épée be filed at once.'"

Which all meant that a boy, slightly over fifteen years of age, had won a promotion in a man's army and was a recognized master of two of the six fencing weapons.

Nestor served six years in the Belgian army and retired as a lieutenant. He found it impossible to return to the humdrum existence of the family woolen mills. He considered returning to the army; but, after six years' service, military life itself had grown humdrum. Eventually he decided to join his brother in America.

Upon his arrival at Boston in 1883 he found himself in an environment quite foreign to any he had known. There followed a period of adjustment.

During this period of residence in the East, Lemaire met Joseph Costaldi, a "fine gentleman and a grand swordsman." Costaldi was, at the time, master-at-arms on the United States Naval Academy training ship, the New Hampshire. Though Lemaire was a fencer of the French school and Costaldi of the Italian, the two enjoyed many fine bouts together and became very good friends. For a period of several years Lemaire was regularly chosen to referee the cutlass and saber bouts on the New Hampshire.

"And," he says, "by jimminy, a referee has to step lively when those sailor boys begin swinging their sabers in a fast bout!"

Costaldi secured his appointment as master-at-arms of the Fall River Athletic Association. He also introduced him to Dr. DuBois, president of the Boston Athletic Club, and to other leaders in the fencing circles of Newport and Boston. There followed much "grand, good sport" for the two musketeers.

Language of the Blades

The years in Indianapolis have been spent in teaching, coaching and refereeing. They have been less spectacular than the early years of the Professor's life. They have been also, I believe, the happiest years of his life, because they have afforded him the opportunity to develop fencing as a fine art.

He says that throughout these years he has been learning the language of the blades; to him this language is the most beautiful in the world, not even excepting his beloved French. He has studied and analyzed each move taught to him in the French school of fencing and has brought it to the ultimate degree of delicacy in execution. Always devoted to the French method and, at the same time, forced to recognize some advantages in the more aggressive method of the Italian school, he has been impelled, in order to justify his adherence to the school of his choice, to reconcile the two styles—or, rather, to comprehend and master his own system so thoroughly that he could make it superior to any other. Fencing, as he teaches it today, is the most beautifully rhythmic and adequate style of handling the blade that can be imagined.

Military life again absorbed him in 1917. He was made Lieutenant Drill Master of the Governor's Guard of Indiana. Scornful of years that had passed since his youth, he had visions of actively fighting in the war. With an admitted age of "about sixty," this was impossible. There were, however, days of training officers in the use of the saber; long conversations with visiting foreign officers; weeks spent in the mud of training trenches; wearisome hours at military reviews; happy reunions with former pupils.

Life has once more settled to an even keel; but he is as busy as ever. One day will find him coaching students at Purdue University, or refereeing in a Big Ten meet; the next day will find him in his little shop at home delicately fashioning a weapon to fit some pupil's hand. And always he will be moving about lightly and gracefully as a "le-o-pard," perhaps with some dance step he has devised to include all the rhythmic movements of fencing.

Mob Onslaught

But most of all he keeps in trim because he will not let old age take hold of him. He has the woman's proverbial sensitiveness about his age. A number of years ago he was sixty-eight. He is still "about seventy." Why he should be so sensitive is difficult to understand, for he bears no mark of age upon him—except his shock of white hair. Cover that hair with a fencing mask and he appears younger than most of his pupils. Place a foil in his hand and his thrust is more deadly, his retreat quicker, his advance more stealthy than that of the younger men. Generous as he is in his teaching, no pupil has ever advanced so far that the master has not one more crafty trick to show him! He can beat any of his pupils today!

"Once," he says, "I tried to be an old man. For one whole winter I jus' sit about the fire and do not'ing. Why, me, I couldn't stand it. My joints, they got stiff, I ached here and I ached there. I hones'ly believe I would have died if I have not started fencing again!

"There is not'ing like fencing to make a man agile, to give him poise and confidence and to make him, how you say, resourceful! Look! Me, I am always ready for anyt'ing; fencing does that for me."

But then I am reminded of a story of his very early youth and it almost seems that he was born with agility, resourcefulness and the quality which he calls "tact." When he was about eight years old he and a cousin were sent to a Jesuit school in Holland. The two little Belgians were not in favor with the home students. One day Nestor and his cousin found themselves facing a gang of twenty-two little Hollanders.

He had never yet seen a *salle d'armes;* but he proved resourceful. He told his cousin to follow his example. Each removed his belt and pulled the strap through the buckle, catching a fair-sized rock in the loop. When the youthful mob advanced upon them the two boys arose and, swinging the stone-weighted belts lustily, slashed and cut their way through the ranks of the foe. They turned to march through again—but there was no mob there.

Fights against such odds make history. Such fighters are born, not made. Nestor Lemaire was born too late. A few generations earlier he would have lived in his element. Then, indeed, there had been four musketeers—and the craftiest of all would have been Lemaire.

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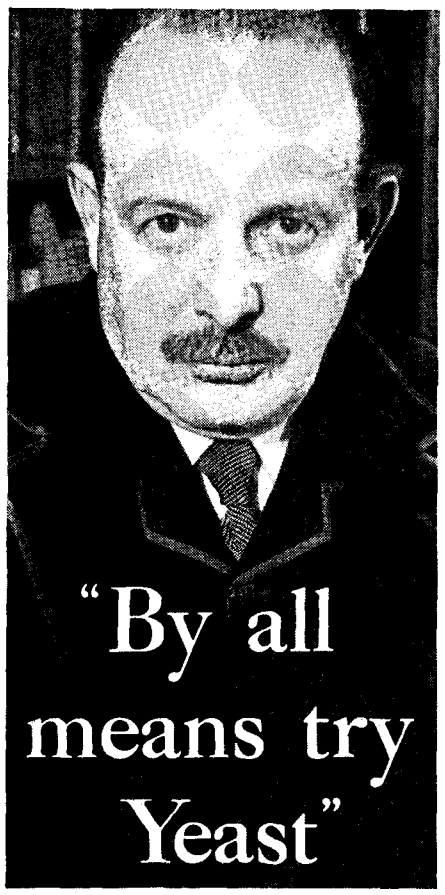

urges DR. ZUELZER

"WHEN we consider that food residues, instead of leaving the body within twenty-four hours, sometimes remain in the intestines for days in a putrefactive state, it is not surprising that some people have headaches, indigestion, coated tongue, bad breath, poor appetite, skin troubles, irritability, lowered vitality."

That is how Dr. Georg Zuelzer, of Berlin, Germany, explains the effects of chronic constipation! Dr. Zuelzer is physician-in-chief of the great Lankwitz Hospital, and the author of the famous medical textbook, "Innere Medizin."

We asked Dr. Zuelzer what treatment he advised for intestinal sluggishness.

"It is very easy," he said, "to correct constipation—with fresh yeast. Fresh yeast accomplishes gently what cathartics attempt violently.

"By all means, try it, if you are sluggish and 'run-down.'"

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Hot Water

Continued from page 15

not in sunny mood. But this did not deter Packy from engaging him in conversation. He had sunniness enough for two.

"Hullo, Egg," he said. "How are you making out?"

The somberness of the other's frown deepened.

"I wish you would not call me 'Egg.'"

"I'm sorry. But how *are* you making out?"

His companion did not reply for a moment. He winced a little, and his eye grew darker.

The fact was, Blair Eggleston had been deriving from the task which had been thrust upon him even less enjoyment than he had expected to derive. And that this should have been so affords one more proof of the truism that authors seldom resemble the books they write.

ON PAPER, Blair Eggleston was bold, cold and ruthless. Reading him, you felt that here was a man who supplied a ready answer to the question of Why Girls Go Wrong. Deprived of his fountain pen, however, Blair was rather timid with women. He had never actually found himself alone in an incense-scented studio with a scantily clad princess reclining on a tiger-skin, but in such a situation he would most certainly have taken a chair as near to the door as possible and talked about the weather. And in his recent tête-à-tête with Medway by the lake it was only the knowledge that Senator Opal was listening in that had lent any real warmth to his remarks.

So now, in response to Packy's question, he winced reminiscently.

"I can't think what to say to the damned girl," he said with a burst of candor forced from him by the recollection of his sufferings.

Packy was surprised.

"But I thought you modern novelists were such devils with the beasels."

Another point struck him.

"What are you doing here, anyway? Your place is by her side."

"She sent me to get some cigarettes and a bottle of wine. She says she's thirsty."

"Cigarettes? Wine? Why, this looks great. It's the old Omar Khayyam stuff. You must have been going better than you thought. You're probably one of those fellows who don't say much but do it all with the eyes. I shouldn't worry about not being able to think of things to say. Just continue swinging that alluring eyeball of yours, and you can't lose."

A sort of febrile spasm of fury stirred Blair Eggleston from his limp despondency.

"I've a dashed good mind to chuck the whole thing."

"No, no. This is not your true self speaking. Think how we are all relying on you."

"I have. A dashed good mind! I consider I have been very badly treated. I have been placed in a most unpleasant and undignified position, and I'm sick and tired of it. I feel . . ."

Blair Eggleston was a man of whom Packy could never have brought himself to be really fond. At their first meeting he had sized him up as a pretty noxious sort of pustule, and as a pretty noxious sort of pustule he still had him listed. And a hundred times he had marveled what a girl like Jane Opal could possibly see in him. Nevertheless, he had no wish to let him suffer unnecessarily. The inspiration which had carried him so triumphantly through his recent interview with Mrs. Gedge had put him in a position to show Blair Eggleston the way out.

"Well, if you don't like making love to her," he said, "I can offer an alternative suggestion. Tell her you're a detective yourself."

"What!"

"I have tested this ruse personally, and it works like magic. It carries the full Franklyn guarantee. Simply tell her that you are a detective in the employment of the London, Paris and New York Insurance Company, who have sent you here to keep an eye on Mrs. Gedge's jewelry, and the results should be immediate. If she's in the same line of business, she will instantly give you the grip and say so. If she isn't, she will probably be so overawed that you won't be able to come within a mile of her again. Either way, you win out."

If Packy had distributed in the last few days a certain amount of trouble and anxiety among these new acquaintances of his, he was certainly doing much this afternoon to restore the balance. He had just brightened Mr. Gedge's whole outlook on life. He was about to bring tidings of great joy to Mr. Slattery. After that, his revelations would have a tonic effect on Senator Opal and Jane. And now he had evidently taken an immense load off the mind of Blair Eggleston. After the first struggle to adjust his faculties to the suggestion, Blair Eggleston was plainly finding in it a source of infinite comfort and relief. His eyes lit up, and he seemed to be on the point of putting his approval into words, when there was a sound of panting and Mr. Gedge came trotting up with a small suitcase in his hand.

"So you will do that, Eggleston?" said Packy.

"Very good, sir," said Blair Eggleston.

He proceeded on his way to the house.

"Do what?" asked Mr. Gedge.

"I was just giving him a word of advice on how to act so as to please Senator Opal."

SOME few minutes before the meeting of Packy and Blair Eggleston, there had appeared, limping across the lawn of the Château Blissac, a dusty and travel-stained figure. It was Gordon Carlisle returning from his country walk. We have already stated that Mr. Carlisle was not fond of country walks, and his latest experience of this form of exercise had done nothing to change his views. He had a blister on his heel and he was feeling red-hot.

He made wearily for the house. It was his purpose to collect the bathing-suit which he had bought on the previous day and to go down to the lake and enjoy a swim in its healing waters.

He went indoors, gathered up suit and towel, and presently emerged and started down the rustic path which led to his destination. Halfway there, he observed someone approaching and saw that it was Senator Opal.

The senator greeted him cheerily. What he had observed from his hiding-place had left him well content. The fellow Eggleston had seemed to be making excellent progress with the girl Medway, and he felt that his watching eye was needed no longer.

"Hello, there, Duke," said Senator Opal. "I'm just going to stroll down to the town. You off swimming?"

"Yais."

"Well, take care where you undress. That maid of Mrs. Gedge's is down by the lake."

Mr. Carlisle's eyes gleamed.

"Yais?"

"Yes. Flirting with that man of mine, Eggleston."

"What!"

"Saw 'em at it just now," chuckled the senator, and passed on.

Mr. Carlisle stood for a moment rigid. Then he drew a deep breath and resumed his journey.

IT WAS a red-eyed and tight-lipped Carlisle who some few minutes later burst through the bushes at the end of the rustic path and charged like an avenging fury into the clearing by the side of the lake. The blood of the Carlisles was up. A brief inspection of Blair Eggleston on the previous evening had satisfied him that the latter was just about the size he liked in people on whom he planned committing assault and battery, and he was full of fight.

Having expected to interrupt a sentimental scene and having in the course of his brief walk keyed himself up to immediate action, he was not a little disconcerted to find only Medway standing there. She was throwing bits of stick into the water in the apparent hope of beaning a small waterfowl, an innocent occupation at which the most jealous of lovers could scarcely have cavilled. Wondering if by any chance he could have been misinformed, Mr. Carlisle halted. Then he remembered those parting words of hers on the drive, those cruel, taunting words each syllable of which was graven on his heart, and he was firm again.

Medway had turned. He glowered at her sternly.

"Well," he said with menace, "where is he?"

Medway's eye was cold.

"Where is who?"

"That guy Eggleston. They told me he was down here with you."

"They did, did they?"

"Yes, and they told me something else. You've been flirting with him."

Medway yawned.

"What of it?"

There was pain mingled with the sternness of Mr. Carlisle's gaze.

"Necking with the help! I wouldn't have thought it of you, Gertie."

"Mr. Eggleston," replied the girl with hauteur, "is a gentleman in every sense of the word. I can't help it if he likes me, can I?"

A slight grating noise intruded itself on the quiet of the afternoon. Gordon Carlisle grinding his teeth.

"He seems to have taken quite a fancy to me," proceeded Medway with a light, careless laugh. "Most attentive he is being. He has nice eyes, and funnily enough, he seems to think I have, too."

The grating noise increased in volume.

"He was telling me about them when I sent him up to the house. He ought to be back any moment. Then he'll tell me some more, maybe."

"He'd better let me hear him!"

"You'd do a lot, wouldn't you?"

"I'd break his neck."

"Yeah? You and who else?"

The truculence of Mr. Carlisle's manner gave way to a pleading softness:

"Don't do it, baby! Don't be this way."

"I'll be any way I please. And perhaps you'll kindly lay off that 'baby' stuff."

"Is there any harm in saying 'baby'?" protested Mr. Carlisle, pained.

"Yes, there is. If you want to know how you stand with me, we're *pf'f'ft*, and don't you forget it. After you crawfishing the way you did night before

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last. Not having the nerve to beat that guy up."

"I explained that."

"And after what happened a year ago."

"I explained that, too."

"Yes, you did! Ankling into the hospital and eating my grapes with that woman's kisses hot upon your lips!"

"They were not hot upon my lips. I never kissed her in my life. It was nothing but a simple, straightforward business association. She happened to know a young canned-sardine millionaire, and I was trying to get her to quote her lowest terms for steering him into a card game with me. Don't you believe me?"

"I wouldn't believe you even if I knew you were telling the truth. A nice sort of banana-split you turned out to be! If I'd had any sense, I'd of had you tagged for a wrong number the first day I met you."

A SIGH escaped Mr. Carlisle.

"You'll be sorry for this, Gertie. One of these days you'll realize how you've misjudged me."

"Well, when I do, I'll drop you a line. I can easily find out which prison you're in."

Mr. Carlisle stiffened. He loved this girl, but she had gone too far. She had insulted him in his capacity of artist. The thing on which he had always prided himself was that great skill of his which kept him from making those blunders which brought inferior operators behind prison bars; and she had sneered at his skill. The slur was one he could not overlook. He raised his hat coldly.

"After that crack," he said with quiet dignity, "I will leave you."

"Do," said Medway. "And if you never come back that'll be too soon."

"Good-by," said Mr. Carlisle.

Gentlemanly to the last, he raised his hat again and stepped haughtily into the bushes.

He had intended to retrace his steps up the rustic path, but just as he was about to do so he heard someone coming down it and paused. The next moment, Blair Eggleston came in view.

Mr. Carlisle drew back into the shrubbery. He had changed his mind about leaving. Wounded pride had given place once more to the old jealous fury. He stood there seething, and Blair Eggleston passed him and came out into the clearing. Mr. Carlisle shifted his position to obtain a better view, and watched him with burning eyes.

(To be continued next week)

Come on in!

Continued from page 9

that should be dealt with firmly and at once.

"Go into the shallow end of the pool," our small authority tells us, "and stoop until your face is covered. Do it over and over until you can relax thoroughly.

"The second step might be taking a deep breath by mouth, putting your face under and exhaling through your nose. Then start playing around with a ball, still in shallow water. You'll soon find yourself ducking and getting ducked without minding it at all—just a lot of fun, and it makes you forget that water is any different from land. By and by you can play ball over your depth and never think about it.

"If you go from a pool into the sea or a lake, you may find your fear coming back. If you can manage it, try yourself out first in warm water—perhaps at Nassau, Bermuda, Florida or Southern California. Cold water tightens you up. Warm water relaxes your muscles and makes you comfortable. If it's so clear you can see bottom, that helps, too."

This fear-of-the-water business made Eleanor think of one of the funniest things that ever happened to her:

"I was playing around in the shallow end of the St. George pool and a nice, fussy, elderly gentleman hauled out and came over to me. He said it was a pity a young girl like me didn't have more courage. Wouldn't I let him give me a few swimming lessons.

"I was just opening my mouth to say the wrong thing, when one of the other girls got my eye. So I sort of gurgled and told him it was awfully sweet of him to take the time, and wouldn't he please begin right now. You never saw anybody as dumb as I was, and I guess he never did either. He was marvelous, kept on encouraging me, said anybody could swim if she just put her mind to it. At last I got tired of the joke, but I was in and I didn't quite know how to get out, so I began to improve. He was delighted. When I suggested a race, he fell right in. We went the length of the pool, and you can imagine what happened, for I just couldn't pretend any more. Even then he didn't get it. He thought he'd simply excelled himself as a teacher. But he did tell me I had talent and ought to join a team. Even now, when he knows who I was, he goes around telling people he gave me my start.

"But really I don't think that was half as funny as what happened of itself when I made the Olympic team the first time. I was fourteen, and you know how thrilled I was to meet all the big, important athletes I'd read about—me, a youngster in short skirts and socks, going to live on the same ship with them all the way over. I was so busy writing home about my heroes and heroines I hardly mentioned myself, except, of course, later on I told Mother about my swimming.

"Well, when I got back, she came down to the dock to meet her little schoolgirl daughter. And she nearly had a fit. My skirts were long, I had a Paris hat on, and she said she could have seen my lipstick just as well if she'd stayed in Brooklyn. I don't suppose I'll ever be as grown-up again, or take myself as seriously. I'd even had a couple of proposals."

On to the Olympics

And what does a racer eat when she's in training? She stays away from heavy gravies, fried foods and pastries, but she takes plenty of nourishment. If Eleanor swims at eight in the evening, she'll sit down to steak and baked potatoes at five with a clear conscience. This gives her more than the two hours that all of us should keep for digestion. Two weeks' training puts Eleanor in condition, but the older girls ease into it and take a month or so. During her training periods she sleeps ten hours a night.

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"To win the Olympic."

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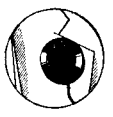

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Woman of the World

Continued from page 13

talked for an hour. I don't remember anything we said—but it was the way we said it. I had a mellow feeling all over. So did you—I'll bet a million. And you can't forget a real mellow feeling in six months. How are you? College closed last week, and I'm here until Saturday. You look swell. Your last picture was terrible—the same old alluring siren regretting her past."

She leaned her back against the car. Gordon Dale was silhouetted against the blazing windows of the house. He was watching carelessly, superciliously.

Theo turned to Billy Adams with a patient smile. "My dear boy!" she said. "Isn't it possible that the subtle nuances of character-shading were lost to you?"

"Huh?" gasped Billy.

"I mean to say that perhaps a youthful mind might not grasp the deeper meaning of my picture."

"Say—something's the matter with you! What's happened?" Billy's voice was worried.

THE sigh she gave him was heavy with secret meanings. "Much has happened, my young friend," she whispered. "Much that you would never understand."

He stepped forward, looking very much as though he were going to shake her. "You sound," he said sharply, "like a maternal old aunt explaining about life. Now, listen—let's you and me do a sneak-away from this party. I want to talk to you."

She laughed condescendingly. "How delightfully naïve! But, really, my dear boy—"

"That's twice!" he interrupted. "Twice you've dear-boyed me. It would be all right if you used a different tone of voice. Come on—get in the car. I'll have you back in half an hour."

"Ah! The exuberance of youth! The mad, reckless zest for life! Would that I—"

Billy Adams put his hands on his hips. "You're not kidding a soul," he announced calmly. "Now be your age."

Theo thought quickly. She thought of Gordon Dale, impeccable and distinguished, and her own domain and the things that really mattered—correct lighting in your close-ups, a dazzling wardrobe, the right leading man and plenty of good, unwholesome publicity. She thought of the conference that afternoon, and the Irving legend that she must live up to. Then she thought of this intent young man with the startling dark eyes, who was insisting that she be her age, in the manner of her age.

"You can't tell me," persisted young Mr. Adams, "that you really enjoy this crowd of stuffed shirts."

She felt an impulse to shout a joyous agreement. But another voice came suddenly from her elbow. It said: "My dear!" and she turned to face the genuinely pleased countenance of Mr. Hymes, master of studio destinies. "I just arrived," he said. "Splendid, my dear. Splendid. Miss Lavelle of the *Journal* is inside and she wants to talk to you." And he nodded persistently to make his meaning clear.

Theo cast a final glance at Billy Adams. It lingered on him regretfully for the smallest fraction of time. "If you'll excuse me," she said, and turned her back.

Mr. Hymes led her off. "An effective touch," he whispered, "to be seen with Gordon Dale. A man of the world, and an unattainable bachelor."

Theo did not look back as the roadster's motor started. She knew Billy Adams was angry and that he was out of her life forever.

He remained out of it for not quite twenty-four hours. Then he phoned. "I'm sore as a boil," he announced.

Theo let down a little. "I'm sorry. It really couldn't be helped. You see, it's just impossible."

"What's impossible?" he demanded.

"I mean, you're a sweet boy and all that, but for a woman in my position, with my experience—"

"You're trying hard, but it sounds phony. Now, listen—the folks are going to Europe and Aunt Mary is going to run the shack, and we're throwing a house party. I'm rounding up a live bunch from college, and there'll be a couple of dozen kids from my sister's school. And you're coming—and you're going to forget the sophisticated act."

Theo's heart jumped a little. In her secret thoughts—and, in her world of few steadfast friends, she cherished many secret thoughts—"college" was a magic word. As much magic, perhaps, as "movies" is to some college girls. For Theo had finished high school and started immediately on the long road that leads to screen stardom. She spent her college years playing small parts and hoping for big ones. Latterly had come success and well-filled coffers but—such is the inconsistency of moviekind and the futility of fan mail—she had never ceased to long for the world she missed—a world where girls are girls and not languid ladies, and young men football players and not just leading men.

"I'm—I'm working on a picture," she protested weakly.

"You'll be finished next week," he said sharply. "I've checked up. I'll be back in town then, and I'll see you." And he hung up.

Eddie Jackson's ruling passion was legend-building. His favorite was the one that screen stars, without his publicity, could never exist. So he continued to storm about Theo's naïve interview with great inward satisfaction.

It was true that newspapers were commenting, with unseemly levity, on eternal Lilith eating hot dogs and playing hilariously in an amusement park. The effect, Eddie Jackson said, was terrible. Many a star could use that sweet and innocent publicity to advantage, but with Theo it was ruinous. She was a predestined woman of the world. Audiences everywhere, Eddie insisted, would watch her do her sophisticated stuff with their tongues in their cheeks. When she dropped her eyes languidly and whispered dismissals to one lover after another, their subconscious minds would recall that screaming ride in a roller coaster. And they would feel hurt. Theo was a woman of mystery; people resented it if she were simplified.

MR. HYMES believed most of what Eddie said. The result was another conference. Theo sat tight-lipped, wondering what would happen if she became defiant.

"After this picture," said Mr. Hymes curtly, "we want to send you to New York for a while."

Theo nodded guardedly. "Great. Grandpa's never seen New York."

"I'm afraid," Mr. Hymes said firmly, "that your grandfather had better wait until next time. You see, you're kind of going into retirement for a while."

"Am I? What for?"

"To get over the effects of Eddie's rumor." Mr. Hymes was proceeding cautiously.

"Go on," she ordered.

"It's something Eddie thought of to build up the Irving legend. Gordon Dale will be willing—we've sounded him out. And he's just the man we want. He's the swellest man of the world Hollywood ever turned out, and he's supposed to be supercritical about women."

"So what?" demanded Theo with rising voice. "So what?"

"So," said Mr. Hymes, beaming at last, "your engagement to him is about to be rumored."

She leaned back and thought deeply for a moment. "Great!" she said at last. "Then I'll give out a statement that it's all a publicity stunt, and that Dale's one guy I wouldn't marry on a bet."

Eddie Jackson groaned and held his head.

"I don't think you'll do that," said Mr. Hymes quietly. "You'll be terribly upset and you'll go to New York to get away from it all, and you'll deny yourself to reporters—that is, until the proper time. Then you'll say that you admire Mr. Dale tremendously as an artist, but that the report of your engagement is premature. You'll say you're giving yourself entirely to your work; that your art consumes you; that self-expression is your one grand passion. As to the future, you do not know what it will bring."

THEO gripped the arm of her chair determinedly. "It's all nonsense," she announced, "and I won't do it!" She turned fiercely on Eddie Jackson. "You would think of that!"

Eddie's manner was patient and professional. "Publicity," he explained, "is the lifeblood of our industry. Without publicity—"

"All right. All right," Theo snapped. "But not that kind of publicity."

Eddie Jackson and Mr. Hymes raised their eyebrows at each other.

"Oh, maybe I'm dumb," she continued, warming up, "but I bet people would like me just as well if they thought I was human. You print bunk about my psychology of love and the seven essential attributes of my ideal lover. You make 'em think my salary is ten times what it is. You feed 'em this caviar-and-orchids, lady-of-soulful-silences stuff until you give 'em acute pain."

Eddie Jackson had gone a little white. "Are you telling me," he demanded fiercely, "that I don't know—"

"I'm telling you," interrupted Theo grimly, "that I'm going on a house party with some college kids as soon as this picture is in the box. And I'm going to be my age, and raise a reasonable amount of hell."

But it was a losing fight and in her heart she knew it. She was in no impregnable position on one of the highest pinnacles, but merely a young star fighting for security in the Creamy Way of the movie heavens. She could be temperamental with her cameraman, but not with such as Mr. Hymes. That takes years.

"It would be too bad if you did that," continued Mr. Hymes gravely. "Your future is bright, if you'll only handle yourself right."

"Huh!" said Theo, backing up a little.

"You represent a heavy investment to us, my dear. We have you under contract and we expect to do big things with you. Can't we have a little cooperation in a publicity way? Of course, we have no right to demand such things, and you can refuse if you want to, but—"

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"But," supplied Theo, "you can stick me in parts that will kill me dead as a 1915 vamp!"

"What a way to put it!" sighed Mr. Hymes.

"It's as good as any. Well, I'll tell you right now—"

"Eddie Jackson," interrupted Mr. Hymes quietly, "will arrange everything."

Theo felt herself wilting. Mr. Hymes had that way about him. "I'll think it over," she murmured.

"We'll break it some time next week!" exclaimed Eddie.

"I'll think it over," repeated Theo in a whisper.

She felt like the princess of a mythical kingdom who had to choose between her commoner and her crown. Once she had played such a rôle, and even as she had registered the torments of indecision before the camera she had thought the princess a terrible boob. What on earth good was a crown, anyway?

But now the crown was a full measure of the success and fame she had won over so many. Hundreds had clutched at her to tear off that crown, but she had held on proudly and valiantly. And now to wear it carelessly, so that any moment it might topple! It was a lot to ask.

THE week passed wearily. Gordon Dale, with his constant attentions and insinuations that the forthcoming rumor might easily become a fact, did not help. The final day of the picture came at last. Theo played the scene in which she sacrificed her adopted baby to its real mother, knowing her own evil past would forever blight the life of that curly-headed youngster. The afternoon was hot; Theo looked more mad than sad; and the child was ill. It fretted and whined and its face was hot as Theo pressed it to her in tearful farewell.

Eddie Jackson was waiting for her in the dressing-room. He chortled gleefully. "This will be the biggest smash of an engagement rumor I ever handled," he said. "Dale and I are coming to see you tomorrow evening for a final get-together."

Theo thought, the next afternoon, that she would never make it. Her head ached and her throat was sore and she had worried herself into a fever. Grandpa insisted upon the doctor, and sent her to bed.

The doctor frowned as he saw her; puzzled as he made his examination, and chuckled when he had finished. But he must have been a good doctor. For Theo brightened considerably after he had gone.

She received her two callers propped up in bed. Gordon Dale kissed her hand and murmured. Eddie Jackson eyed her carelessly. "Nothing serious?" he asked.

"Not serious at all," she assured him.

"Good. We'll call it a mild nervous breakdown. The strain of being in the spotlight and all that. When can you leave for New York?"

"Not for a while. The doctor won't let me."

"Forget it," said Eddie curtly. "We'll get a couple of drawing-rooms and a trained nurse. It'll be a nice touch."

"Yes, but you see—"

"Want to hear Mr. Dale's statement? I got a pip for him: 'I have long admired Miss Irving as an artist and as a woman of sophistication and charm. But the report of our engagement is something I can neither affirm nor deny. I prefer to leave any statement to Miss Irving—'"

"Perhaps," interrupted Mr. Dale, "I might say 'to the gracious lady.' A touch of chivalry, I think. And if we could bring in the title of my next picture—"

"Later, perhaps," said Eddie sharply. "And here's yours, Theo—all typed out. You can memorize it on the train."

"But, Eddie," she protested sweetly, "it's catching."

"Huh? What's catching?"

"What I've got. Look at my face."

The two of them bent closer and peered. "I say!" exclaimed Gordon Dale. "It looks—it looks—"

"Of course." Theo paused and smiled contentedly. She turned from one anxious face to the other. She could not remember, in all her twenty-one years, a single moment so fraught with satisfaction. "I've got the measles!"

Eddie Jackson's mouth fell open. Gordon Dale, for perhaps the first and last time in his life, lost that admirable restraint. "Measles!" he gasped. "You—measles!"

"Isn't it a shame?" Theo asked sweetly. "I never had it when I was little. And now I've gone and caught it from that youngster who played in my picture. He was sick and feverish that last day. You don't mind, Gordon? It isn't exactly a sophisticated disease—"

"Mind?" moaned Gordon. "Mind? My name coupled with anyone who—who has measles! Think of the humiliation! The disgrace! I would be made ridiculous!"

"But," cried Eddie Jackson, with a sickly smile that was meant to be reassuring, "Theo won't tell a soul. No one's going to know."

"I," said Theo firmly, "shall tell everybody. It's quite rare among adults and I'm kind of proud."

"But the legend," pleaded Eddie. "The Irving legend!"

"You might tell the press," suggested Theo airily, "that eternal Lilith has the measles and is terribly bored with it all."

Mr. Dale was already at the door. "If there is anything in the papers about—about us," he announced, "I will deny it sharply. I will brand it as publicity. I—I will sue! Oh—my public! My heavens!"

"You'll make a fool out of me!" moaned Eddie Jackson, when they were alone.

Theo shrugged unconcernedly. "I have been known to keep a secret," she said vaguely. "But—"

"Yes?"

"But you'll have to come clean and convince Mr. Hymes that this woman-of-the-world publicity isn't half as important as you've made him believe. You'll have to make him leave me alone, and let me be myself."

"But publicity," protested Eddie, "is the lifeblood—"

"So I've heard," observed Theo. "Well, we can get plenty on this—'Screen Sophisticate Battles Measles!'"

"Don't!" wailed Eddie Jackson. "It's too awful!"

"Then you'll talk to Mr. Hymes?"

Eddie nodded slowly. "I'll unsell him," he sighed woefully. "It's a shame. I had great plans for you—first a few engagements and then a swell alienation suit."

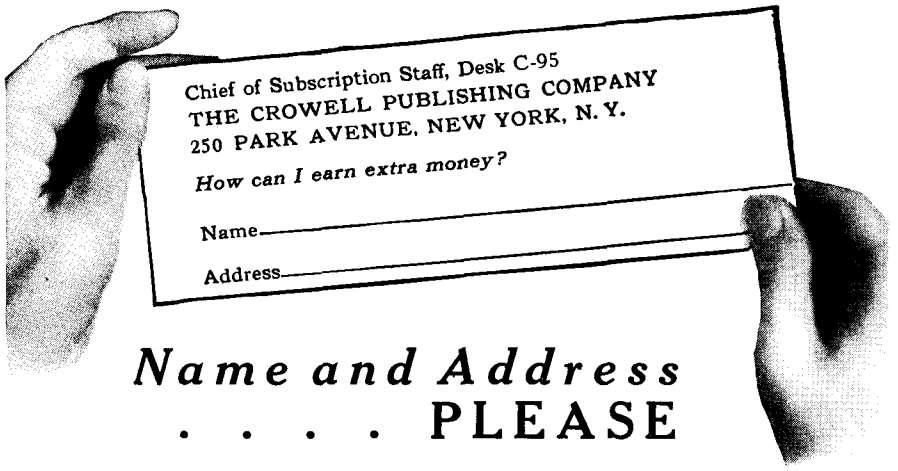
BILLY ADAMS arrived a week later than he had promised. Theo, almost recovered, was in bed in her darkened room. He paused at the door and sniffed suspiciously for incense.

"Must you," he growled, "drape yourself on a chaise longue in a dimly lighted room?"

"I happen to be in bed, you poor sap," she snapped back at him. "And the room is dark because it's the doctor's orders."

"Ah!" said Billy, coming closer. "Then it's not part of the act?"

"The act," she answered sharply, "has been taken off. It was a terrible flop. . . . Don't! . . . Wait a minute, Billy! . . . Have you ever had. . . Well, it's too late now, anyway."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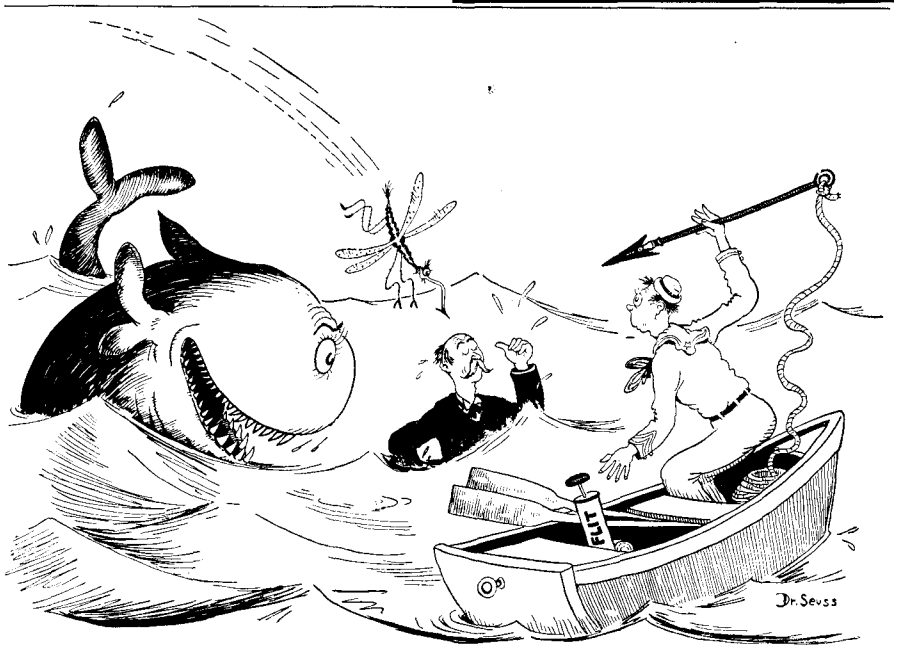

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Collier's

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The New Army Game

IN 1783 mutinous soldiers of the Revolutionary army drove the Continental Congress from Philadelphia.

That episode made a profound impression upon the founders of this nation, and the behavior of the mobs in Paris during the French Revolution did nothing to soften the memory.

In order to avoid the intimidation of future Congresses by mobs of any sort the decision was made to establish the nation's capital outside any existing great city. So the hills and swamps of what became the District of Columbia were finally chosen and in the new city of Washington the seat of our Federal government was set.

These facts are interesting in connection with the recent mobilization of unemployed veterans in Washington. Apart from all other considerations the object of this mobilization was to compel Congress to yield to their bonus demands. In a word, the veterns sought to do precisely what the nation sought to avoid when Washington was founded.

The very presence of the pathetic mob in Washington made it difficult even for sympathetic congressmen to vote for them. For the veterans raised an issue bigger than their own cause and to that issue there can, in the long run, be only one answer.

We are not going to have laws passed because Congress is afraid of a mob congregated at the doors of the Capitol. We are not a Balkan state. We do not arrange our revolutions so frivolously.

All this and much more needs to be said and yet it would be utterly foolish to leave all the blame for the veterans' blunder on the misguided wanderers. They are in trouble and they need help. The difficulty is that they got poor advice and acted on it.

Consider their situation. They are unemployed. Some of them saw service in France. Others did not. Still they are veterans, but their war service does not explain their lack of jobs.

They are but a few of the victims of an economic depression. Millions of other Americans require consideration. Only a small percentage of the unemployed fought in the World War. The unemployed must be fed, clothed and sheltered and as soon as possible provided with jobs regardless of whether they actually fought in the trenches during 1918.

The bonus, moreover, is a crude and ineffective way of dealing with unemployment. Even the minority of unemployed who would be eligible to share its benefits can be better served by an intelligent consideration of their needs.

The cruel fact is that the so-called veterans' army consisted merely of an aggregation of workless men who were pushed on Washington by local officials of communities eager to escape the burden. In an utterly reckless manner these bewildered men were encouraged to take their troubles to Congress. The politicians who helped the veterans get transportation were interested chiefly in getting rid of trouble. Their cheap motto was: "Let Washington Worry."

We can't afford to let Washington worry about the things we can do and should do for ourselves. The Federal government has burdens enough. Caring for those unable to provide for themselves is emphatically a state and a local responsibility.

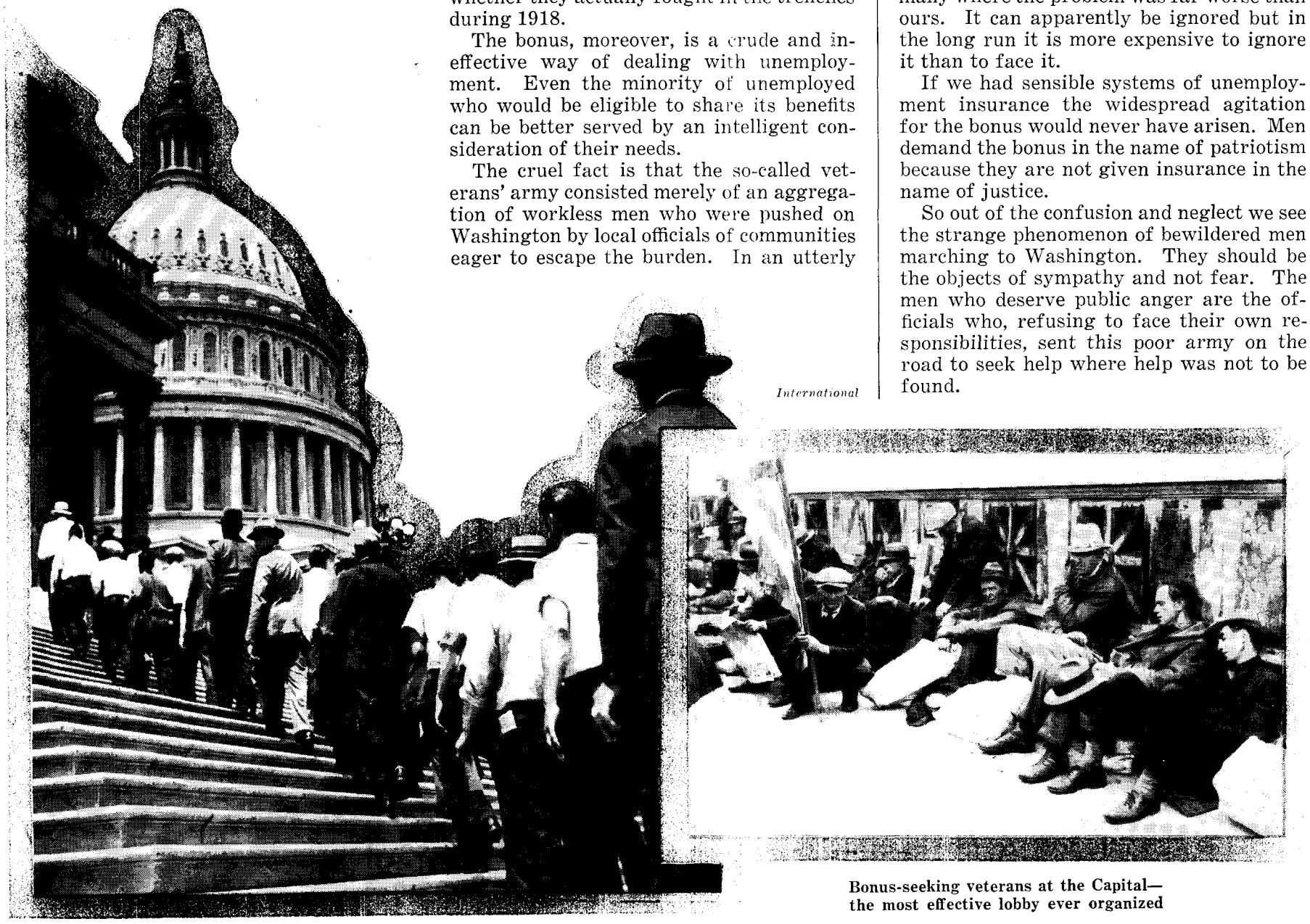
We have had enough of this irresponsible and selfish action on the part of local politicians. They play with fire when they send mobs to Washington. Decent public opinion in every community should call a drastic halt upon this kind of procedure. Of course it costs money to support the unemployed but it would cost vastly more money if a mob ran amok in Washington.

The whole bonus episode in all its ramifications is a reminder of neglected obligations.

The truth is that unemployment can no longer safely be neglected. It can be handled rationally as it was in England and Germany where the problem was far worse than ours. It can apparently be ignored but in the long run it is more expensive to ignore it than to face it.

If we had sensible systems of unemployment insurance the widespread agitation for the bonus would never have arisen. Men demand the bonus in the name of patriotism because they are not given insurance in the name of justice.

So out of the confusion and neglect we see the strange phenomenon of bewildered men marching to Washington. They should be the objects of sympathy and not fear. The men who deserve public anger are the officials who, refusing to face their own responsibilities, sent this poor army on the road to seek help where help was not to be found.



International

Bonus-seeking veterans at the Capital—the most effective lobby ever organized

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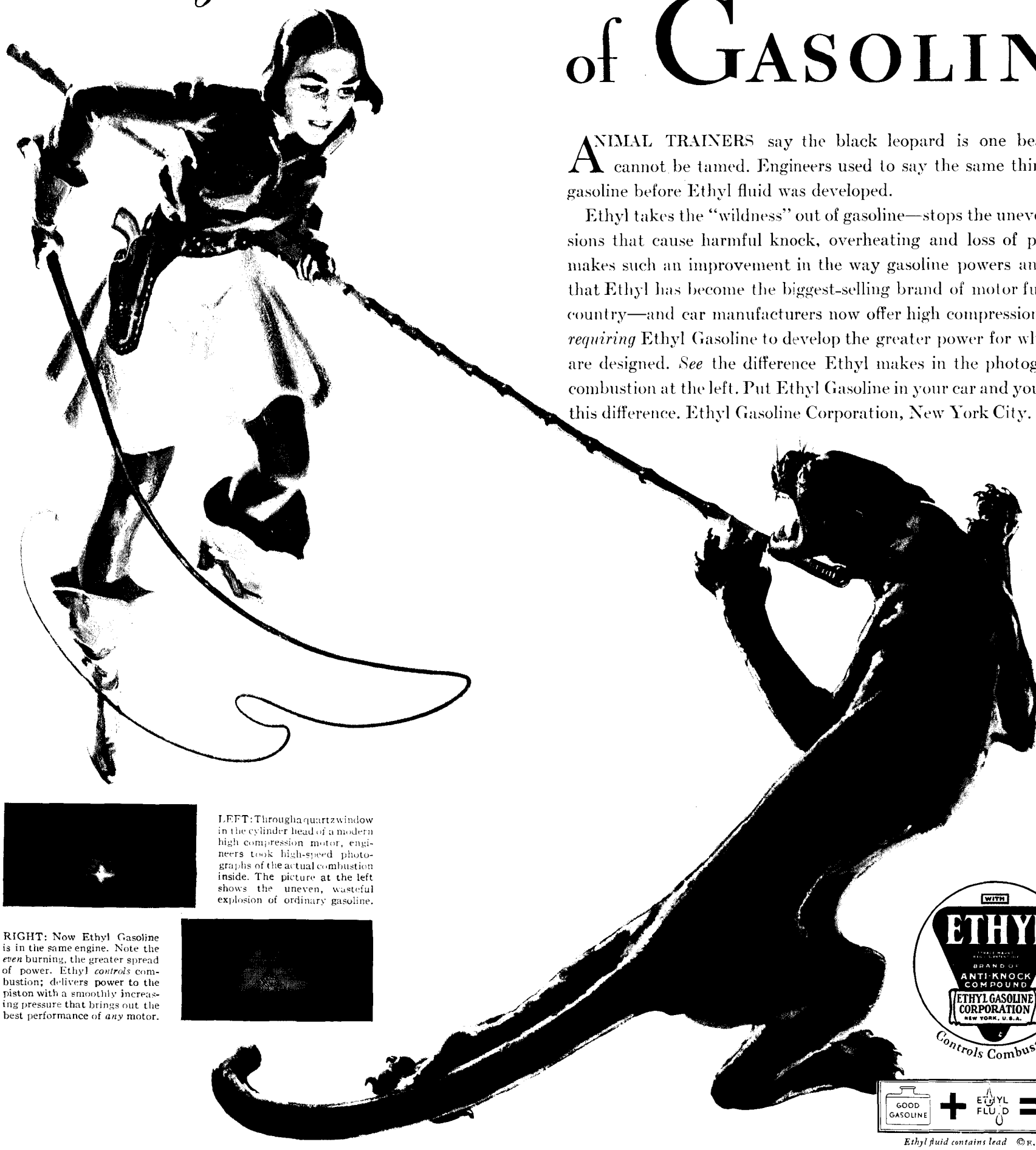

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LEFT: Through a quartz window in the cylinder head of a modern high compression motor, engineers took high-speed photographs of the actual combustion inside. The picture at the left shows the uneven, wasteful explosion of ordinary gasoline.

RIGHT: Now Ethyl Gasoline is in the same engine. Note the *even* burning, the greater spread of power. Ethyl *controls* combustion; delivers power to the piston with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* motor.

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Ethyl fluid contains lead ©R. G. C. 1932

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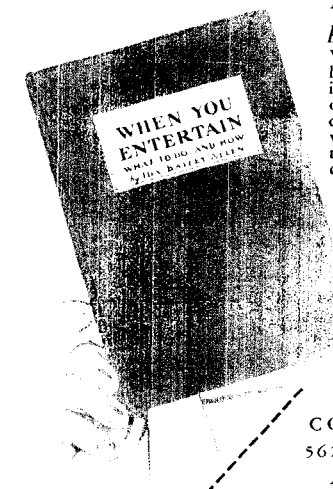

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